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Outdoor America

MARCH
1929

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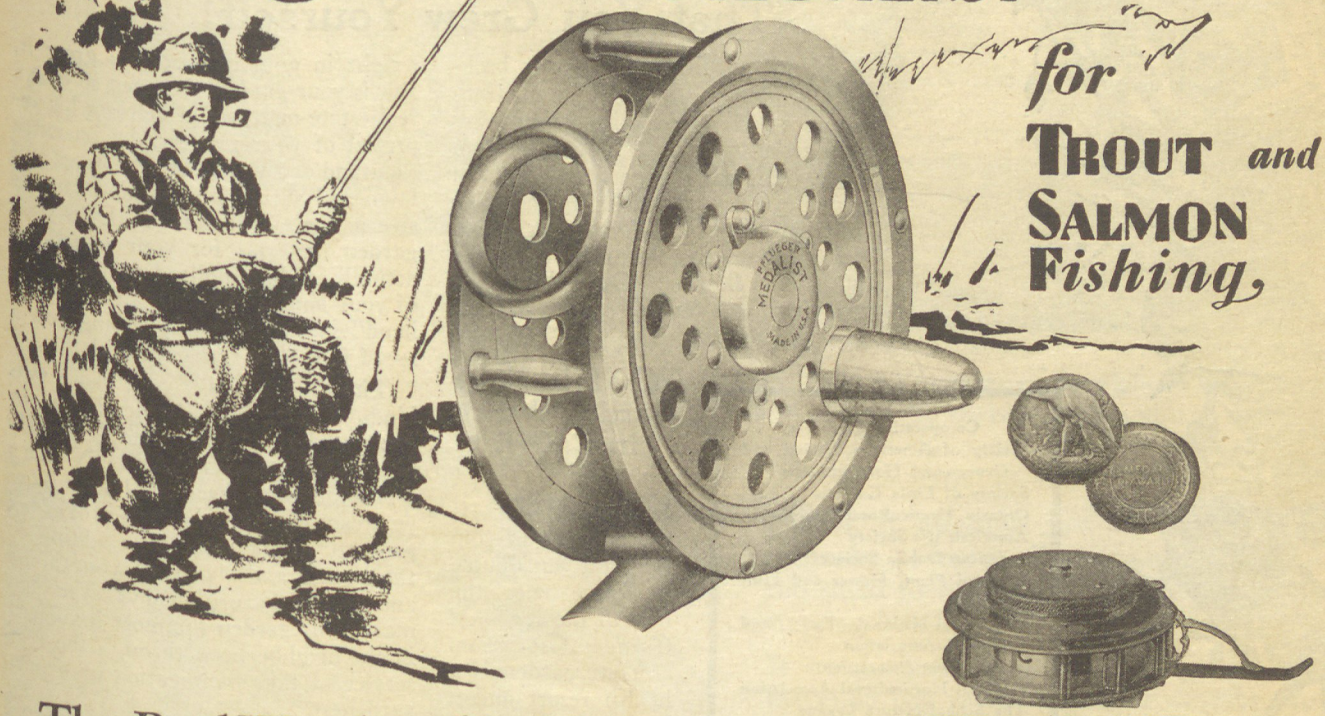

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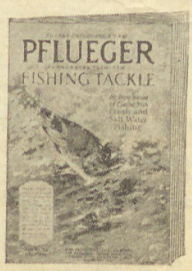

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A FEW years ago I was a brilliant, shining, carefree young camera with my future all before me and no past to speak of. Now I am old, wearing out, battered by service, heart-broken—and my past is the only thing I have in the world. . . . . I was sold yesterday to the highest bidder.

* * *

How was I, an inexperienced youngster, fresh from the factory, proud of my crystal-clear lens, boastful of my sleek sides, glorying in the perfection of silent speed and never failing mechanism, to know what lay ahead of me when I met my first employer? It is an old story, and a familiar one, and it has the usual ending: I am to spend my declining years as the camera of a young lady who takes pretty pictures on Sunday afternoon. And me, with such a past! Yes, dear reader . . . . such a past! I have been many places and have seen many things, in my day . . . . I have lived!

* * *

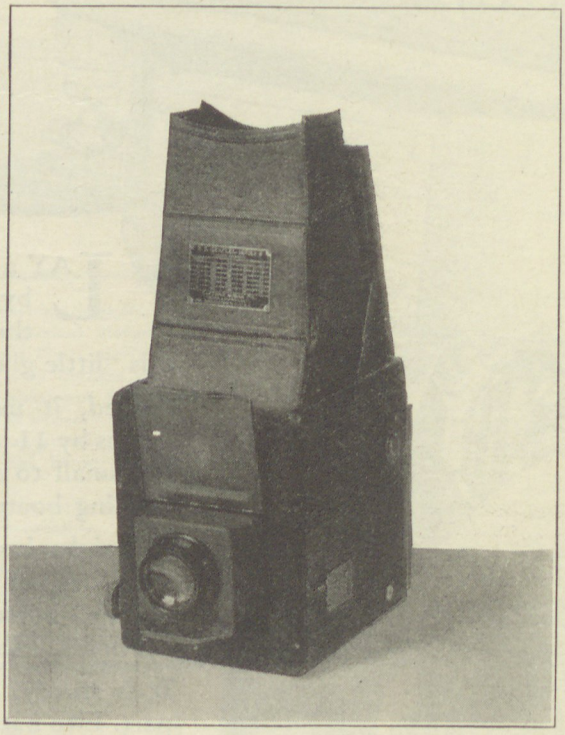
Out in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, my single great eye has seen wind swept ridges over which great bands of elk streamed . . . . I saw them breaking the fences around stacks of hay . . . . I saw them huddled on barren fields. It was a cold assignment (my curtain slide never has been the same since) but it was worth it. I was out in the world!

* * *

In the Kaibab forest, Arizona, for weeks I banged against the saddle until I thought my ribs would break. . . . . Once I was held aloft, wide open, by my rider, and my open eye saw the horse at full stretching gallop below me, and the sands burning past. And then something happened. I was rolling over and over and over. The sand choked me, filled me, grated through all my organs. I was picked up for dead, and only the utmost care brought me back to life.

* * *

But what things I saw on that trip! I saw three hundred deer at one time; I saw lean does and fawns flitting through a great forest; I crossed the greatest canyon in the world in two days.



* * *

Up along the Minnesota-Ontario boundary, following dog teams, my operator went through the ice on a bitter cold day and I was plunged down into a mixture of slush, ice, and frigid water. My breathing almost stopped, and, since I was at the moment being carried wide open (as you see me in this picture), within a few minutes I was a frozen chunk of ice, rigid as death. For three hours my owner picked ice away with his knife, afraid to thaw me out for fear of drowning me. Slowly I was brought back to life, carefully melted a little at a time . . . . and the next day I was back on the job for my magazine!

* * *

I have seen barrels of black bass packed for shipment down at Reelfoot lake. I have floated down the Upper Mississippi river and looked out on scenes of indescribable beauty. I have peered into the heart of the Superior National Forest, and looked upon places where dams were to be built to flood the forests. . . . .

* * *

All this is now past. The ice of the north and the dust of the south have marred my proud beauty. A larger camera, new and sleek and little recking the fate in store for it, will take my place. And I shall take pictures on Sundays!

* * *

The moral is a warning to all my kin to avoid Outdoor America. You must always be on the job, regardless of cold, regardless of heat, regardless of anything at all. You must always be the first there. . . . . The magazine claims it must lead its field. It says it has an obligation to its readers. It crushes our bones and hardens our arteries and dims our eyesight by its feverish pounding, and then, when we have done our bit, have been the eyes of a hundred thousand readers, seeking and recording for them the last word from the outdoors, it hands us over to take pictures for some family album!

* * *

And I was Outdoor America's Camera!

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Editor

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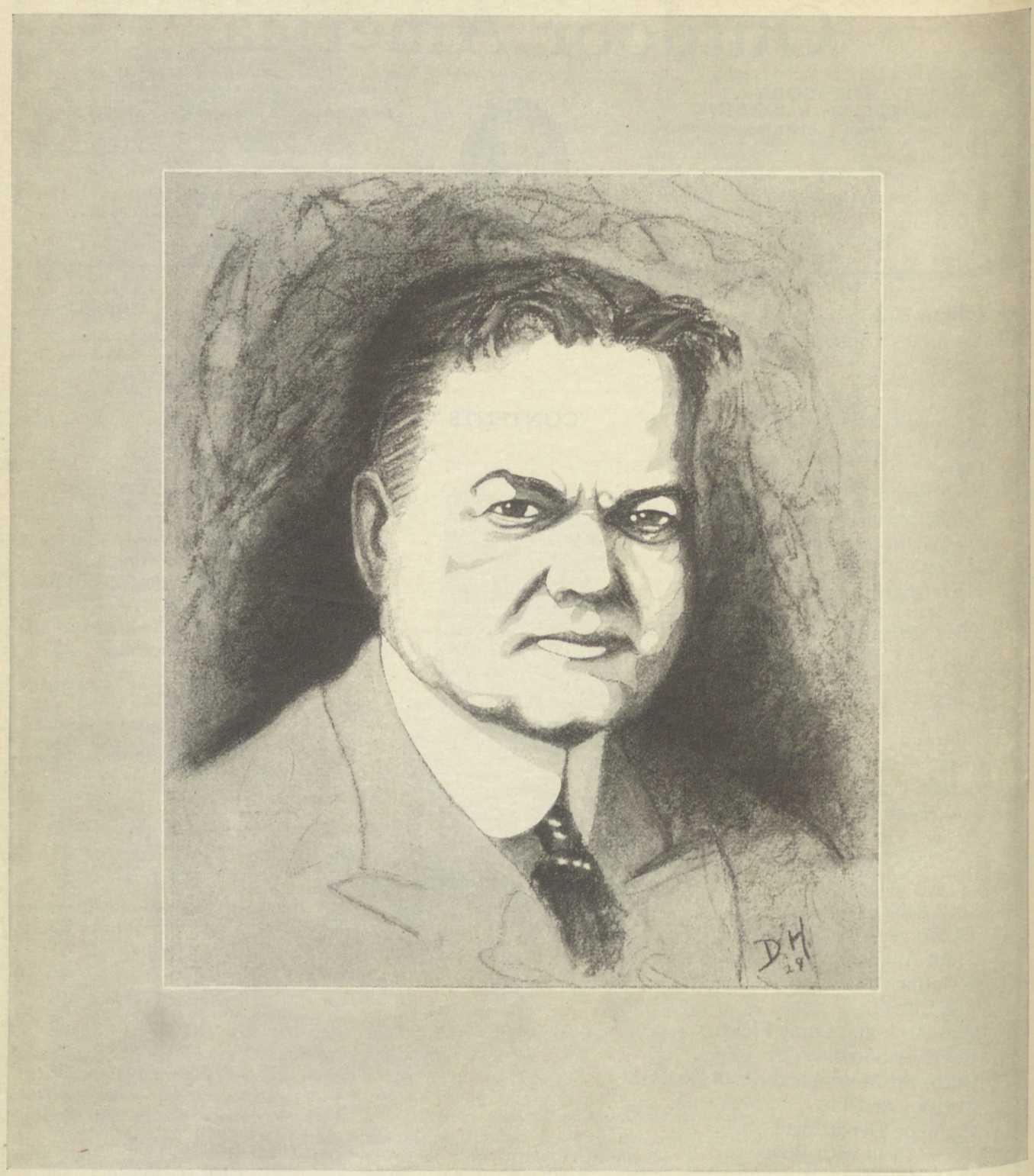


Sketch by Donald Hough.

"The joyous rush of the brook, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of forest and mountain, all reduce our egoism, soothe our troubles and shame our wickedness."

—A *Waltonian Becomes President.*

A Waltonian Becomes President

By

GEORGE E. SCOTT

President, Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation, Inc.

HERBERT HOOVER has been honorary president of the Izaak Walton League of America since 1926; he has addressed two national conventions; he has written for this magazine. He has said of the League:

"The Izaak Walton League, appealing to every lover of the out-of-doors, has proved itself an effective educational force for intelligent conservation in this country. . . . . I take pleasure in endorsing the efforts of your organization to stimulate a wider appreciation of, and participation in, the unexampled opportunities for outdoor recreation afforded by our country."

Herbert Hoover is a first class fisherman because he loves it. When fishing a few months ago in California, he tried a fly on a certain stream without catching anything and said, "It's no good here. Let's go where it isn't so long between bites." Like a good fisherman, however, his interest in fish doesn't stop at pulling one out of water.

One of his principal activities, not only as a hobby but in line of official duty as well, has been concerned with fish. The Bureau of Fisheries is in the Department of Commerce. Herbert Hoover has taken a special interest in the fishing business. He has done this partly because he recognizes the economic value of food fishes, partly because he believes in sport. Indeed he believes in the place of the fish in civilization. When, at a Walton League convention, he declared that the American angler is entitled to more bites per hour, he struck a keynote which has echoed ever since in the hearts of fishermen.

Herbert Hoover has by no means overlooked the movement toward what we may call the "humanizing" of the outdoors, for it is part and parcel of his whole philosophy of life. When he addressed Izaak Walton League audiences he dwelt in part on the economic value of good fishes and on the immense resources of the fishing business as a whole, but he also delighted his listeners with such as the following:

"As the head of the Department of Commerce and thus charged with such responsibilities for our game fisheries as weighs upon the mind of the Federal Government, I wish to state a fact, to observe a condition, to relate an experience, to lay before you a proposition, to offer a protest, and to give the reasons for all.

"The fact I refer to is that our game fishing is decreasing steadily and rapidly.

"The condition is that the present method of rehabilitation through hatcheries and distribution of fry and fingerlings is a failure because of high infant mortality.

"The experiment in the case indicates that artificial hatching can be made successful if the fingerlings are carried through infancy to childhood.

"The proposition is to further extend these nurseries in co-operation with this association and all fish clubs.

"The protest is that even this is useless unless we can check pollution of our streams.

"The reason for it all is that fishing is good for the soul of man."

Herbert Hoover, efficient to the very last degree dwelt largely on the possible and probable production of fish, but he smiled at his audience with such as, "Private enterprises in the shape of responsible mother fish are working on the same problem. They are probably doing better than the paternal government. Private enterprise usually does!"

He delighted the angling fraternity when he said, "I am for fish. Fishing is not so much getting fish as it is a state of mind and a lure of the human soul into refreshment. But it is too long between bites; we must have more fish in proportion to the water."

Herbert Hoover is father of the Hoover bass pond idea which has been adopted by many chapters of the Izaak Walton League with splendid results. He began to pound away on this four years ago, through OUTDOOR AMERICA, and today he has a large number of chapters following his suggestions. His idea was that the government would supply the baby fish if the fishing clubs would supply the rearing ponds. This has become the Hoover Bass Pond method of raising bass and trout. It is responsible for the production of millions of baby fish by Walton League chapters. Thus Herbert Hoover not only talked, but acted. He not only visioned the need of more fish and urged that they be forthcoming, but he set out to make his idea an actual working operation. And he did it.

Herbert Hoover's invaluable assistance, while Secretary of Commerce, in assisting the League to bring to a successful conclusion its fight for the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge is known to most Waltonians. During the efforts of the League to get action on the Upper Mississippi Bill in Washington, Mr. Hoover's advice and his active participation constituted a major factor in the ultimate result.

Herbert Hoover brought his usual efficiency and genius for organization into the Bureau of Fisheries. Because of his efforts we know more about the fish resources of our country than we ever have before, and we undoubtedly are raising more fish and know more about raising them, and have more figures and statistics of all kinds available, than ever before.

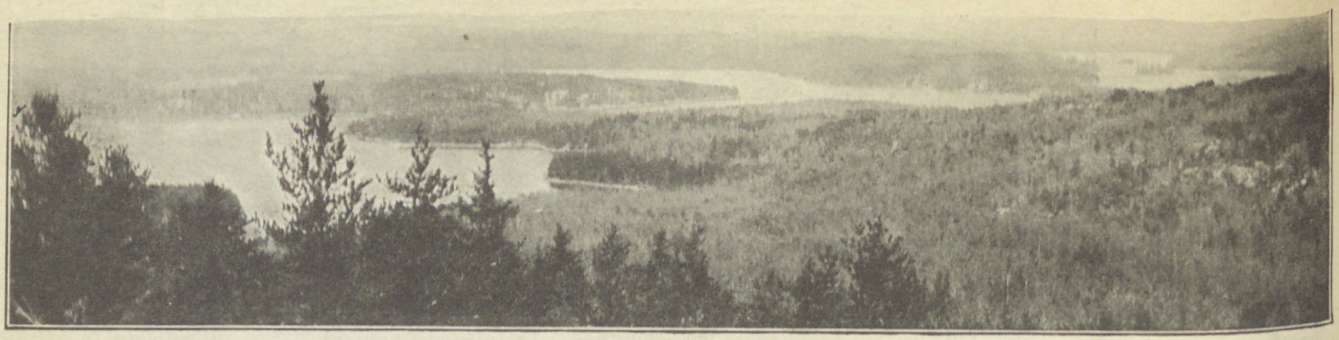
But Herbert Hoover is not concerned only with fish. He understands and believes in, from the standpoint of mental, physical and spiritual efficiency, the value of the outdoors as a whole. Recently he said:

"This civilization is not going to depend upon what we do when we work so much as what we do in our time off. The moral and spiritual forces of our country do not lose ground in the hours we are busy on our jobs—their battle is the leisure time. The joyous rush of the brook, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of forest and mountain, all reduce our egotism, soothe our troubles and shame our wickedness."

Herbert Hoover has demonstrated his devotion by his views on the National Parks and National Forests, by his determined stand against pollution of coastal and inland waterways not only on the grounds of economic waste and public health, but on the grounds of despoliation of places in which people play and of destruction of fishing as a sport.

In giving his views on administration of the forests, Herbert Hoover has pointed out their value as play places as well as produ-

(Continued on page 55)



Land of a thousand lakes and ten thousand joys.

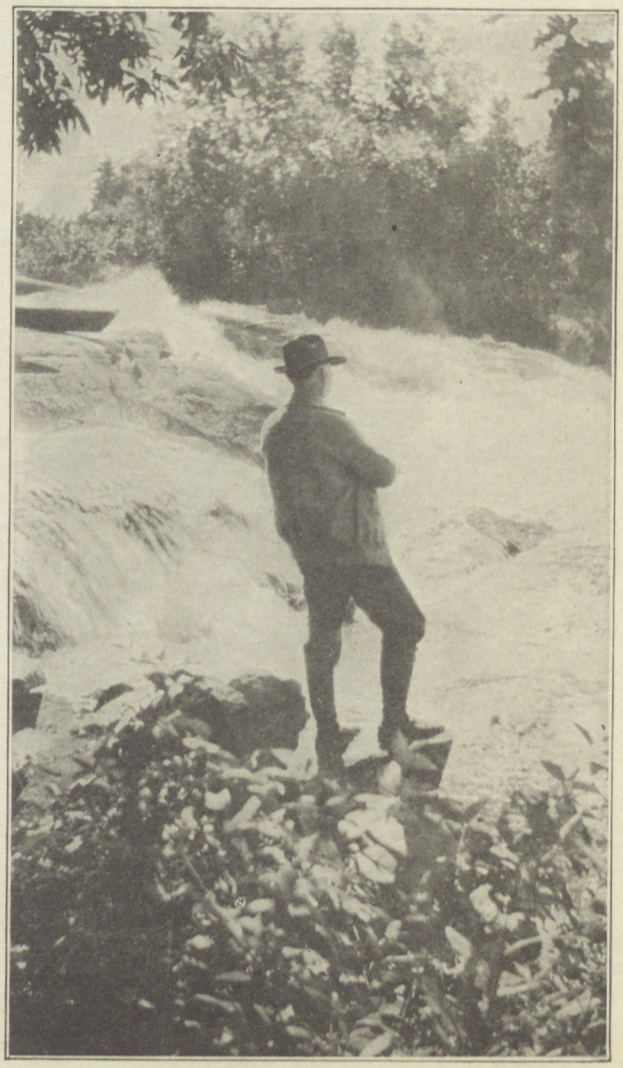
Up Where the Muskies Grow Tall

Being the story of a Canadian canoe jaunt into a famous musky fishing region

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

AFTER you have industriously fished through one whole spring and summer in the state of Minnesota and you have failed to land that one big musky you were after, even in spite of the fact that there are muskies and mighty ones in the said state of Minnesota,—after you have tried hard and you have, as I have said, failed, then what are you going to do about it? Well, simply this, go north for them where they grow tall and fight like seven kinds of tomcats in a sack. And that is just what we did. I am referring to Mr. Elmer Welker and myself. Elmer had listened in on the stories of the big ones that annually lose their lives in Lake of the Woods and wanted a specimen which he said would go, say, forty pounds in weight. He didn't want anything in the musky line that would breeze in with anything in the twenties of pounds to its credit. But those hulking forty and forty-five pounders, these were horses of other shades of pink.

So we made due preparations for the circumvention of the one big fin. We went over our tackle thoroughly, polished up our spoons till they shone like new-minted coins. Some of the spoon-blades of our lures we coated with varnish and sprinkled liberally with silver tinsel; we tinseled, too, our best baits; and Elmer being enthusiastic over pork-rind and having a select pork hide in a jar we made rind strips, long, narrow, thin and thick and vowed when we had them ready that it would be a particular musky indeed that would not willingly commit suicide in sampling their virtues. And so we went north. We drove a car across eighty miles of treacherous muskeg and through terrific northern gumbo. When we landed in Baudette we looked as though we had been through the flood but our ardor was not dampened. Get your fish was our slogan. Later, on the S. S. Clipper bound out of Rainy River, Ontario, for Cedar Island, we met other gentlemen going north in quest of muskies and invariably they were after forty pounders, forty-five pounders, prize winners and record breakers. Through a wild sea, waves rolling high on Lake of the Woods, the S. S. Clipper forged its way and close on inky midnight we hove to at the Cedar Island docks. By three o'clock in the morning the tales of big fish had sufficiently subsided and the sound of baits moved around in tackle boxes had sufficiently been lulled so that we could gain some needed sleep. As we sank into the arms of Morpheus a gentleman passed the cabin on the way to his own roost and we heard the words—"I am going to have mine mounted in Chicago. I know this fellow and he does—" then silence.



Welker casting at Nestor's Falls.

Glorious, unequalled, inimitable Sabaskong Bay! It is the eastern arm of Lake of the Woods, liberally sprinkled with islands, some large, some small and some mere bald rocks nosing their way into the upper world yet holding upon their precarious sides at least some vegetation, even pines with their roots fastened tenaciously in the crevices of the rocks. It is a world of beauty as though the Creator, wishing to make one spot among all others enchanting and soul-appealing had set this aside for his most noble efforts. Here He would shape with infinite care a region of picturesqueness which Man, looking upon, would acclaim in delight and would indeed be uplifted in beholding. Ah, but words are poor things, my friends! View Sabaskong in the light of a glorious Ontario morning; view it in the glamour of soft-enveloping

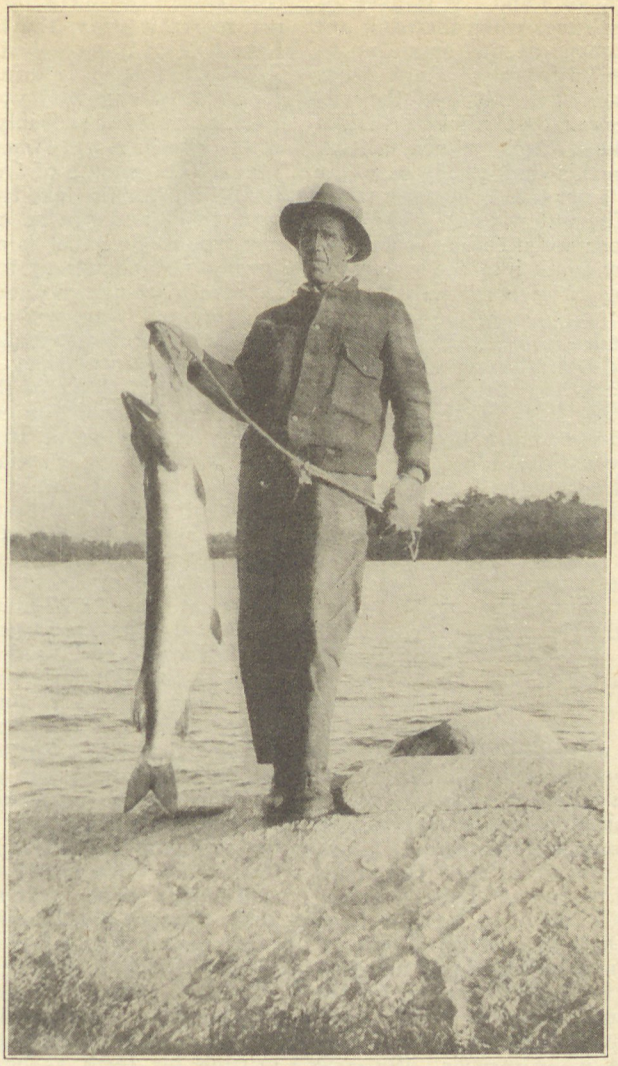
twilight before the purple damask of night shuts all sights from view and you will know how poor are mere words in black upon white in depicting its unspoiled grandeur!

There is a story extant that the guides at northern camps know the hang-out of every big bruiser of a musky in Sabaskong Bay. As to that I will not say. We were introduced to Mr. Ole Moen who was to have charge of our piscatorial destinies for the length of our stay and whose proud boast it is that more muskies have fallen as the result of his guiding on Lake of the Woods than to any other human power extant. Ole Moen was born in Norway. Norwegians are born with fish sense. Fishing and all that pertains to fish is as second nature with them. Ole Moen is not only a compendium of fish knowledge but divines the presence of fish as one would divine water with the mythical divining rod. You just know that Ole can produce the goods or no one else can do it.

In fishing the waters of Sabaskong Bay very little if any trolling is done in the manner of ordinary musky fishing. The spoon-hook lure instead of being trolled is cast up to the rocky sides of the islands, into the likely nooks and deep pockets and over the sunken reefs that lie a foot or two under the surface of the water. Into these places you are told the great fish come to feed upon suckers, and, most surprising of all, upon bullheads. The strange part of it all is that fish of thirty to fifty pounds will frequent these shallow water places. It seems unreal, impossible. But there they are and should fortune befall your lot and should you drop your lure right in the face of one of these energetic members of the family *Esox* things will happen, have no fear. In this game of fishing some are fortunate and others fish in vain. It is a fact, however, that you are more likely to catch a musky over thirty pounds in weight than under that mark, in fact a Sabaskong guide strenuously suggests that you return to the water any fish under twenty-five pounds in weight!

It is needless to state that Ole brought all of his fish knowledge to bear upon the situation as we fished here and there, in and out among the almost bewildering clusters of islands. No sooner had we tapped the possibilities of one select cove where some gigantic musky made his home than the little single cylinder Johnson motor was set to going and we whirled away to look into some other cove or reedy bay where some other musky, known to Ole Moen from past experience to be there, was appealed to. Boats are not used in fishing these waters. The regulation sharp-tipped canoe, sharp bow and sharp stern, is the craft recommended; the outboard motor is attached to the side of the canoe near to the stern. These light, single cylinder motors seem perfectly fitted for the work laid out to them. Not only are they speedy, bucking all manner of smooth or rough water, but because of the fact that they are very light may be transported with scarcely any trouble over the portages. The laws of Ontario forbid trolling by means of the outboard motor but you may go to and from the places you fish by means of this motive power. When a fishing spot is reached the guide handles the paddle and keeps the canoe in position.

My diary tells me that on September 2nd we raised a musky in the neighborhood of Dead Island. Ole had told us that there was one that frequented this particular spot that would go, say, about forty-five pounds. At hearing this Welker made a cast with both distance and accuracy to its credit into an inviting nook and promptly caught a great northern pike that would tip the scales at two and one half pounds. Welker had been harvesting great northern pike all that morning as the result of attaching a long, wiggly, snaky strip of rind to one of the hooks on the gang of his spoon. But not a musky had sailed into it with assault and battery in view. I hoped that some musky would mistake it for pumpkin pie but nothing happened.



Ole Moen, the best guide north of the border, holding my thirty-two pounder.

It was in this bay that we had our first sign of finny treasure in the shape of a musky. I had made a cast up to some pads when without warning (but without any swirl in the water) a fish made a swat at my spoon, a great bloodshot tail rearing leisurely into the air that seemed to be no less than one foot, twelve inches, across. He had missed the spoon clean. Ole nodded his head and spit snuff with vim. "That's him," he said. "He's a forty-five pounder if he's an ounce." We covered that bay three times very carefully but nary another rise did we get. So we abandoned that forty-five pounder stating that while we did not get him this time, next year probably he would swim his last swim. That's how that Sabaskong fishing gets the better of you!

Referring again to my diary I find that in the afternoon of that day we raised another musky near Canoe Island. I wish I could tell you where Canoe Island is located but being any one of ten thousand islands in Sabaskong Bay is the best I can do for you. Ole knows, but then Ole has a sense of fish and direction as well. This second musky was, according to Ole, anywhere between forty-five and fifty pounds in weight. Oh, it was fish! It pursued my spoon for no less than eight feet with mouth wide open and its back out of water. It was one of those fish that are always referred to as being as rotund as a log and as long as an oar. This critter also missed the business end of the spoon and having missed disappeared into the deep and called it a day.

Now the above is all that you get for the time being about Sabaskong. The scene is about to shift. We are going on a canoe trip which aims to take us to Lake Kishkutina, Pipestone, Kakagi and back over the celebrated Crow Portage. Early morning of September 4th saw us on the move with our first portage at Nestor's Falls thence through Kakabikitchiwan, which is merely a riverlike stretch of water, into Big Pine Lake. Then there are two portages, and that puts you into Wigwam Lake. Then there is a pull-over into Marl Lake with, finally, two portages which puts you in Kishkutina which is the Indian name for Height of Land Lake. Now I have rattled the above off freely and it may not sound difficult. But any of these portages are apt to take the wind out of your sails. On the way to Height of Land there are waters where muskies running from a few pounds in weight to ten and fifteen pounds are willing to take anything you have to offer. But one tires of this when one is in a land where forty and fifty pounders may be laid away in cold storage.

It is a beautiful lake, is Height of Land. It is likewise a very deep lake and during those times when the trout are striking at their best some specimens of this specie up to thirty pounds in weight may be taken from its waters. Bass, too, are found there, the true black-striped bass of the wilderness, husky, energetic scrappers that make the bass taken out of warmer waters look like suckers in comparison. Muskies, too, make their home in this choice body of water although they are less ambitious as to size than those taken in inimitable Sabaskong Bay. The waters of this lake flow westward into Lake of the Woods while those from Pipestone Lake, over the divide, flow south into the waters of Rainy Lake. As is true of all of these northern waters it is filled with islands and sunken reefs where the fish, as in Sabaskong, are always to be found.

It was while at Height of Land Lake that we were joined by Mr. J. Saunders and Mr. J. M. Schroeder who have helped put a nick in the Nickel Plate Road. They had come up from Valparaiso, Indiana, and were out to lay a tape-line on a fifty pounder. They were accompanied by Bill Fadden, their guide, and were also bound out on the Pipestone trail. They had tired of catching Height of Land fish and had heard distant reports of another lake known as West Lake where five pounders came to net oftener than two pounders and this they thought would be quite an interesting side trip to make. Thereafter West Lake became a fixed point in our minds; in fact, we would have gone north to Hudson's Bay to get to it if need be. We were told that Charlie Heddon had caught thirty bass there in thirty casts and claimed for it the distinction of being one of the best lakes he had ever angled in.

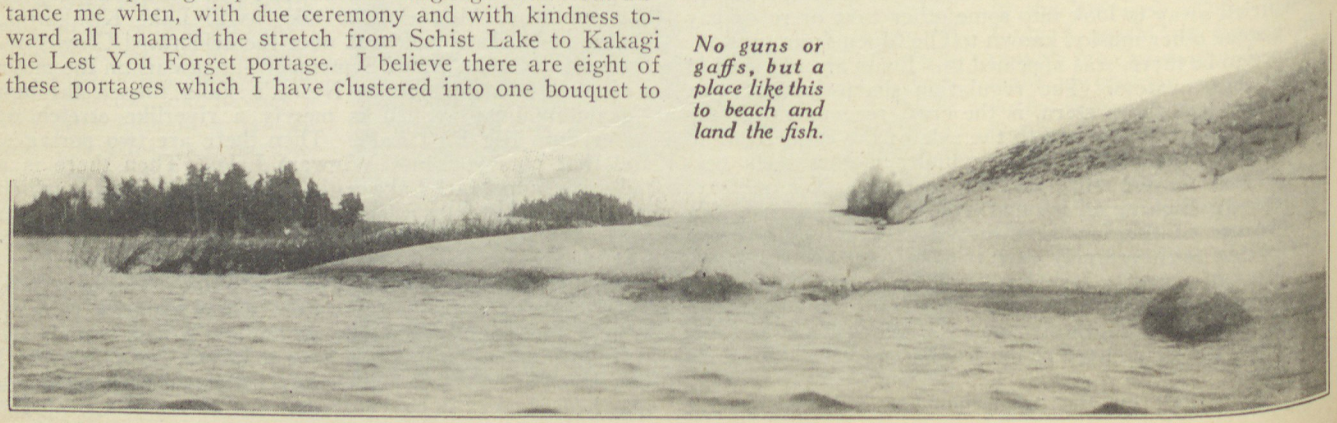
I suppose there are many who will make the portage from Height of Land Lake to Pipestone some time in the future. It will probably be more or less of an unforgettable event in that you must cross a small-sized mountain over what is known as the Speak-No-Bad-Language portage. Canoes, outboard motors, gasoline cans and packs must be carried over this uncompromising steep to Summit Lake; crossing Summit Lake a second portage is made to Narrow Lake and from Narrow Lake into Quill Lake a third portage. Follows a fourth portage around some rapids at the close of which a sigh of great relief is heard all around for the lower end of Pipestone is reached. Pipestone Lake is well over twenty miles in length, its upper reaches being a thing of beauty, truly, and let us hope, a joy forever. We went into camp at its upper end and during the course of our stay attempted to chalk up some musky records but our pursuit did not avail us any luck. It was from this point that we made the trip to West Lake over a series of portages and cruising through a number of gemlike lakes that would cause an artist to exclaim in delight. And there, at the head of the chain was West Lake, the most tempting bass lake I have ever laid eyes on. It has every feature demanded of a perfect bass water and the bass are of the sky-rocketing variety that leave nothing to be desired in the name of the specie. Schroeder was high gun on this lake and his catches were numerous and of large size. Welker caught on this lake his largest great northern pike. He was encouraged to greater energy as the result of this feat; the day before he had caught and released sixty-four.

There came now another series of portages from Pipestone to reach Lake Kakagi or Crow Lake as it is called in straight English as she is writ. The person who named that other portage Speak-No-Bad-Language didn't out-distance me when, with due ceremony and with kindness toward all I named the stretch from Schist Lake to Kakagi the Lest You Forget portage. I believe there are eight of these portages which I have clustered into one bouquet to be known henceforth by the above designation. We did not regret it when the last portage was left behind and Lake Kakagi was reached.

Lake Kakagi I believe is twenty-eight miles in length. Its muskies run well up into the thirties for maximum weight and it has probably as good lake trout fishing as anywhere else in North America, if not better. The month of June and the month of October are the very best of the lot for fishing for the lake trout; they swarm around the reefs in October and can be caught bait casting on practically any type of lure that is attractive. They range in weight from a few pounds up to thirty and the fight they put up in these near-surface waters puts the lie to the assertion that as fighters they are without rank. The possibilities in store for the fisherman in Lake Kakagi are many and as yet it has hardly been touched. This is also true of many waters connected with Lake of the Woods or its bays, particularly Whitefish Bay which is just receiving initial attention from the anglers coming up from the States. It is interesting to know that the commercial fishermen of the north are less and less welcome as the years go on. One after another, as their time limit runs out, they are excluded in the several select fishing grounds, such as, say, Sabaskong. It is to the credit of Canada that she recognizes in time the value of her hunting and fishing and does everything she can to prolong the fish and game life within her borders and to perpetuate it in accordance with the universal demand.

We faced a stiff head wind in negotiating Lake Kakagi but with the busy little single cylinder motor doing its duty admirably we finally contrived to baffle the elements and after a grim, wet trip of it, and pretty well chilled through, we landed at Crow Portage. There is a mile trip to make over this portage before you again hit Sabaskong Bay with Cedar Island the home base no less than twenty miles away. We held a council of war and decided unanimously to spend the night on Dalseg's Island. Never did a fire feel better than it did when finally we backed up to it in the kitchen of Dalseg's lodge. Nor did we ever eat a meal with more gusto than we did the meal that Dalseg set before us with convenient bottles of ale to accompany the pig sausages home. Nor have I ever slept more peacefully than I did that night when I was tucked in with a half dozen Hudson Bay blankets of soft and blended hues and was wafted away to dreamland irresistibly not even to be awakened by Welker gritting his teeth as he struggled madly with the great northern pike.

The following morning we were on our way again. It was to be our last day on the lake for other climes were calling and we had to be on to trek. We appealed to Ole to think hard. Did he not know where there was a musky both large and vicious that would pounce upon any one of our offerings thus to make one grand climax to the trip? It had been one of those wonderful trips, full of variety, incident, good fishing and good humor. Now then all that was needed was a fish of length, due girth and lots of pep. Could Ole produce the goods? Well, Ole, would try. It had been a matter of some disappointment with Ole that we had not caught one of the big fellows, especially, too, since we had raised two of them, any one of which a man would cross two continents to lay the hook into. Thus in silence Ole whisked us away first to this place and next to that. Always there was a grim, set look on his face; he was always searching, searching the *(Continued on page 43)*



No guns or gaffs, but a place like this to beach and land the fish.

In the Kaibab forest, Arizona.

If You Go West

By
DONALD HOUGH

OFTEN, as every touring camper knows, the best trips of all are the ones you take after you have arrived at your destination. That is to say, the trips you take from the place you go to often surpass the trip you took to get there.

This doesn't sound so very clear, but probably you know what I'm getting at. The little "cross town" trips that you take after you get off the highly advertised highways and routes are usually better than the trip you took on the highly advertised highways and routes, and—

Anyway, here's some dope I have on the very best trip in the whole Rocky Mountain region, believe it or not. So if you plan on a cross country motor camping trip next summer, out into the west, you go ahead and do it, but hurry up and get there, because the trip out to the mountains is nothing compared to the one I've got in mind for you after you arrive.

The trip is from the Grand Canyon, on the south, to Yellowstone Park, on the north, and when you take it, traveling north and south instead of the usual east and west, you'll go through the very heart of the west, and you'll see and experience everything from the blazing desert to the Alaskan atmosphere of Jackson's Hole, all within a few days' travel over splendid highways.

Let us suppose, for example, that you hit the Rockies at Salt Lake City. From there you go south, up the valley of the Sevier, and a more beautiful trip—and seldom used—you'll not meet for many a day. This road leads from Salt Lake to Kanab, Utah, near the Arizona border, thence to the north rim of the Grand Canyon, where, through absolute necessity, it stops.

The first leg of this trip is up the beautiful valley of the Sevier, climbing always higher into the mountains, following the stream through narrow, deep canyons, past roaring cascades. It is a smooth, broad highway, paved part of the way, and it takes you through the heart of the Mormon country.

The railroad ends at Marysville, and from there you go on "alone," still farther into the mountains, following the river to its source. The roads here are only fair, but well worth any little irregularities you may find in wet weather. Finally you reach the summit of the mountain range, and start on the real adventure of your journey. The slope before you, heavily forested, leads down and down to the great desert of southern Utah and Arizona.

Before long now you will get staggering views of the colorful southern canyon country ahead; once or twice you will see a faint line on the desert a hundred miles away, and that is the Grand Canyon. As you start down this great divide you begin to get a taste of the canyons—deep canyons in the mountains with cliffs brilliantly colored in red and yellow. Small towns lie along this road, which is their only connection with civilization. There are plenty of places for camping, and occasional hotel accommodations.

Now you are ready for your plunge into the desert, and you do it in a series of twisting, turning descents, amidst a blaze of magnificent color, catching glimpses of the desert below from time to time, and skirting canyons the colors of which are indescribable.

Your final plunge downward through the country of ancient cliff dwellers takes you out on the edge of the desert, and here is a surprise for you. You suddenly find yourself in a town of about 2,500 population: a modern town in every respect, shaded by rows of locust trees, perfumed by hundreds of flower gardens. Streams of water trickle down its streets and through every yard. This water is brought from tiny streams and springs back in the canyons, painstakingly gathered in redwood troughs and pipes by the Mormons. This town is a garden spot on the edge of the desert; the nearest railway is eighty miles away over the mountains.

Now as you look south from Kanab you see a dark ridge about thirty miles out on the desert. That ridge is a plateau, and on top of it is the most magnificent forest you ever set eyes on. It is called the Kaibab, and it is famous for two reasons: first, because it is the largest single stand of virgin timber left in the country; secondly, because it is the home of the largest herd of deer that is known to man. This famous Kaibab deer herd is said to number between 30,000 and 50,000, and its entire range consists of the top of the plateau: an area forty miles wide and eighty miles long.

There are accommodations on the plateau, information about which is available at Kanab. A splendid road leads across the strip of desert before you, and climbs gradually up the plateau until it leads you into the great forest. Now, for a while, you will forget that there is a desert within a thousand miles of you—you will forget that this forest is surrounded on three sides by desert, and on the fourth side by the Grand Canyon.

There is no underbrush in the forest itself, and you can leave the road and drive among the giant yellow pines if you want to. In the center of the plateau is a series of open parks in the forest, and here you can see, shortly after sunset, as many as five hundred deer at once. In the evening they come out of the woods in large numbers to crop the clover in these parks. This is one of the greatest wild life spectacles you will ever see.

There are accommodations near the largest of these parks—cabins and dining facilities. Fair camping is good any place if you carry your own water. There is virtually no water on this plateau, because the soil is so porous that the rain sinks in immediately, to issue from rock canyon walls around the plateau in small streams and in at least one roaring river that comes out a thousand feet from the rim and drops another couple of thousand feet into the Grand Canyon bottom.

Continuing, you come to the end of the road at the Grand

Canyon. The Union Pacific railroad has a tourist hostelry here, to which busses from Zion national park make pilgrimages. The Canyon, of course, is the grand spectacle which now invites your attention.

This rim of the Canyon, the north one, is fifteen hundred feet higher than the opposite rim, thirteen miles away in a straight line, where the Santa Fe railroad has built up the tourist business. The great forest comes right to the edge of the canyon; deer may be seen on all sides, and you are in the midst of the most dramatic setting that I ever have seen.

You should plan by all means to spend as much time here as possible. The opportunities for viewing the Canyon are far superior to those of the tamer and lower southern rim. And the view eastward, across the Painted Desert, is magnificent. If you have time, take a trip down into the Houserock valley, at the edge of the Painted Desert. A road follows the base of the plateau, skirting the flat floor of the valley. Across the valley, to the northeast, rise in all their splendor the colored cliffs of southern Utah.

The south rim of the Grand Canyon, from the Kaibab.

Here is the Zane Grey country. In a little cabin at the base of the plateau he worked on "The Riders of the Purple Sage," and the deserted stone houses here and there along the road were the headquarters of the Bar Z ranch, and the few stray cowboys that you may find on duty there, (the main outfit has moved to Mexico) are the remnants of the "Riders."

It is impossible for me to here give you any idea of the golden beauties of this Kaibab country. "It must," as a Mormon told me in Salt Lake, "be saw to be appreciated."

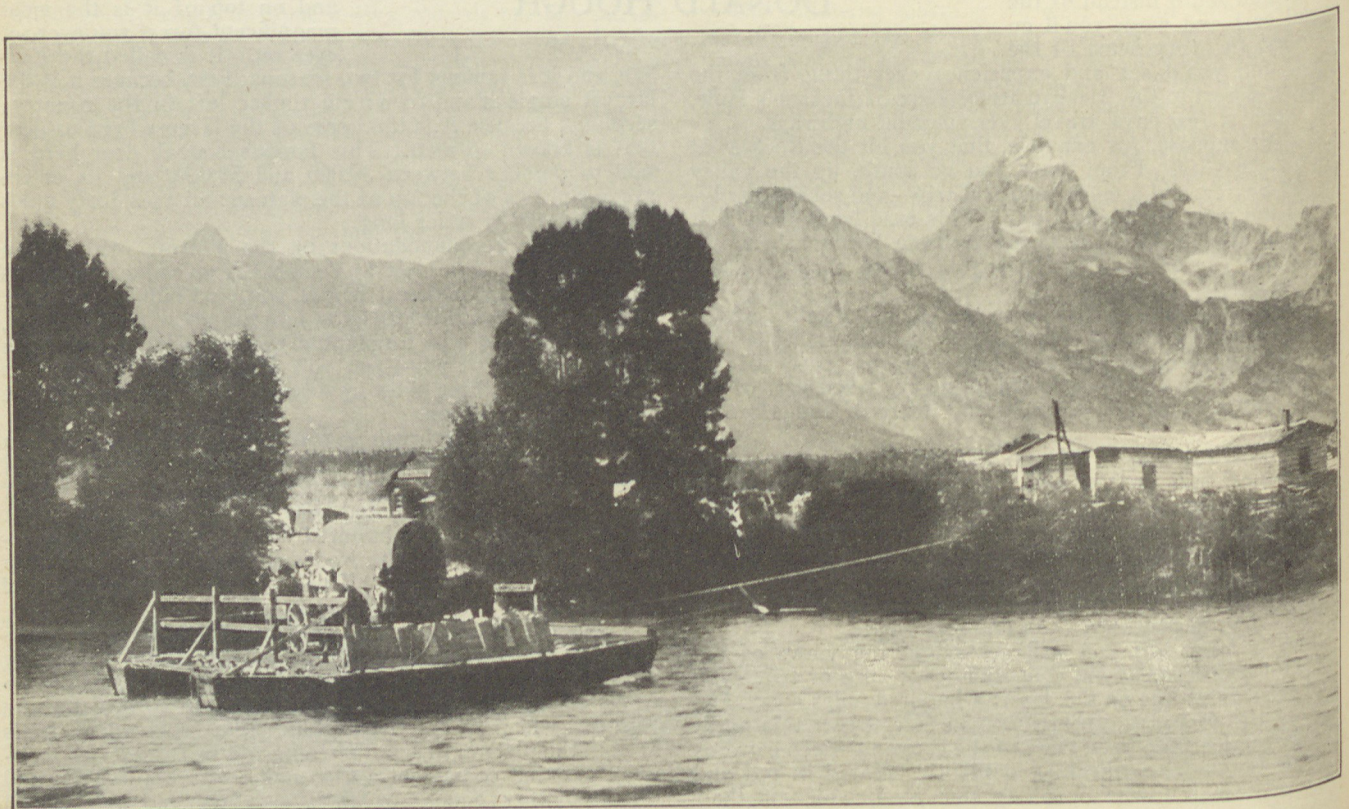
There's only one way back to Salt Lake City, that I know anything about, and that is by the same road on which you came down. But somewhere near Kanab a road strikes out into the west to Zion National Park, and since the Union Pacific busses use it regularly it must be a good one. You can undoubtedly go over to Zion, which isn't far away, and then follow the Union Pacific railroad back to Salt Lake City.

But anyway after you get back to Salt Lake City, you strike straight north up through Ogden, thence to Pocatello and Idaho Falls. All through here you have wonderful roads, at least half of them paved. It is mighty pretty traveling. I wish I could tell you how to get over into the Sawtooth mountains of Idaho from here. I suppose I could look it up on the map, but you can do that as easily as I can. And you can see pictures of the wonderful Sawtooth region, claimed by its adherents to be the scenic center of the whole west, which is the only acquaintance I have with that country. I'm not going to tell you about anything I haven't seen, nor about any places I haven't visited. But by all means look up the Sawtooth trip when you get to Pocatello.

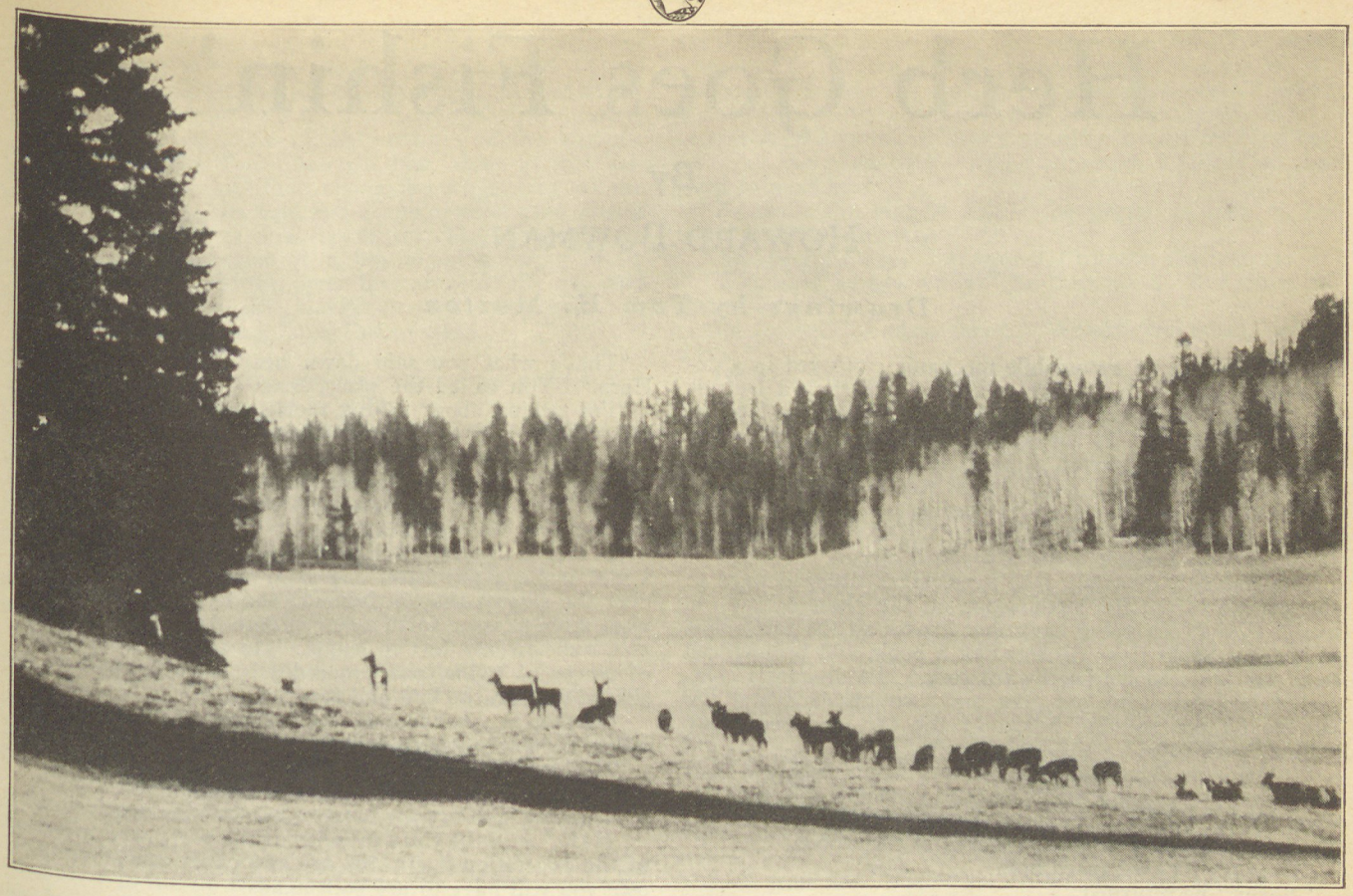
From Idaho Falls you take the road for Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. There are two routes, both of which converge at the famous Teton pass near Victor, Idaho, over which you must climb to get down into Jackson's Hole. The trip over the pass is finished in a couple of hours, and when you have reached the other side you are again away from the railroads, and this time you're in the center of the old west of the northern Rockies, just as you were in the old west of the southern desert region in Arizona.

When you roll out into Jackson's Hole you are rolling out into the most lovely bit of country you're going to see in many a day, so be sure to take full advantage of it. This is the best of your trip, and don't be in too much of a hurry to get to Yellowstone Park and neglect what is known as "The Last of the Old West."

On your left rise the mighty Tetons, pride of the Rockies and acknowledged to be the most spectacular mountain range in America. This range consists of a row of jagged, snow capped peaks, rising into the sky like a row of shark's



The Snake river and the Tetons, Jackson's Hole.



Deer on the Kaibab plateau.

teeth, and so abrupt in their ascent that there are no foothills and you can go up only a short distance on horseback, and not much farther on foot.

Down these slopes dash numerous cascades, and these gather into a chain of beautiful lakes that lie on a forested "bench" along the foot of the range, mirroring the glory of the Tetons once more in their waters.

On the other side of the Hole are the mountains of the main Rocky range, rolling up to the continental divide itself without a break. The Hole is about ten miles, maybe fifteen, wide, and about forty long. It is a flat valley set in the midst of mountain walls that entirely surround it. The Snake river rising at the border of Yellowstone Park, flows down through the Hole and leaves it through a deep canyon in the Hoback mountains at the southern end.

The town of Jackson, population about 350, lies in the center of the Hole opposite the pass, and that's where you will hit first. Hotel accommodations are excellent, and there are all facilities. Just outside of the town is the government winter elk feeding ranch. You won't see any elk there in summer, but you can take a look at the ranch and at the big haystacks that await the avalanche of elk that will crowd there when the snows come in early winter.

Perhaps you want to do some fishing. If you like to fish for trout you're lucky, because here's the place to do it. The best trout fishing in the Hole is in the Snake river during the month of September and part of October. The good fishing begins late in August. During the earlier months the river is cloudy from floods, and the fishing is impossible. But when it is good, it's ideal. The river is simply full of cut-throat trout ranging up to eight pounds or more in weight. It is no trick at all to catch trout in the Snake river at this time of year. During the earlier months the fishing is good in other streams tributary to the Snake. Anybody can show you where. The hills are full of streams of all sizes, and in these streams live plenty of trout.

If you are camping, you will have no trouble in the Hole. You can camp almost any place, water is abundant, the forests are inviting, and perfect camp settings jump out at you from all sides. In the event you wish to make your headquarters under a roof and take short trips out in various directions, you can stop at Jackson or perhaps there are vacancies at some of the dude ranches along the Snake. There is a hotel at Moran, on Jackson lake, at the northern extremity of the Hole, and since it's three years since I lived there you will doubtless find places that I know nothing about.

Cowboys in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming.

There is a rodeo in Jackson about September first which is worth seeing. By all means the best time of year to land there is about September, or the latter part of August. On the other hand, it doesn't make any difference what time you get to the Kaibab, just so it's after June 1. Up until about that time there's still snow on the plateau and roads are impassable.

Jackson's Hole is a famous place. It was originally settled by rustlers and other outlaws, and was a secret refuge for some years. Then honest people came in and made it respectable, but

(Continued on page 54)

Herb Goes Fishin'

By

HOWARD BOWMAN

Drawings by Tom H. Morton

HERB is an automobile mechanic employed in a department of highly specialized effort in a Detroit concern and, as such, has few equals, and fewer peers, but in the great world-wide avocation of fishing he is just steppin' out, so to speak. Although he has passed his fortieth milestone, it was not until last summer that he took up the art of angling and learned several things pertaining thereto, including the knowledge that the Izaak Walton League is not a baseball circuit.

One Sabbath morning, last June, Herb dropped over to the garage to put his stethoscope on the chest of the old model-T, that sea-going hack that knows all the tote roads of the Au Sable river district like a book, and pronounced it fit for the season's northward trek. His diagnosis completed he settled his six feet and two hundred and ten pounds on the running board of the car, and remarked, rather caustically:

"It gets me what there is in this fishin' business that causes people to put a small fortune in tackle and such dodads, to keep a special car in the garage for such excursions, and to spend days and weeks in the woods."

"Ever try it?" we asked him.

"Never," he returned.

"Not as a boy?"

"As a boy I had other things to do," he said with conviction.

"Well, it's never too late to start," we suggested. "How about joining this expedition?"

Herb drew his generously bowled briar from his pocket, and drove home a charge of tobacco. He fired the weapon, and orated.

"For six years I have watched your preparations to go fishing," he began. "You oil up a couple or three reels, sort over a bucket of fishhooks, grease up poles (he referred to the joints of fishing rods), and buy lines and a lot of new wooden fish. And I never see you bring home any fish."

The last was a dirty dig, and demanded championing against.

"We catch 'em, never fear," I told him, "but we eat 'em in camp. Fishing tackle is like an automobile, it ought to be looked over, and well greased and oiled before making an extended tour. And the 'wooden fish' are the lures with which we catch the big fellows. As to new lines each year, personally, I think they are a good investment. With old lines I've lost some big—"

"Now we'll hear a good one," he grinned.

"Well, suppose you just take up my little invitation, and then, maybe, you'll be able to tell some 'good ones,'" I was slightly nettled.

"The wife's going down to Pittsburgh to visit her mother," he said, after a moment or so of silence. "Darned if I don't go along just to see the scenery."

Thus he took the fatal step.

THE Au Sable river, finding its inception to the west and north of Grayling, flows generally eastward to Lake Huron across the northern portion of the lower peninsula of Michigan. It is well over 200 miles north of Detroit by automobile road and, for the most part, traverses a country largely given over to wilderness. That is why, to reach its banks off the beaten tracks of travel, a light car, not low-hung, is preferable.

No untoward incident marred the northward trip and, an early start having been attained, we pulled into Hale —the "last outpost of civilization"—some time late in the afternoon.

"Here's your last chance," I told Herb.

"That's what you said down near Pinconning," smiled Herb. "You called the place, 'Last Chance,' didn't you?"

"I'm talking about fishing tackle, now," I told him. In fact all the way up from Detroit we had been after him about fishing tackle, for his personal effects did not give any outward evidence that he carried any. Always he had said: "Never mind me, boy; I've got all I need." But this time he changed it a bit.

"If this is the last place we'll see any stores, then I guess I will make a purchase," he said, swinging his long legs over the side of the touring car, and he went into a hardware store to issue forth a few minutes later with a bamboo pole some twenty feet in length. He also carried a couple of pieces of twine, and proceeded to lash the pole to the side of the car, the butt end forward.

"So that is your casting rod," observed the third member of the party from the rear seat.

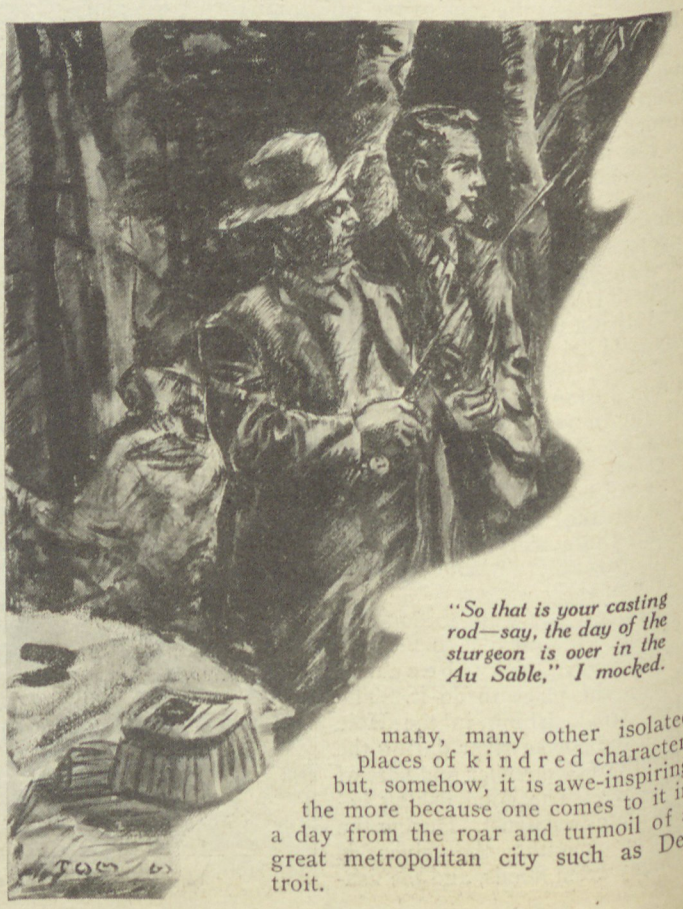
"Herbert," I remarked, with great finality, "you are going to be one great success as a fisherman."

"I will at least try my hand at it," was his conclusion.

"Herb," said the third member of the party who was dean of the expedition due to his age and experience, "with that pole you will have to use both hands."

As the car carried our camping equipage (a word we got to know and detest in the late World War) and enough provisions for a week, we made on for the river, arriving in time to pitch camp and prepare bacon, potatoes and coffee before night closed down.

Night in that vast stillness of the Au Sable river district is, perhaps, no different than nights to be found in many, many other isolated places of kindred character, but, somehow, it is awe-inspiring the more because one comes to it in a day from the roar and turmoil of a great metropolitan city such as Detroit.



"So that is your casting rod—say, the day of the sturgeon is over in the Au Sable," I mocked.

Later, with our backs each to a stalwart pine, a campfire before us, we talked, smoked, and listened to the gurgling waters of the Au Sable as it slipped past us in the darkness of the night. Up the river, more than a quarter-mile distant, lights shone in the windows of the gigantic power plant of the Five-Channels dam, alone in this wilderness, and now and then above the whispering of the trees we could hear the hum and drone of the water wheels and the dynamos. A full moon, searching through the trees, had set the water of a bayou aglimmering in its light when we secured the inner fastenings of the tent and sought our unfolded and blanket-dressed camp cots. A bob-cat, in a nearby tree, "sang" us to sleep.

NEXT morning, as the sun was setting the eastern sky aglow, we were up to a platter of somewhat seared ham, and steaming coffee. Then, our dishes cleared away, we planned the day's campaign. The back-waters of the river above the dam which had inundated countless acres provided a great tract of comparatively quiet still-water fishing, and there the old-timer elected to go where, the previous year, a boat or two were to be found.

The "dean" being disposed of, Herb was asked in what direction he would go, and he said: "Guess I'll take me my pole and line, and go down stream."

He had unlashed his pole from the car the night before and leaned it against a jack-pine—that it topped by several feet. Now he was adjusting a green twisted line of butcher-shop cord size, or better.

"Where, in the name of all that is good and wise, did you get that clothes line?" we wanted to know.

"Where you buy all your Christmas presents," Herb replied, "at the 5-and-10-cent store." He spoke the truth—about the line.

Herb tied one end near the butt of the pole, and then spiralled it to the tip where he knotted it. This netted him twenty-two feet of free line as against a pole of twenty feet.

"Your line is too long," I advised him.

"Your 'line' on some subjects could be shorter," he was brutally frank. He opened the lid of a tin cigar-box and extracted an 8-O hook, though, at the time, he didn't know it had a designated size.

"The day of the sturgeon is over in the Au Sable, so far as I know," I told him. "Johnny Slocum, who knows about all there is to know about this district, says the lumberjacks used to roll them out with cant hooks in the Spring, but—"

"Just run along, young feller, with your hundred dollar outfit," Herb directed, "and leave me to catch my pike in my own peculiar and inexpert manner. I will catch me some frogs for bait, and then I'll catch me some fish."

I left him and went up to the concrete apron at the dam, and started casting. It was an hour before the scheduled time for the dam to release the water through the turbines, and there was no disturbance. A 5-pounder and a couple of 4-pounders were the net result of my endeavors when I heard a shout down the river and saw Herb waving his hat to attract my attention. He was running toward me, and not knowing the cause of his wild excitement, I picked up and went to meet him.

"I caught the biggest fish—" he began as soon as he could speak articulately.

"And he got away," I answered, "I know, they always—"

"Who said he got away?" he demanded, "I've got him tied to a tree."

"Be yourself," I admonished. "Whadda you mean, tied to a tree?"

"He's so big," said Herb, "that I'm afraid to pull him out of the water, and I tied him to a tree."

Together we made our way to where he directed, and, sure enough, there was a pike threshing around in the water, his movements somewhat retarded by the line that ran to the tree. Luckily the pike had been caught in the upper jaw, and his teeth had not touched the line.

"Where?" Herb wanted to know, "is your high-falutin' rig for landing this bird?"

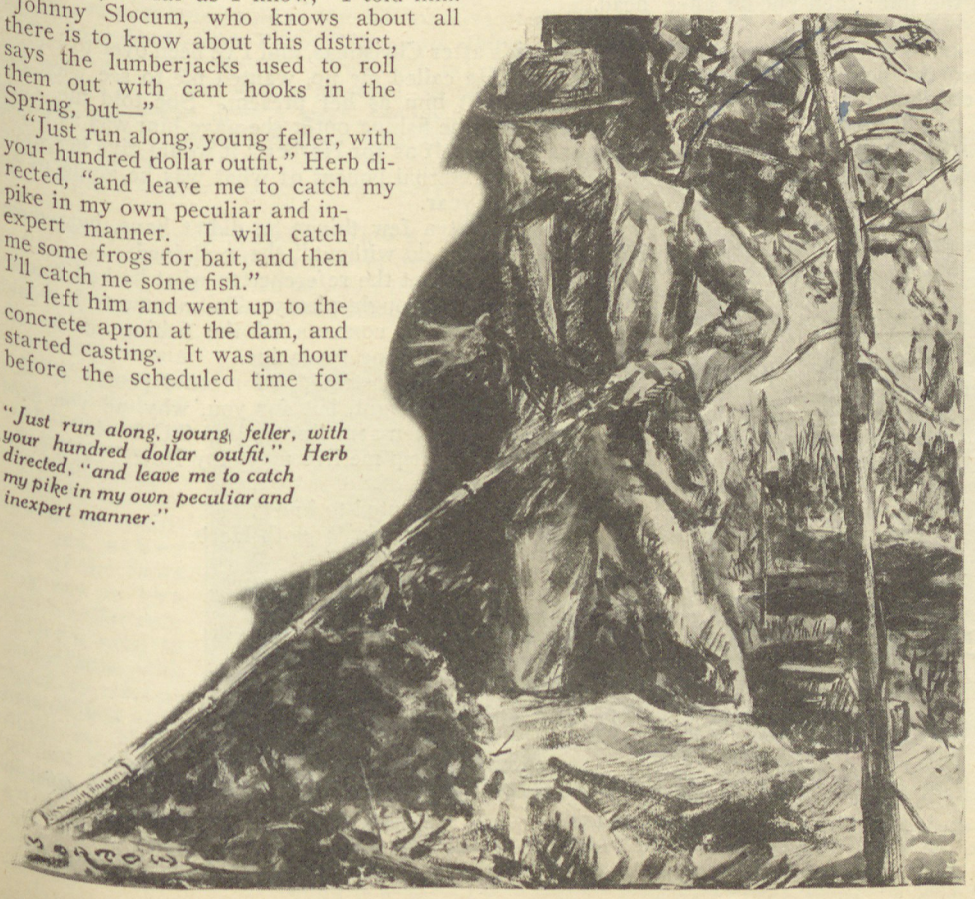
I unfurled a landing net, knew that it wasn't exactly large enough for the task before us, but caught the pike head-on and sort of "dished" him up and onto the bank, where Herb fell on him and nailed him to the ground. Then, much after the fashion one would carry a fence post, Herb picked up the pike and transported it several rods from the shore. When we measured that pike—so help me!—it taped 49 inches over all. Not bad for a novice at the fishing game!

Herb wanted to start right home with his fish, next he wanted to know where he could get ice to preserve it. We ended up by toting it ten miles over to Bill Sells'—a lumberjack who had "stayed on" after the "big timber" was gone—where we put on the annual fishfest for the natives.

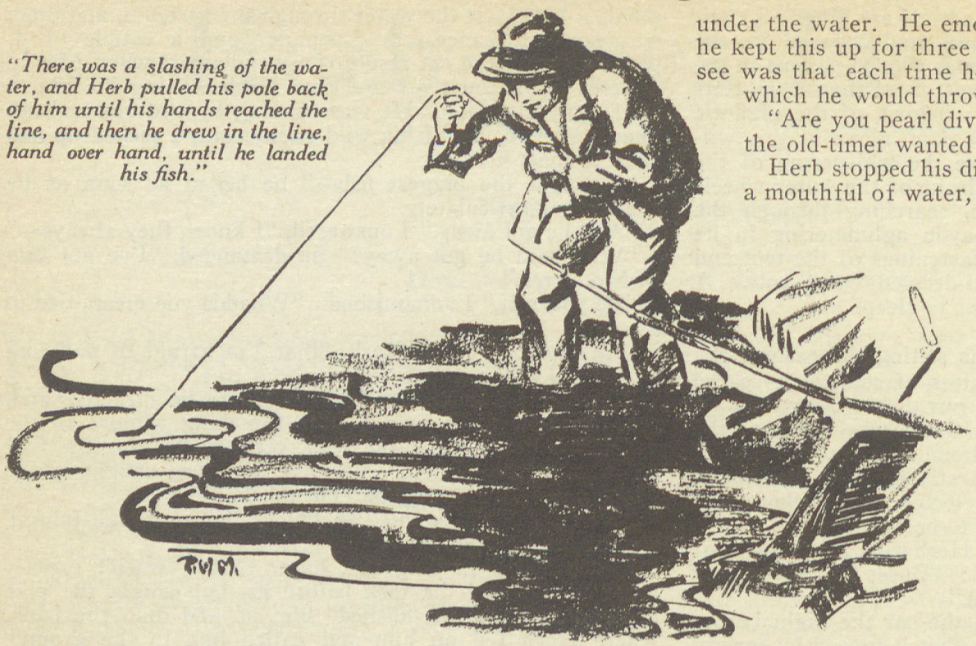
WE fished on in the same locality for a couple of days longer, with more or less success, and then moved up the river in the direction of the mouth of the Stewart creek. When we came to the High Rollways—which got its name in the days they used to roll the logs down the bank of the Au Sable at this point—Herb wanted to stop and fish. From the top of the bank to the edge of the water is the same as going down to the ground from a 12-story building at a 45-degree angle—and with the loose gravel beneath one's feet, it would be about as easy.

Anyway, Herb wanted to go down and try his luck, and there was no denying his desire. He cast his bamboo pole ahead of him, and slid after it. From our dizzy heights we watched him, and when he reached a dark bayou at our feet we saw him scamper about in quest of an elusive frog. His live-bait made a captive, Herb affixed it to the hook, and threw in his line. There was a slashing of the water, and Herb pulled his pole back of him until his hands reached the line, and then he drew in the line, hand over hand, until he landed his fish.

From where we stood we could see that his catch was not a small one. He cut a forked twig from a bush, strung his fish, picked up his pole and line, and made his way along the shore until he was able to find a spot where he could work himself up from the river. It was a long,



"Just run along, young feller, with your hundred dollar outfit," Herb directed, "and leave me to catch my pike in my own peculiar and inexpert manner."



"There was a slashing of the water, and Herb pulled his pole back of him until his hands reached the line, and then he drew in the line, hand over hand, until he landed his fish."

tedious climb, but he made it. He exhibited a rainbow trout that tipped the scales—honest weight—at nine pounds, four ounces. Shades of modern fishing tackle!

Toward the end of the week we worked down to the Cook Site dam, below Five-Channels, and it was there that Herb did some fishing that is not on the schedule of many fishermen.

The Au Sable is filled with deadheads and stumps that have been wholly, or partially, inundated by the dammed up waters of the river, and there was one stump near where Herb selected to fish that projected some two feet above the surface. Of course, it was his luck, after a few "casts" of his bamboo pole, to run afoul of that stump with his 8-O hook. It was like the Leviathan dropping anchor, the way that hook, embedded in the stump, held Herb's line. I watched his cautious efforts at disengaging it, then suggested:

"Oh, give it a yank and break the line; then put on another hook."

"This is the only line I have and I can't spare any of it," announced Herb. He worked the pole and line back and forth for awhile, possibly only setting his hook the firmer in the stump, and then he laid his pole on the bank, anchored it with a half a dozen rocks, and set out for the dam to hire a rowboat. . . . He rowed back against a 10-mile current, but he made it.

Making his way to the stump that was the cause of all his trouble, he made fast and proceeded to reach for the offending hook with an oar. He didn't seem to make much headway, so he pulled the oar in the boat, and leaning over the side, peered down into the depths. When he raised up it was to give vent to a shout.

The dean of the party and myself were on the shore, close by, watching the maneuvers, and called to him for an explanation of his excitement. He only waved hysterically, and then started to disrobe. We thought he had suddenly gone loco, but held our ground and watched developments. Herb kept on undressing until (curtain), then he slipped over the edge of the boat, holding with his left hand to the gunwale while the rest of his body disappeared under the water. He emerged, and then he submerged, and he kept this up for three or four minutes, and all we could see was that each time he came up he carried some object which he would throw in the boat.

"Are you pearl diving, or taking your annual bath?" the old-timer wanted to know of him once.

Herb stopped his diving act at this point to squirt out a mouthful of water, as they do sometimes in the comic movies, and remark:

"I'm getting me a large assortment of fishing tackle."

And that's just what he was doing! Yes, sir! When he finally redressed and came to shore he had exactly twenty-seven different kinds of spoon-hooks and artificial lures, left on that offending stump by previous fishermen who hadn't gone after a boat.

ON the last day on the river Herb was taking things rather easy, sitting in the shade of a tree, and with his line running down the stream with the current. It was around two in the afternoon, the sun was high and hot. It didn't seem the proper fishing hour at all, but to Herb it was just as good a time as any. He was leaning, bent forward, with his pole—the trusty bamboo—between his knees. He was dozing when the muskie struck, and as the pole leaped from his light grasp, he leaped after and caught it. He lost his balance and went into the river, but he hung to the pole, and he still had it—and his fish, that weighted nineteen pounds—when we dragged him out.

"My Gawd," he breathed, as he shook himself like my water spaniel, "these fish won't even let you sleep."

"Herbie, my boy," said the old-timer, "I feel sorry for you. When you go home you won't be able to tell about the 'big one that got away.'"

"Do the big ones ever get away?" Herb asked innocently.

"Oh, h—l, what's the use?" the old-timer sadly shook his head.

WELL, it's after Christmas, and I've been over to Herb's house. He called me up, wanted me to see what his wife had bought him as her present. She told me, confidentially, that the fishing outfit she gave him was as much a present for herself as for Herbert; it would give her some peace from his eternal lament of what was he going to do for tackle next year.

"I got him just a few things he didn't have, but which he said he couldn't do without," she explained.

She was right about the reference to what he had bought for himself; he had bought plenty. To enumerate it would be like repeating the contents of the fishing tackle advertisements of an outing magazine.

"But, Herb," I remonstrated, "for some people all this tackle would be just right, but for you, why, all you need is a bamboo pole, a ten-cent line and an 8-O hook."

"But it wouldn't help me live up to my New Year's resolution," smiled Herb.

"And that is?" I wanted to know.

" 'Bigger and better fish,' " quoth Herb.

Trees That Might Have Been

By AMATA DUNNING

TREES, once the woodland's pride,
Now stript, stalk a mountainside.
Leafless and charred, they stand
Fire victims of a careless hand.

OTHERS lie broken under the snow
Burned off, no more years to go.
Wreckage all of a summer's day
When a camper passed that way.

TOMORROW spring will come again,
Lilting winds, soft, singing rain.
But alas! trees laid low by fire
Hear not spring's awakening lyre.

The EXTERMINATION of The Black Bass

By the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania

Statement made at Washington Conference, held under the sponsorship of the Washington chapter, Izaak Walton League of America, November 27, 1928

By E. C. KEMPER

Chairman, Bass Protection Committee, Washington Chapter, I. W. L. A.

I AM beginning to believe that the leading curse on the Conservation movement in the United States is too much conversation, and not enough action in the form of Conservation. To save the time of this conference, and to make definite the position of the Potomac Anglers' Association, which is also a Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, with respect to the extermination of the Black Bass in various southeastern Atlantic states—particularly Maryland and Pennsylvania—I have prepared this statement in writing.

Bass as a Game Fish

THE Black Bass—both the big mouth and the small mouth—are the premier fresh water game fish of the eastern United States from Maine to Florida. There are five bass fishermen to any other kind of fresh water fishermen. *There is five times more money spent by bass anglers in the states on bass fishing than is spent in the pursuit of any other fresh water game fish.* The big mouth bass is to the great angling fraternity what the wild duck is to the hunter. The small mouth bass is to the angler what the bob-white is to the hunter.

Bass in the Maryland Fish Markets

BASS are now being sold in the fish markets of the State of Maryland—and Pennsylvania—*at thirty cents a pound, more or less.* What a spectacle it is! Our greatest fresh water game fish with a price on his head three hundred and sixty-five days a year, occupying a place on the fish dealer's counter alongside the carp, the catfish, and the eel. *The time has come to put a stop to this condition* wherever it is found.

It is my understanding that *the State of Maryland has no closed season on bass in any of its tidewater areas;* that it has *no law for the prevention of commercial net and trap fishing for bass* in any of its tidewater streams or the Potomac River; and that big mouth bass taken in such waters can be and are being legally sold in the fish markets of Baltimore and other cities of the State every day in the year. Similar conditions exist in Pennsylvania, with respect to shipments of bass originating in Maryland and Virginia. However, Pennsylvania conditions will not be discussed here in detail.

Thirteen Black Bass. Netted in Maryland waters. Photographed outside a Baltimore fish market on January 4, 1929. These bass ranged from 2 to 4 lbs. in weight. Total weight 32 lbs. Why raise little bass for stocking, and why spend State funds on hatcheries when the parent bass are slaughtered in this fashion—at 30c a lb.?

The Effect of Commercialism

WHAT is the effect of the present open market for bass in the State of Maryland?

First, it means that the citizens of Maryland, who love to fish with rod and reel, are being deprived of their sport by the commercial net fishermen of the State, whose *thousands of nets in the tidewater streams work day and night exterminating the greatest game fish which the State possesses.*

Second, it means that the conservation program of the State of Virginia, which forbids the netting of bass and their market sale in that State, is largely nullified—with particular reference to the Virginia tributaries of the Potomac. The net fishermen in those tributaries now operate their seines and trap nets under cover of darkness, and transport the bass which are caught across the river into Maryland, where they are sent to the fish dealers in Baltimore and elsewhere.

Herewith is printed a picture of a huge illegal catch of Virginia bass confiscated on Neabsco Creek in February, 1928. These bass, netted a few weeks before the beginning of the spawning season, were discovered by a Virginia Game Warden. They were in containers ready to be shipped out of the State. The markets of the District of Columbia were closed to the sale of bass by act of Congress. (Act approved March 3, 1927, Senate Bill 5266, Public No. 746—69th Congress.) This tremendous haul of brood fish was undoubtedly intended for the Baltimore or Philadelphia market. This practice, on the tributaries of the Potomac, is most difficult to break up by action of the Virginia conservation authorities. The Maryland jurisdiction over the Potomac River runs to the Virginia shore. There is a twilight zone, and often a doubt exists as to jurisdiction. The result is comparative immunity for the net fishermen in the illegal taking of bass from Virginia tidewaters tributary to the Potomac.

On this subject I would like to quote from a letter of March 8, 1927, addressed by the Secretary of the Department of Game and Inland Fisheries, Richmond, Virginia, to the Hon. Swepson Earle, Conservation Commissioner of Maryland:

Illegal catch of Black Bass, seized on the Virginia side of the Potomac River in February, 1928. These bass were taken in trap nets. There were more than 700 in the haul, weight ranging from one to five pounds. Such methods are depleting wide areas of the Potomac. In reporting this outrage the Washington Star said, "The District of Columbia has a bass law prohibiting sale or offering for sale any of these game fish, so that the shipments probably were planned for Baltimore or Philadelphia."

By Courtesy of Washington Star

"If you could get your State closed and Pennsylvania closed, we could then stop this bootlegging of bass going on from the Virginia side of the Potomac river. *The way to kill a snake is to chop his head off, and the way to stop these unscrupulous bass law violators is to kill their markets.* Closing up the D. C. markets will greatly help and now if Maryland will only pass the same kind of law we have here in Virginia we would be really accomplishing something."

Third, the market sale of bass in Maryland means that the state is losing hundreds of thousands of dollars annually —money that would pour into every county and village contiguous to bass waters—if there were bass enough there to reward the angler's efforts. Maryland has the finest and most extensive big-mouth bass areas in the east, with the possible exception of the State of Florida. *If the bass in these waters were left undisturbed* by fyke nets, trap nets, seines and other implements of wholesale destruction, *such waters would become the mecca of thousands of anglers* from all over the United States, whose hobby is fishing for the sake of the sport, and who are willing to pay for that sport. They would bring into the bass fishing communities of Maryland hundreds of thousands of dollars which now go, in vacation time and at week-ends, to those States which have the good judgment to protect their game fish. At one time the bass in the lakes of Maine were netted and shipped to market. Then the legislature of that State saw a light. Today Maine is known as the angler's paradise. Every season thousands of people go to Maine to fish and to spend their money. Maine bass are the direct cause of a huge annual income to the people of that State, who have profited a hundred-fold over the old days when their bass were shipped to market at fifteen cents a pound. Other New England States have followed the lead of Maine. Massachusetts has gone so far as to say that no fresh water fish can be legally sold in that State, unless raised in private ponds for commercial purposes.

Virginia, a few years ago, closed her markets to the sale of bass. The Congress of the United States, in February, 1927, passed a law, signed by President Coolidge on March 3, 1927, which absolutely forbids the sale of big mouth or small mouth bass in the District of Columbia at any time of the year. All of this helps, but it does not stop the business of extermination now going on.

Leadership and Legislation

SO much for the facts of destruction. They are briefly stated. They are true. They can be proved by a thousand examples—or by one thorough investigation.

What is the remedy? The remedy is leadership by the Conservation Department of Maryland, backed by the moral and specific support of the Federal Bureau of Fisheries. It is submitted that vigorous action by the Maryland Conservation Department, calling the attention of the Maryland Legislature to what is happening and recommending specific legislation, would speedily result in giving Maryland her proper place with Virginia and the District of Columbia. The fundamentals of the needed legislation are simple, and can be found now on the statute books of any number of enlightened states. They call for carefully drawn acts which—

(1) *Absolutely prohibit* the sale of black bass—big mouth and small mouth—at any time of the year under any conditions.

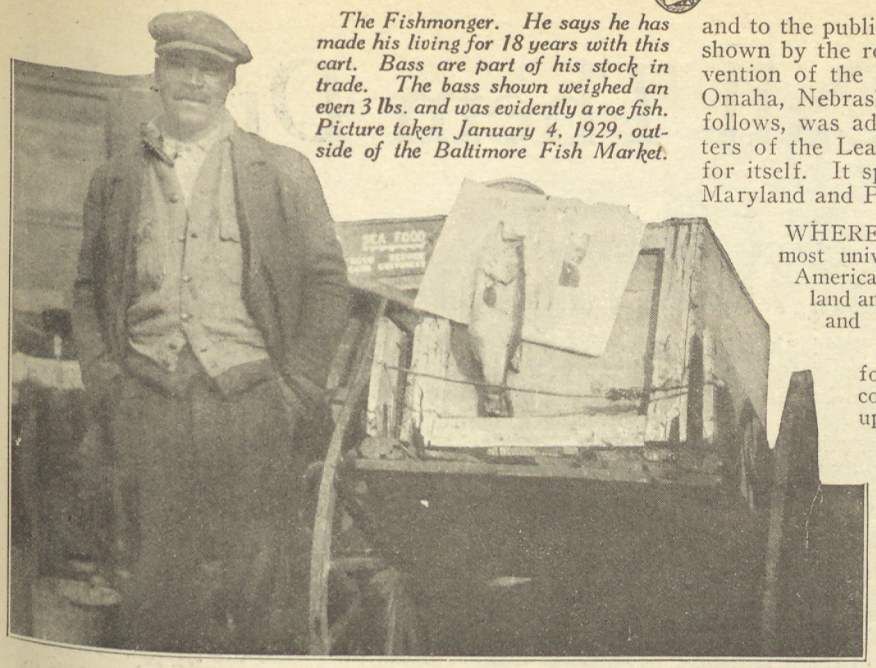
(2) *Absolutely prohibit* the taking of bass, for purposes of sale or other form of destruction, in fyke nets, trap nets, seines, or any other kind of nets, at any time of the year, in the tidewaters of the State of Maryland, including the Potomac River and its tributaries, and in the above tidewaters of the State.

(3) *Adequately punish* violators, and provide heavy penalties for repeated offenses.

(4) *Clothe all game wardens with full power* as fish wardens and provide that one-half the fines collected shall be paid to the wardens securing the conviction.

An Immediate Remedy

IN addition to the duty and opportunity of providing the leadership here suggested, the Conservation Department of Maryland, and the Federal Bureau of Fisheries, now have in their hands the power to bring this issue of Conservation vs. Commercialism to a speedy and successful crisis. Some courage might be required, but courage is an attribute of leadership. The Maryland Conservation Department is annually spending large sums of money for hatching and distributing little bass. Let the Department say to the Maryland Legislature and to the people of the State "We raise no more little bass—with the conservation money of this State—for the purpose of having them



The Fishmonger. He says he has made his living for 18 years with this cart. Bass are part of his stock in trade. The bass shown weighed an even 3 lbs. and was evidently a roe fish. Picture taken January 4, 1929, outside of the Baltimore Fish Market.

slaughtered later on as coarse fish, and sold from the same barrel with the carp, and the cat fish in the fish markets." Let the Maryland Conservation Department announce its intention of abandoning all work and all efforts in the propagation of bass until such time as the bass they propagate are kept out of the fish markets and given adequate protection as a game fish. The announcement of such a program would result in two things: First, a storm of protest from the public; Second, legislation prohibiting the market sale of bass.

As for the Federal Bureau of Fisheries, it can do the same thing in principle by saying to the citizens of Maryland, and to members of Congress who request shipments of small bass for planting in that state, that *so long as the net fishermen of Maryland and the fish markets of Baltimore are engaged in the business of exterminating the black bass there will be no small bass sent into the State* by the Bureau of Fisheries. The Bureau of Fisheries did take this position, in fact, with the State of Florida for a number of years. Those who know are aware that it was one of the most important factors in causing the Florida Legislature to enact a law which went into effect in 1928, closing the markets of Florida to the sale of black bass, and giving that great game fish adequate protection.

A Choice of Policies

IN conclusion, it is submitted to this Conference, and to those who are concerned, that the time has come when the conservation commissions and conservation officials generally must make a choice with respect to their attitude towards the black bass. *He is either more valuable to America as a game fish, and entitled to the fullest measure of protection; or he is more valuable as a food fish, at thirty cents a pound,* and to be treated accordingly.

The anglers have waited long and patiently for leadership; for some one to lead them in righting a great wrong. They feel that a better day is here. An angler is leaving the White House. Another angler is coming in. Each is an angler with rod and line and fly, in the fashion of Izaak Walton. Neither one of them is a net fisherman. Both of them sympathize with and understand the spirit and ideals of ten million men and women of our country who love to fish for sport as a part of their outdoor recreation.

The fish commissions, and departments of conservation, should take note of a rising tide. The opportunity for leadership in the conservation of our black bass is yet theirs. The anglers of the east—of the whole United States—are now organized both locally and nationally. They are tax payers. They have means of expressing themselves. If something is not done to remedy the criminally evil conditions now existing in those states which permit and condone the market sale of black bass, then the anglers must make their appeal direct to the legislative bodies, to the public, and to the public press. A forecast of this state of mind is shown by the resolution adopted by the last National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, held at Omaha, Nebraska, in April, 1928. This resolution, which follows, was adopted by a thousand delegates from Chapters of the League all over the United States. It speaks for itself. It specifically points out by name the states of Maryland and Pennsylvania.

WHEREAS, the black bass, one of the greatest and the most universally distributed fresh water game fish of America is now being sold in the fish markets of Maryland and Pennsylvania and other Atlantic Coast States, and

WHEREAS, no game fish can withstand the form of extermination which results from such commercial exploitation—which places a price upon the head of every fish, and

WHEREAS, the black bass, universally beloved by the sportsmen of America, is entitled to protection from market exploitation as are other game fish and game birds, and for the same reasons—

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, That the Izaak Walton League of America, in convention assembled, severely condemns the conditions described in this resolution, and hereby calls them to the attention of the Federal Bureau of Fisheries, to the attention of the Conservation Commissions of all the states concerned, to the attention of the Chapters of the Izaak Walton League in those states, and to the attention of the public press and the citizens of such states, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That the Executive Committee of the League, its Officers, and headquarters staff be, and hereby are, directed to use the pages of "Outdoor America" and the Conservation Department of the League in such vigorous and continuous efforts as will result in State Legislation, or regulation, to the end that the black bass cannot be purchased in the markets of the states which now permit such unpardonable and destructive exploitation of the black bass.

Once again let me say that the black bass, and those who are fighting for his preservation, are not without hope. The President-elect is, and has been for several years, the Honorary President of the Izaak Walton League. He originated the idea of black bass cultivation in small areas of water, and many Hoover bass ponds have been created. We count upon Mr. Hoover's support in so far as a national policy of bass preservation is concerned. We look with equally strong hopes to the State of Maryland, to the Hon. Swepson Earle, its able Commissioner of Conservation, and to the Maryland Legislature. *We shall not rest; we shall not be satisfied, until the extermination of the black bass in the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania is ended.*

What a contradiction we have here—a fourteen inch black bass taken from the top of a barrel of legal (?) market fish mostly black bass, at Reelfoot Lake, Tennessee. This fish is being held in front of a state sign advertising non-resident angling licenses at $2.50 each. What chance has the bass or the angler under such conditions?

And We Call Them Dumb!

By
LEON ARCHIBALD

Drawings by Clemons Gretter

IT is held by many otherwise intelligent people that animals do not reason. In fact, a dictionary testifies: "Reason is human as distinguished from brute intelligence."

Several years ago I spent a winter in the north where for the purposes of transportation we used the conventional dog team. Nigger, the leader of the team, was a fine, big and black curly haired dog running strongly to the Chesapeake and Newfoundland. As a sleigh dog and leader Nigger was without a peer, and this in a country where there are many wonderfully sagacious and faithful animals in this service. The big, black fellow was king of the frozen trails. To see him in harness at the head of his team about to set out on an all day's hike was to behold a monarch in the height of his glory. While impatiently awaiting the driver's word "mush" the big chap would curl his brush above his back and then lift his majestic head in a mighty roar as if in utter defiance of the sinister elements with which he was about to engage.

On their journeyings from camp to town for supplies a part of the dogs' trail led over an expanse of lake some sixteen miles in extent. After a fall of snow a toboggan trail is entirely lost to view and it is then, more than at any other time, that a leader must justify his position. His feet must distinguish between the secure firmness of the narrow, hidden track, and the unstable danger that lurks on its either edge. Facing a stinging blizzard, with his eyelids frozen completely shut, and literally gasping for breath due to the fury of the storm, I have seen Nigger bring his team in over a buried trail the position of which even the driver had lost hours past. And never would the curl of that fine tail lose a fraction of its symmetry atop his powerful back, such was the mettle of his heart.

It was at feeding time, however, that this dog established conclusively the high quality of his intellect. The dogs' food consisted largely of corn meal mush. This was prepared in a large cauldron over an outdoor fire and was served to the dogs in deep pans directly from the bubbling pot. When this scalding mess was set before Nigger he invariably maneuvered the pan with his nose to the snow bank fringing his balsam bed. He then carefully pawed snow into it. This cooled the topmost stratum which was promptly devoured. The dog would then have recourse to the cooling medium as often as a sensitive tongue demanded with the result that his meal was finished long before his mates had even begun eating.

On another occasion I saw this dog give a striking demonstration of good judgment and still further evidence of a capacity to think in logical form. This day we were following the dogs with heavily laden toboggan down river to a new camp site. As usual Nigger was leading his team and setting a fine example of industry for his teammates, while the driver plodded along ahead on his snowshoes breaking trail. The ice was well hidden under a heavy blanket of snow, but since it had been in the deadly grip of far below zero frosts for weeks we considered it entirely safe. We had traversed a large basin of the river and were approaching a "narrows" when suddenly Nigger raised his head and gave vent to three or four quick, short, sharp barks.

Upon being urged to proceed Nigger advanced a few halting paces and then stopped again, beginning plaintively to whine. The dog was coaxed and then threatened in language whose color scheme rivalled that of the rainbow, but still the "ole black fool," as the vexed driver termed him, steadfastly refused to move forward another inch.

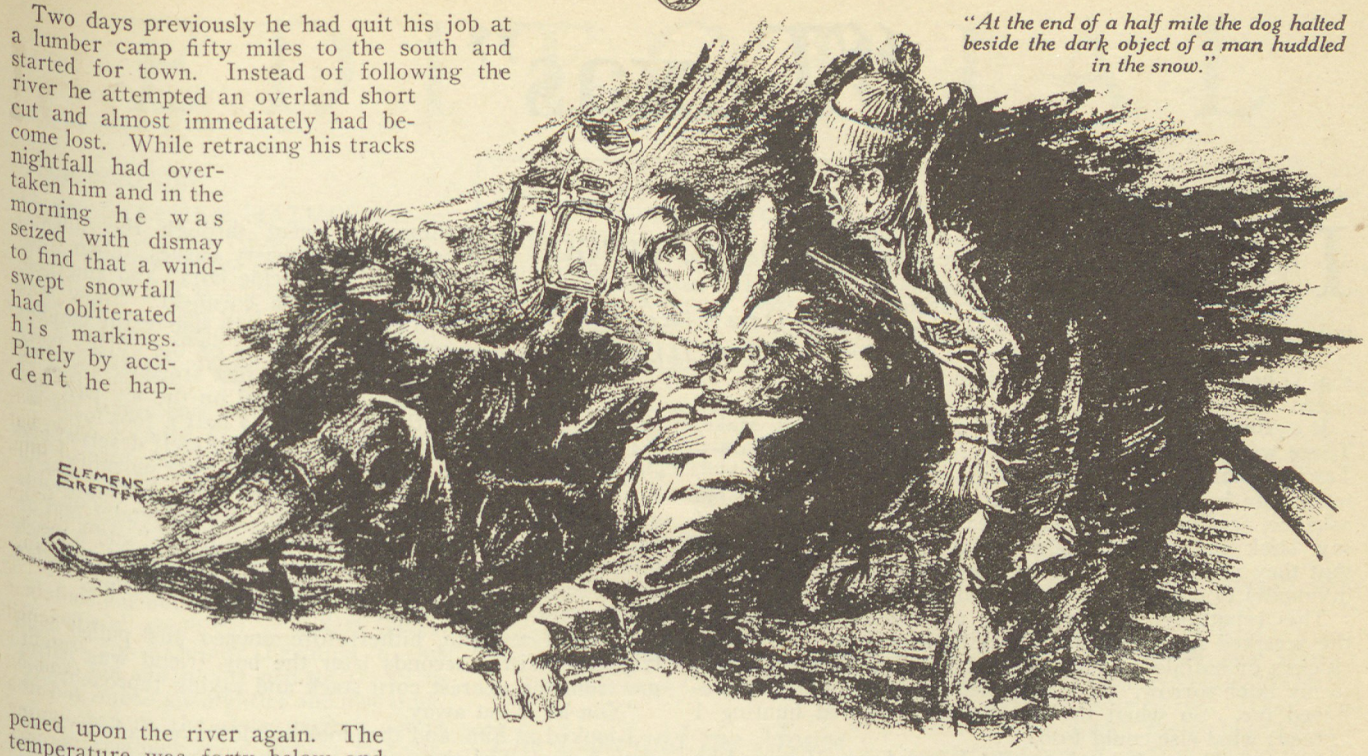
Suddenly from the "narrows," a hundred yards or so in front, there came faintly back to us the sound of rending ice which electrified Nigger into another passion of barking. Instantly the mystery was solved. Such was the erosive strength of the current at the narrow channel ahead that large fragments of the ice surface were being so weakened as to cause them to break away into the stream. Nigger's sensitive ears had caught these ominous warnings and he had acted, purely on his own responsibility, in time and in a manner to avert disaster. Even had we escaped drowning a worse fate awaited us after a ducking with the mercury forty below.

What the leader made of our abysmal ignorance and wordy abuse of him shames me to ponder. Fervently we thanked him as only a dog can be thanked, and as only a dog can, he forgave us—all. The driver broke off toward shore with Nigger pressing close to his heels crowding his collar with 140 pounds of delighted dog energy. And yet we call them dumb!

In all honor to a truly great dog must be recorded another incident and then his brief is ready for the jury.

Late one night camp was rudely awakened by a loud barking from Nigger. Ordered to be quiet, the dog stopped his clamor and subsided into nervous whining. We were about off to sleep again when the dog broke out anew. Since he would heed no further admonitions from the tents the driver reluctantly quit his blankets to investigate the matter. The animal was offered food, besought kindly but firmly to desist, and then threatened with a club, but if anything he barked louder still. In every conceivable way the driver sought to pacify the dog—a sleepy voice even suggesting that perhaps he had forgotten to kiss him goodnight—but it was soon evident that Nigger was not to be quieted. Sleep being impossible while this tumult was on several of us joined the driver to see if we could help matters. We found Nigger facing the river, ears alert and straining at his leash. He would hold himself motionless for a second and then abandon himself to a frenzy of plunging accompanied by uncontrollable barking. At last we unchained him. Like a shot he was off for the river. For fifty or so yards he pursued this course and then he turned and raced back to camp. Here he sprang at first one and then another of us all the while barking furiously. Three times he repeated this performance before we, dumb creatures that we must have seemed, realized that the dog wanted us to follow him.

As we sought our snow shoes and a rifle the dog's joy knew no bounds. Alternately galloping ahead and then back to urge us to hurry he led us out on the river as straight as the flight of an arrow. At the end of a half mile the dog halted beside the dark object of a man huddled in the snow. In return to our hail we received a feeble, hoarse "hullo" and the man's joy at the sight of us was a moving spectacle.



"At the end of a half mile the dog halted beside the dark object of a man huddled in the snow."

Two days previously he had quit his job at a lumber camp fifty miles to the south and started for town. Instead of following the river he attempted an overland short cut and almost immediately had become lost. While retracing his tracks nightfall had overtaken him and in the morning he was seized with dismay to find that a wind-swept snowfall had obliterated his markings. Purely by accident he happened upon the river again. The temperature was forty below and when we found the man he was completely exhausted and but a few more minutes would have finished him.

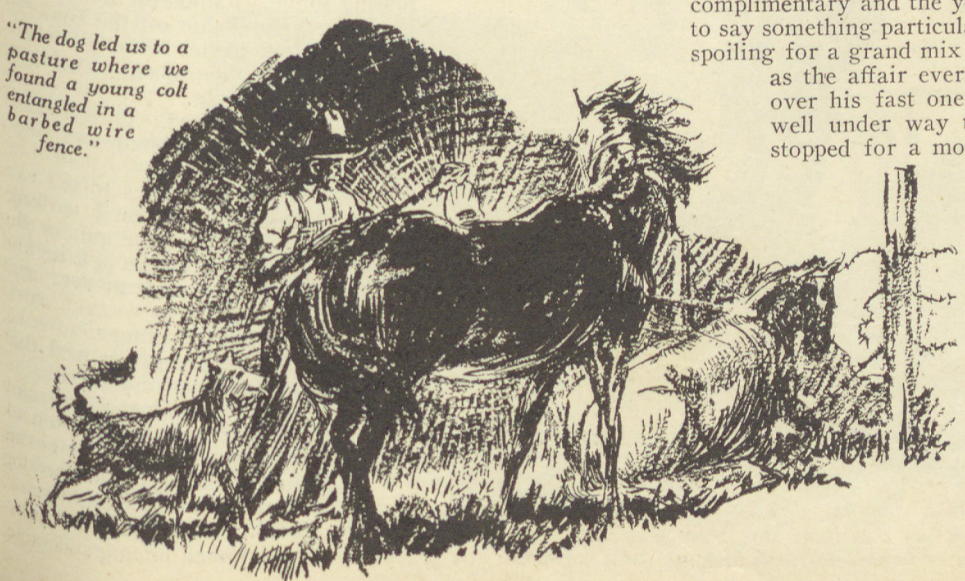
On our farm as a youngster I had a dog which to me then was the most wonderful animal in the world. And as I recall the happy days of those twelve years we spent together I am not disposed in any way to alter that opinion now. Who among us has not, at one time or another, owned "the finest dog in the world"? And who can say that he has not profited by that unswervingly faithful companionship? Dick, the name of my boyhood friend, was a large, black and white fellow in whom the Collie predominated almost to the exclusion of other strains. Another great point in his favor was the unusual width between his eyes—almost an unfailing indication, in dogs, of superior intelligence.

There was a large herd of cows on the farm together with the usual amount of other stock. Undoubtedly it was the dog's skill in handling these animals in their untrammeled state coupled with his zest for the work which justifies my exalted opinion of him. The driving of the cows to and from their spacious, woodsy pastures fell to my lot and it was by no means an easy one. But as Dick came to maturity I had a very able assistant. I then simply sat on the gate and lazily munched a farm sized sandwich while Dick delved into the fastness of the pasture ravines after my charges. That he could count I had no doubt whatsoever; else why, I asked, did the dog never appear until each cow was present even down to the last nervous two-year-old?

Across the way from us our neighbors had a dog, Collie by name, and also a very sagacious animal. Between these two existed the keenest rivalry. On one occasion, and early in life, they had fought a pitched but inconclusive battle. Due to his protective mail of heavy fur neither dog had been hurt in the tussle, but immediately thereafter each received a cuffing. This seemed all that was necessary to head off all further attempts at violence. After that, each one suffered the other his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but plainly with reservations as to happiness.

Collie was the older of the pair by two years and he was decidedly annoyed at being denied the privilege of besting his rival in physical combat. Being resourceful, however, he set about to secure his ends in another way.

Our night pasture lay down the road past Collie's house and as Dick and I drove our herd to it each evening Collie was stationed between his gate posts in a frame of mind altogether unbecoming the gentleman he was. On these occasions there was an exchange of verbiage between the dogs that is simply unprintable. Their remarks were very uncomplimentary and the younger one never seemed at a loss to say something particularly mean and cutting. They were spoiling for a grand mix but being obedient this was as far as the affair ever went until the evening Collie put over his fast one. Our herd was on the road and well under way this evening when my dog and I stopped for a moment to investigate a freshly dug chuck hole on the roadside. Suddenly we were startled by a great commotion among our cows which an instant before had been placidly sauntering past Collie's gate. The animals seemed all at once to be seized with madness. Collie was amongst them in a veritable fury of snarling, barking and biting. There were twenty-eight units to that herd and it was now rapidly disintegrating into twenty-eight different directions.



"The dog led us to a pasture where we found a young colt entangled in a barbed wire fence."

So quickly had the opportunity been seized and the at-

(Continued on page 57)

"Texas"

By

ADA E. LINGO

Drawing by Ferd Himme

I WAS sure that I could shoot a quail flying—I had seen Cal Coolidge shoot clay pigeons (via Movietone), and it seemed a simple matter. So simple indeed that I blithely bet my best boy friend a box of chocolates against a box of cigars that if he'd show me the quail I'd knock 'em over.

But there was something more than candy at stake. There was my reputation and the reputation of my state—Texas. Being from, far from, the land of the rattlesnake, ten gallon hats and the swinging revolver, people eyed me askance, fearing that I would break into a war whoop and say "stick 'em up" at the slightest provocation. I suspected that they would like to provoke the outburst, but hated individually to take on the responsibility.

This reputation had grown up around me glamorously, the accepted fact that I rode bucking bronchos, shot prairie chicken or buffalo, and I had not labored to dispel it, much to my later sorrow. If I had tried no one would have believed me. So when the boy friend proposed hunting I agreed; what else could I do?

It was with this behind me that I found myself roused by hammerings on my door at the crack of dawn on a December day. I crawled into a suit of the boy friend's mother's unions which she insisted that I wear. She was, roughly estimating it, about twice as large as I. That made a slight difference in the fit of the suit. But I took up the slack with two pairs of woolen sox, a woolen shirt, real hunting breeches (purchased for the occasion), a sweater and a leather coat. I even had hunting boots with the sox turned down in a flash of scarlet color over the tops.

"Ah," I thought, "quite nobby. A gun is all I need to make me look like the pictures in the rotogravure section, 'Duchess Brainstorm at her hunting lodge in the Canadian Alps.'"

Then I got the gun. I was asked in a detached way would I like the 12, 16, or 410 gauge shotgun? The first sounded the smallest so I took that. When I saw it I decided that if it were the baby of the family I'd hate to see "papa shotgun."

It was a decidedly cool morning, especially at six o'clock. The boy friend and I, to say nothing of the dog, a huge brown and white spotted creature that was Gargantuan in his affection for me, pushed off.

We rode for miles—my nose becoming redder and redder with cold. I even took to sniffing it with my under jaw stuck out, but that did little good.

Finally we stopped and the b. f. said gleefully, "Look—a perfect spot!"

He sighed rapturously and I looked. It appeared impregnable. Robinson Crusoe would have felt safe behind the protective wall of that six foot greyish cane field. It was finished off with a swamp on one side and a cornfield on the other. It was perfect—for the quail.

As soon as the guns were loaded we headed for the Limberlost. And then the boy friend's gentlemanly training left him. He saw me not again.

I stumbled over the barbed wire fence and came face to face with the thicket. He and the dog had plunged inward. I could hear crashings. I went through the thicket, through the blackberry bushes, thorn trees and hedges of "cuckle burs" and emerged, hours later, in the cornfield. Snow was banked against the north side of the bundles of stalks and the tops of the ridges were frozen. They were just frozen enough so that when one stepped on the icy part one slipped jarringly into the furrow for a half a foot loss.

I stood alone in the cornfield thinking myself deserted and about as cold as the bathroom floor on a winter morning. But I was not to stand long. Behind me came hoarse shouts and two shots. I visioned quail, hot, brown, tender and on toast for supper, when the boy friend, the dog, and a much perturbed rabbit appeared at different points on the edge of the cane. The rabbit was about six feet from me.

"Shoot it," bellowed the b. f.

I raised my gun, hithertofore unused and pulled both triggers. Three seconds later the boy friend was lifting me from the nearest corn stack and saying reproachfully:

"You let it get away."

I looked at him, and that look would have made an ordinary person feel they were standing in a draft from the north pole. But not he.

"C'mon," he said.

He started across the corn field and I followed, an unreasoning hatred growing in heart. I walked in that corn field until I could have accurately charted it. I stumbled over unbending stalks, stepped into holes and jarred my very blood cells, and still he walked.

Then he discovered a creek—with much unnecessary glee. We walked from its head to where it went down to the sea. We disturbed its very tributaries, and here my troubles came to a climax.

We had to cross the absurd little river. As far as I could see, the hunting was as bad on one side as on the other, but cross we must. The b. f. jumped a narrow place, splashed through the thin ice to the opposite side and was gone. The dog walked casually over the heavy ice covering the deepest pool.

I stood on the bank and clutched my gun which was heavy when we had started, but which now felt like a young cannon. I decided to rely on the dog's judgment—but never again.

When I reached the center of the pool the ice gave way with a beautiful hissing sound. I stood up to my waist in the water and shot off the gun. It jarred me six inches deeper, but accomplished the purpose. The boy friend came running.

"Quail?" he shouted. Then he saw me, looked less interested and said, "D'ja fall in?"

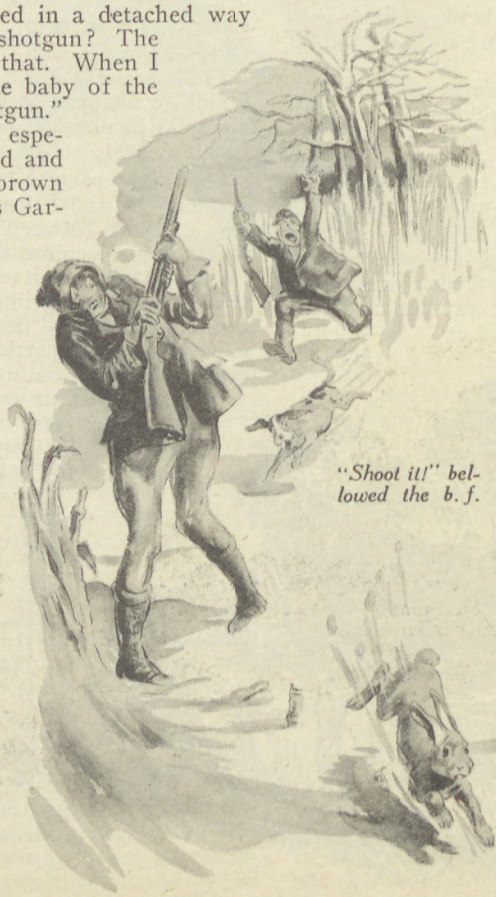
It was about two miles to the car and my boots shrank as I walked. Luckily I had dropped the gun in the creek and had angered the b. f. highly when I had refused to lean over and get it.

We had chicken for dinner.

In the back yard the next day we argued over the success of the trip. For myself it had been a total loss, but I hated to admit it. The boy friend laughed hoarsely (he had a cold) at my hunting ability.

"You're a fine one, from

(Continued on page 71)



"Shoot it!" bellowed the b. f.

EDITORIAL

Appreciation

MR. STEPHEN MATHER has retired as the Head of the Public Park Division of the Department of the Interior, and it is a fitting time to consider the services that Mr. Mather has so splendidly rendered his country and succeeding generations.

Our Federal Parks have grown larger and there are more of them, largely because of his efforts. They have been made more available and more wisely available for the use of the public. There has been no phase of their development for the use of our citizens that has not been advanced.

But this is not the full story. Mr. Mather has not only done all that a public official could do, a public official driven by a loving devotion to his work, but out of his private resources he has seized possibilities and met situations before the slow moving forces of government could answer to them. Through his instrumentality he has obtained private donations of land for park purposes.

There is more of quality than this in Mr. Mather's record. For a considerable portion of the time that Mr. Mather has been so gallantly serving us he was far from a well man, and in a condition and at a time when many another would have found occasion to lay down his public duties to attend to his personal affairs, Mr. Mather, finding himself with lesser energies, chose to neglect his personal affairs but never his public obligations. Indeed he summoned additional energies to serve well beyond the call of any obligation laid upon him other than that inspired by his own devotion, and when he did retire it was only when he had developed a proper successor. Perhaps in no more fitting way could his services have been rounded out than in the appointment of Mr. Horace Albright, to follow him.

Mr. Mather is a citizen of Chicago and a member of the Chicago Chapter of the Izaak Walton League which feels great pleasure and honor in reminding all its sister Chapters of Mr. Mather's great accomplishment and offers to them the thought of a stimulating example.

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MARGUERITE IVES
Editor

It is a very reassuring thing that the cause we are concerned with summons a man like Mr. Mather and has evoked from him such a great devotion. It should be a happy thing to him to know that what he has done awakens as near a universal appeal, and deals with as near perpetual things as is often granted to us humans.

WILLOUGHBY G. WALLING,
Pres. Chicago Chapter, I. W. L. A.

"The Lion and the Mouse"

A TEN year co-operative program of predatory animal control is proposed by the Biological Survey involving appropriations of over a million and a quarter dollars a year.

Among the list of pests to be controlled are wolves, coyotes, mountain lions, bobcats and predatory bears. In this formidable company are flatteringly included prairie dogs, ground squirrels, gophers, jack rabbits, woodchucks, porcupines, mice, rats and moles.

Predatory pests—from bears to house rats—pretty inclusive, isn't it?

Might we, from this list of the condemned, venture to ask reprieves for the bear and the porcupine?

Might not their death sentences be given them by the individuals whom they offend instead of by a wholesale *lettre de cachet?*

And might not the coyote aid very considerably in this predatory control program if spared, himself to prey upon the smaller predators?

We have heard that the coyote when controlled not wisely but too well, means a vast increase of his natural prey.

These, feeding on the best prairie grass, nibbling it bare to the earth, there grows a poisonous weed, deadly to cattle, from which more cattle die than from the original onslaughts of the coyotes. Thus a vicious circle.

Forest Preserves

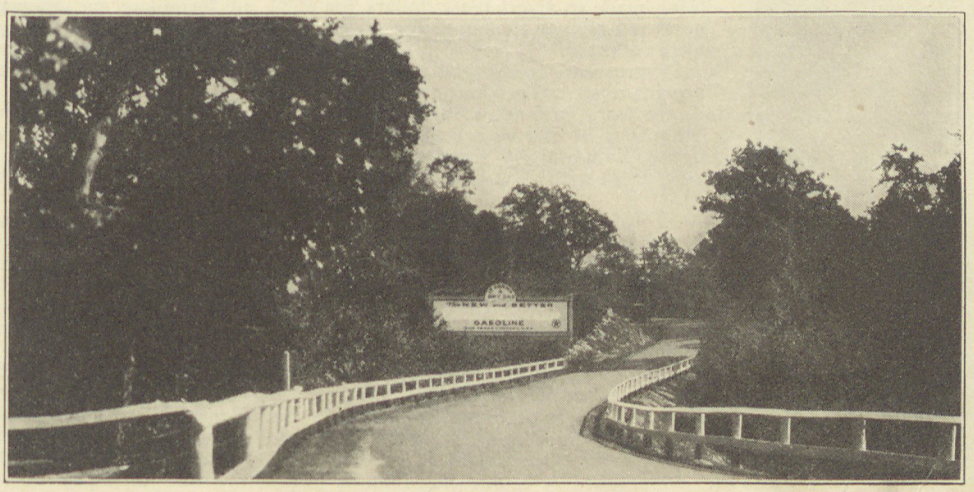
CHICAGOANS may have to offer many halting excuses for various doubtful exploits and undesirable dwellers in their midst. On one subject, however, they may expand with a sense of gratifying superiority. They need condone not a whit, their's but to praise.

Cook County's Forest Preserves admit of nothing but admiration. Admiration for the effort and zeal and fine co-operation of those who have labored tirelessly at this task and admiration for the magnificent results attained.

Further admiration is impelled by the fact that still greater plans for the Preserves are planned and will be carried out by the Forest Preserve Commissioners with the able assistance of a distinguished Forest Preserve Advisory Committee.

Of the 35,000 acres in the plan, approximately 26,000 will be forested areas, 1,700 water areas, the remaining to be recreation centers, play fields, golf courses, zoological gardens, picnic grounds, bridle paths, etc. Acres of woodland, acres of lakes and rivers; could citizens be given surer means to gain happiness and health and inspiration?

What Is Wrong with This Picture?



"There will always be plenty of room for outdoor advertising in its proper place, but that place is the commercial districts of towns and cities and not the American countryside." Struther's Burt, Outdoor America, September, 1928.

Women's Clubs

THE General Federation of Women's Clubs, at the recent Board Meeting in Washington reaffirmed its policy for the restriction of billboards to commercial districts claiming legislation to be the only solution.

Forty-seven state federations are now supporting the General Federation campaign.

What's Happening

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Albright Promoted

HORACE M. ALBRIGHT'S appointment as Director of the National Park Service to succeed Hon. Stephen T. Mather, who resigned recently, is one of the most popular selections ever made to fill an important post in Washington.

"The Park Service has maintained very high standards during the past under the leadership of the former Director," says Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, the Walton League's National President, in a letter congratulating the new Director. Continuing he says, "I am confident you will be able to maintain these standards and build strongly for the future."

Horace Albright, a native Californian, really started out to be a lawyer. When he joined the Interior Department staff in 1913 he intended to serve Uncle Sam for a limited time, then follow his chosen profession. When the National Park Service was officially organized in 1917 he was appointed Assistant Director.

His hankering for the West induced him to accept the superintendency of Yellowstone in July, 1919. He devoted his winters to handling general park problems for the Service, and thus obtained an intimate knowledge of the entire park system and its personnel.

Mr. Albright is an active member of numerous conservation societies, among them the Izaak Walton League, being a past president of the Yellowstone Chapter and past first vice-president of the Wyoming Division.

Horace M. Albright

Proposed Laws

FORTY-THREE states have legislative sessions this year. Conservation is receiving far more attention than ever before. Unfortunately, many legislative bodies are confronted with a raft of unimportant bills affecting details which should be handled in the modern way by placing the responsibility for game and fish management problems upon the department in charge. This would save legislators and governors much time and worry, and in the end the results would be equally as good, or even better.

Among the measures receiving serious attention are an entire change of the system of administration in a number of states; modern forest and park laws, including extensive public forest and park purchase programs; anti-pollution legislation; new licenses and higher fees for hunting and fishing; refuge systems for both game and fish; and general law revision and codification.

Fight to Save Funds

The most deplorable aspect of some of these legislative fights is the concerted effort necessary to save the money belonging to the sportsmen. It is contributed voluntarily for a specific cause; it is not revenue collected for general purposes. Tennessee, for example, collects about $100,000 of such moneys and the game and fish department has struggled along with about $25,000. The balance has gone to other purposes.

But fiscal experts have ideas of their own about handling a state's finances, and there are some who would control these funds for their own selfish political purposes. In a few cases attempts are even being made to divert these dollars for purposes not akin to the cause for which they were collected.

Progressive conservation states today provide a general guide for those in charge of the work, and allow the expenditure of the money as fast as it reaches the Treasury without waiting for the legislature to dole it out with such restrictions as it sees fit.

Some State Programs

ACCORDING to information received, the following list gives the highlights of the pending legislation in a few of the states:

Arkansas: Creating a State Forest Department; giving the Game and Fish Commission broad regulatory powers; better laws controlling drainage; stopping the use of dogs in hunting deer; and a roadside beautification program.

Colorado: A commission plan of game and fish administration, and preventing pooling of fish and game funds with the general funds of the state.

Iowa: Establishment of a non-partisan game and fish commission with regulatory power.

Maryland: Laws to stop the sale of tons of black bass for commercial purposes, regulations governing purse nets, and a system of predatory bird and animal control.

Massachusetts: A wild-life refuge system, and public fishing waters similar to those acquired by Connecticut.

Michigan: Codifying the fish, game, and fur laws, and establishing a resident anglers' license. Michigan's hunters now bear the cost unaided.

Minnesota: The creation of a non-partisan conservation commission with full regulatory powers; a comprehensive forest program; an up-to-date game refuge system financed by increasing the resident hunters' license to $1.50, the added fifty cents to be used for refuges and public hunting grounds; proper protection for the black bear; an annual open season for male deer instead of alternate seasons for either sex; and more protected spawning areas for fish.

Missouri: Creation of a non-partisan game and fish commission with full regulatory power to govern the policies of the game and fish department.

Separate Departments Desired in Two States

Nebraska: A game and fish department under the jurisdiction of a non-partisan commission instead of a bureau of the Department of Agriculture as at present.

New Hampshire: A conservation board to formulate and govern policies concerning game, fish and forests; also a law to protect black bears as game animals.

New York: Devoting all income from fish and game work to those activities of the conservation department, and amending the pollution laws to make them effective.

Ohio: A conservation department under the direction of a non-partisan commission of eight to replace the present bureau in the Department of Agriculture, two members to be appointed every two years.

Oregon: Reserving to the state the remaining public waters and prescribing regulations governing the development of hydro-electric and irrigation projects.

Pennsylvania: Liberal appropriations for public forest land purchases; an effective anti-pollution law; clarifying the Game Commission's regulatory powers and reducing the fee for special doe season licenses from $2.00 to $1.00; and stopping the sale of black bass shipped in from neighboring states.

South Dakota: A resident angling license to better finance the game and fish work; broader regulatory powers for the

Do You Know:

We have a new National Parks Director?

Your state legislative program?

The Women's Clubs are pushing the Quetico-Superior plan?

Cumberland Falls hearing was discussed by the Senate?

in Conservation

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

Hurrah! At Last!

The anglers in a number of states have determined to stop being parasites! They are asking to contribute their share instead of permitting the hunters to carry the whole load.

game and fish commission; and preventing the use of game funds for other purposes.

Tennessee: A game and fish commission to govern the game and fish work; a resident angling license and all game and fish revenue to go to the department; a game refuge system; a fish hatchery and game farm combined, Tennessee now having neither; and a law to stop the sale of Tennessee's black bass.

Texas: A non-partisan commission to govern the policies of the game and fish department, and a fight to prevent placing a bounty on fish-eating birds.

Famous Steelhead to Be Saved

Washington: Declaring the steelhead trout a game fish instead of a commercial food fish and prohibiting its sale.

West Virginia: A straight two-dollar hunting and fishing license instead of two separate licenses at one dollar each.

Wisconsin: A resident angling license of one dollar to better finance the work of the conservation commission, the burden of which is now borne by the ' unters.

The foregoing will give some idea of the important proposals pending in these states. Additional state programs will be reported in the next issue. Many of these programs are sponsored by Divisions of the Izaak Walton League, while others are sponsored by the Departments interested or by a number of affiliated organizations cooperating.

How many of these programs will succeed is anybody's guess. Too often the programs undertaken are not properly developed and much meritorious legislation falls by the wayside. Team work is mighty essential; dissension will lose every time.

Quetico-Superior

INTEREST in the uniform development of a large international forest and lake-land recreational area in northern Minnesota and western Ontario has grown tremendously since two Congressional Committees inspected the area last August.

The Quetico-Superior Council, an affiliated group associated with the Izaak Walton League, has worked diligently; but another of the strongest groups in America, the National Federated Women's Clubs, has put the full strength of that effective organization behind the movement through its National Chairman of the Water and Waterways Committee, Mrs. Frank M. Warren, of Minneapolis.

When the organized women of America support a cause it must be right!

Cumberland Falls

ATTORNEYS for the opponents to the Cumberland Falls application have filed with the Federal Power Commission the most exhaustive brief of its kind ever prepared. Statements made by the applicant were challenged and refuted. The brief points out that the Cumberland Falls project is but one of a number on the Cumberland River for which the applicant is asking permits, and that this application should be refused so that the area may be developed as a State Park under the generous offer made by Senator DuPont.

Guaranteed Flow Far Below Average

As reported in this department last month, the people in Kentucky are divided on this question. Residents in the southeastern portion of the state are in favor of it, as are the Governor and Members of the Park Commission. But there is strong opposition from practically all the rest of the state. Leading Kentucky papers have invariably opposed the Falls application. Attention has been called to the fact that calculations based on figures of the State's Geological Department show that 10,000 gallons a minute, the minimum flow which the power company is willing to guarantee, would be far below the average summer volume of Cumberland Falls.

One of the attacks against Secretary West's confirmation by the Senate was based upon the fact that he sat on the Power Commission while considering this project, and that he was formerly counsel for the interests desiring this permit. In view of the strong protests filed with the Power Commission, it is not conceivable that it will approve the Cumberland Falls application.

Legislative Program

THE following bills constitute the League's major national legislative calendar. Please get busy!

BIRD REFUGE BILL (S. 1271)
The Norbeck-Andresen Bill provides for a ten-year program financed by the government. Before the House for action.

SUPERIOR FOREST BILL (S. 3913—H. R. 12780)
The Shipstead-Newton bill will save the Superior National Forest and inaugurate an international recreational area.

CHEYENNE BOTTOMS BILL (H. R. 7361—S. 4153)
The Hope-Curtis bill authorizes $350,000 to create a permanent waterfowl refuge in Kansas.

BASS LAW ENFORCEMENT
Senator Hawes secured the enactment of a federal law to stop the sale of black bass. A bill to appropriate $25,000 for proper enforcement is pending. The White Fisheries Program has been held over for the next session.

Refuge Progress

THE American people have been slow to appreciate the value of wild life refuges. Jack Miner was the pioneer with reference to waterfowl refuges. Several years ago Congress, at the instance of the Izaak Walton League, established the Upper Mississippi Refuge, an area of 300,000 acres. The Izaak Walton League purchased 2,000 acres of hayland in Wyoming and presented it to the United States Government as an addition to its Jackson Hole winter elk refuge. Last year the League played a prominent part in inducing Congress to authorize an appropriation of $350,000 to establish a refuge of approximately 100,000 acres for wild waterfowl on the Bear River Marshes in Utah.

Several refuge bills are now pending in Congress. One of the most important is a bill to make a permanent 20,000 acre lake and breeding area of the Cheyenne Bottoms in Kansas, requiring about $350,000. Other projects are an appropriation of $1,000,000 for wild life refuges in California; $50,000 for the creation of a refuge in Louisiana; and $1,000,000 for refuges in South Carolina. All of these are no doubt meritorious, but the most important of all is the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Bill, just recently reported to the House for action, and described in a special article by Doctor Henry Baldwin Ward, National President of the Izaak Walton League, found on page 32.

National Program Needed

Some of the separate projects are really imperative, particularly the proposed Cheyenne Bottoms refuge, but it is time that the government embarks upon a long-term program of establishing refuges for migratory birds. A million dollars a year is little enough to spend upon this important work. The states are already doing fully as much on refuges for resident game. Pennsylvania alone is spending almost $400,000 annually for refuges and hunting grounds.

Public-spirited citizens in a number of states have donated favorite shooting grounds to be used for all time as refuges. One of the most outstanding areas of this kind is the Paul J. Rainey Refuge of 26,000 acres in the southwest coastal region of Louisiana, donated to the National Association of Audubon Societies and later endowed by Mrs. Grace Rainey Rogers in memory of her brother.

Another similar reservation has been set aside in Louisiana through a gift from the Rockefeller Foundation. In northeastern Arkansas a public-spirited shooting club turned the Big Lake Reservation of 7500 acres over to the Biological Survey, and in the State of Connecticut several permanently endowed refuges have been created.

But America needs many more such perpetual areas. The generosity of wealthy citizens does not relieve the states and the United States of their responsibility to do their full share.

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Vice-President

DR. JOHN A. STANFIELD, Ft. Worth, Tex.
Vice-President

Izaak Walton League of America

National Headquarters, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

FRED H. DOELLNER, General Manager

A NATIONAL organization of patriotic men and women, comprising more than 3,000 chapters throughout America, engaged in restoring and perpetuating opportunities for enjoyment of the great outdoors, protecting both wild life and our natural resources, thus insuring posterity such health, happiness, pleasure and prosperity as we have enjoyed.

Executive Committee

HARRY C. GOODWIN, Rochester, N. Y.
Chairman

FRANK J. BRADY, Atkinson, Neb.

JUDGE FRANK B. BURFORD, Oklahoma City

CHARLES K. FOSTER, Chicago

J. R. CUNNINGHAM, Kansas City, Mo.

DR. WM. H. MOORE, Philadelphia

H. A. SAVAGE, Saginaw, Mich.

W. P. ABERG, Madison, Wis.

FRANK M. WARREN, Minneapolis

He Refused to Serve

I KNOW a wealthy man. He rather proudly believes he is scientifically selfish. His joy is to get the best of everything and everyone—or,—as he puts it—"I take care of Number One only and Number One is me."

But he only thinks he does.

He is serving the bigger purpose too, in spite of himself. He wouldn't risk a cent of his millions to help some fellow succeed. Not he. He demands safety. So he buys three and one-half and four percent municipal bonds. Every time he furnishes low interest money he is involuntarily building schools—roads—water supplies for thousands of his fellow men which higher rates would prohibit.

Pity him. He cheats only himself. He loses that greatest joy in life—the self-satisfaction of conscious service. You have enjoyed that indescribable sense of well-being which wells up when you give some poor down-and-outer a dime—a friend a lift—a youngster a smile.

In that moment you are richer than that poor rich man. For a bagatelle you gain what his millions fail to give him.

He *gives involuntarily* while trying to get. You *get* by voluntarily giving.

Dumas' "Three Musketeers" immortalized this spirit of service in a slogan "One for all and all for one." That is really the formula for satisfactory existence. It also expresses the secret of Waltonism—of its success and service. Knowing all must serve each other, Waltonians consciously promote public service and welfare by restoring our heritage from nature.

As I review more than five years of intimate contact with Waltonism, again I see, in fancy, faces of Waltonian friends. Many I will never again see in this life. The revealing light of hindsight shows me that their conscious Waltonian service brought to the surface those deeper, finer phases of their characters. Of modest men it made commanding crusaders. Of egotists it made evangelists, violators it transformed into voluntary enforcers of law. Each it rewarded.

Waltonism, however, is not merely a metaphysical remaker of men, or a revealer of men's souls. Its service is practical. Its effects are material and understandable. Its works deal with life.

If a man idealizes wealth, Waltonism serves him. If he loves sports afield—hunting, fishing—if love of son or daughter is foremost, Waltonism serves each while it is continually serving all.

Life grows more complex. No longer is an individual or family sufficient unto himself or itself. No longer can we preempt our ground—fell our trees, build our house, kill our meat, live and die unaided and as we see fit. Our neighbor influences our life as we influence his. If the community above pollutes our water supply our health is threatened. If Jim's cigarette stub kindles a forest fire, he robs us of trees which you and I and our youngsters need. If you help restore the natural resources in your locality, your neighbor, too, will profit.

Platform

1. **Reforestation and forest extension.**
2. **Elimination of pollution from all waters.**
3. **Restoration of unwisely drained areas.**
4. **More game and fish refuges and public recreation areas.**
5. **More fish hatcheries and game farms.**
6. **Scientific supervision of all wild life propagation.**
7. **Opposition to sale of game and game fish.**
8. **Scientific regulation of salt water fishing.**
9. **Encouragement of bird and wild flower appreciation.**
10. **Character building of boys and girls through outdoor recreation.**
11. **True sportsmanship, and opposition to unfair and illegal methods.**
12. **Nature study and conservation in all schools.**
13. **Cooperation with similar agencies, and with state and government.**
14. **Militant education to the needs and benefits of League objects.**

Gradually Waltonism is causing decent Americans to realize that the "brotherhood of man" is real and all must cooperate in working out our universal conservation problem — which means—existence.

People do not lack the strength, but the understanding, the will and the leadership to cooperatively solve their problems and aid each other.

That Waltonism is successfully supplying those essentials is proved by its remarkable achievements. Never a sun sinks but it has witnessed Waltonian activity somewhere in the United States, aimed to

1. Safeguard and replenish those economically valuable national resources which are the foundation for national wealth and industry.
2. Help improve—create—or perpetuate outdoor recreational places and facilities which insure both beneficial play and economic reward.
3. Protect and improve the mental, moral and physical standards of old and young by inducing more clean, wholesome play in the undiluted sun and air of outdoors which teaches neither vice nor crime.

Dare any intelligent, thinking human being do less than aid mentally, morally, physically and financially a movement that seeks to serve him so soundly and merely needs greater strength to serve him still more and better?

Can he refuse to serve when his service is to and for himself—and when that which he contributes returns to him the multiplied benefits of one hundred thousand similar contributions?

President-Elect Herbert Hoover proved the depth and clarity of his vision when he said—

"The Izaak Walton League has become the greatest force in the country for the protection and development of opportunities for outdoor life. And we need more of it. We need every encroachment upon it stopped. As our people increase in numbers and in leisure, we must have stimulation to health, and above all the moral value that comes from association with nature. Every member of the League is a further soldier in our ranks fighting an organized battle for this vital thing in the nation."

FRED H. DOELLNER.

A New Picture

What the South Bend Waltonians Are Doing

By BUELL A. PATTERSON

A RING-NECKED pheasant scurried across the road in front of our car and flew to safety in the thicket beside the road. Quail took wing at the sound of the humming motor. All manner of birds seemed to be around us as we turned into the little side road that led to "Wild Bird Rest." This in a country only a few miles from South Bend, Indiana, and in a land full of prosperous farms. Five years ago this countryside was barren of wild life and game birds, but that was before my companion, Don Stephenson, and a few of his friends in the South Bend Chapter of the Izaak Walton League had their inspiration.

That inspiration has been far reaching and will reach farther yet. It was only a simple deduction worked out. Here is the tale. A few of the South Bend Waltonians had come to know with proof positive that there were no game birds near the old home town. They had known days when it was no trick at all to go out and get a bag full of birds in the region, but those days had been gone for several years. They were not willing to sit idly by and admit that "those days had gone forever." They intended to do something about it. To attain their desires they bought forty acres of farm land and started to scatter corn for any birds that might be near. Birds of many types found that feed and passed the word along. Partridge (ruffed grouse), quail and pheasants came to the little tract. It looked like a smart move and the group of hunters added to their land until they had three hundred acres.

A small stream ran through these three hundred acres and it was a simple matter to put in a dam or two. These created ponds for waterfowl. The second year of the experiment ducks came down from the north and paused on the ponds for rest attracted by the corn and other grain that had been provided. Migratory birds stopped where they had not been seen these many years.

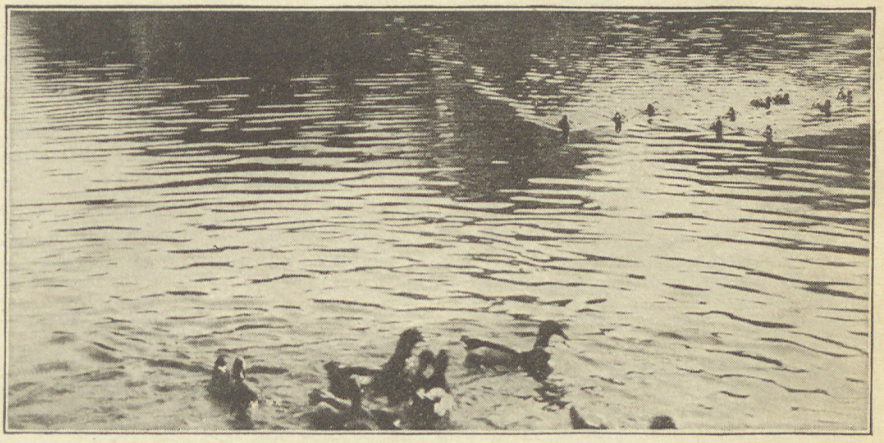
The third year came along and in the fall a scattering of Canadian geese came zooming down from the north and spent a few days on the ponds. The food and a few decoys made them happy and since they have returned each fall. This again in a settled farm land. In the spring migratory birds of many kinds have stopped to nest in the safe area. Ducks have raised their young under the watchful protection of the founders of Wild Bird Rest. That land offers a shelter to the birds that makes it stand out from the land around it.

As the birds came in in greater numbers the Waltonians were tickled. They felt that soon they would have good shooting again in their own back yards. They bought more and more corn and fed more birds. They took motion picture cameras out with them when they visited the land so that they could have a record of their accomplishment for themselves and their friends. They snapped pictures that might well have been taken in the wild north country. When one pioneer came back with a close-up of a duck with her little ones paddling after her the others were eager to do as well.

There was one strange thing. These hunters did no shooting except with their cameras. They became so interested in trying to do more that they bought the eggs of rare game birds, such as the wood ducks, and hatched them under their decoys. The flock of wild geese and mallards was increased. They farmed the land not flooded and raised more corn and sunflowers for feed. Six thousand white pine trees were planted with the aid of Boy Scout troops of nearby towns. A farmer was hired to raise the grain and guard the flocks. They did no shooting with guns, and I doubt that they ever will. The thrill of conservation had those men and the desire to create displaced the desire to kill.

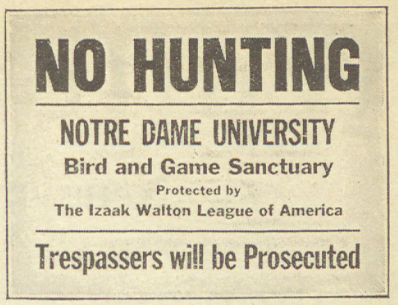
This fall Wild Bird Rest was overpopulated. The founders took some of their bird surplus to the two lakes on the campus of Notre Dame University. The whole university was delighted. Now all of the land of that institution, famed for her football teams, is a bird sanctuary. I visited the campus this fall and saw wild ducks on the lakes and pheasants darting into the cover. I saw fish placed in those lakes, fish that came from the Mississippi river bottoms that had been saved by the Izaak Walton League when it was proposed to drain them. The great girls' school of St. Mary's followed the steps that Notre Dame had taken, and her land is a bird sanctuary with many ideal breeding and resting places. Prominent business men, such as A. R. Erskine, J. D. Oliver and Col. Chas. A. Carlisle, became interested and have made their beautiful estates bird sanctuaries. Land companies, power companies and farmers have all heard the call of conservation and now in the vicinity of South Bend there are nearly twenty thousand acres where birds are protected and may thrive without fear. It won't be long until it is a common sight to see game birds flying up around you when you motor near South Bend.

All of the men who founded Wild Bird Rest were members of the local chapter of the Izaak Walton League. They saw that they needed the backing of that group and now all of the development is an Izaak Walton project. Ultimately about 20,000 acres will be set aside in that section for refuge purposes. Where individuals can start it takes an unselfish organization to carry on the work. There is one of the most advanced groups working at South Bend to develop what has been started so that there will be at least one region which will not have to apologize to posterity for what it has done to our game and birds.



A flock of wild ducks coming in to join the feeding decoys.

Some of those who worked on the project. Left to right, Don Stephenson, A. F. Lucky, Buell Patterson, Delbert Thompson, C. P. Huff.



Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Waltonians Save Game By Airplane

WALTONISM has called upon man-made birds to feed nature's birds and prevent their elimination.

California has made an innovation in the feeding of game birds through the use of airplanes, it having been discovered by the Riverside Chapter and the Pomona Chapter of the Izaak Walton League that not only game birds, but thousands of wild animals, have been facing starvation and actually have died from the lack of sustenance destroyed by forest fires.

Reports turned in by game wardens show that more than 300 deer and 15,000 quail perished in the fire which swept more than 100,000 acres of mountain land south and east of Hemet recently. Many other thousands of deer and quail were found to be facing starvation in the burned area because of lack of food.

Chapter Starts Work

Reports of this condition were brought to the Riverside Chapter of the Izaak Walton League by Howard Small, its President, who also made a report to Russell Morgan of Colton, President of the Orange Belt Council of the Izaak Walton organization.

It was found that desperate measures were necessary and President Small entered into instant communication with Commissioner George Clarkson of the State Fish and Game Commission, with a plea for assistance.

Problems of feeding the quail and deer were solved by the immediate action of the U. S. Air Service which offered the use of planes. These made a quick flight with two tons of grain over the region where the quail were most largely gathered, and scattered the food, with a result that a heavy saving of the birds was assured.

Quail Seek Refuge

One of the interesting features of the situation was a statement made by Mark Robertson, of the Frank Morris ranch, who said that 700 quail that had taken refuge on one ranch in the Sage district, were suffocated from smoke before Robertson could rescue them, but 1,000 others sought refuge on his lawn and he was still feeding them when he reported the incident to the Izaak Walton League.

Another interesting incident was proof that hunger overcomes fear in the case of wild birds and animals, because fliers from March Field told stories that the quail, instead of being frightened by the roaring planes, learned soon that the airplanes above were their friends. Instead of fleeing in terror they began to remain close at hand, waiting for the falling particles of grain as the planes flashed above them only a short distance off the ground.

Deer Also Rescued

Feeding of the quail and deer will continue throughout the winter, the air service continuing their airplane feeding service, while the Izaak Walton League chapters of the entire area are providing means for securing the necessary food.

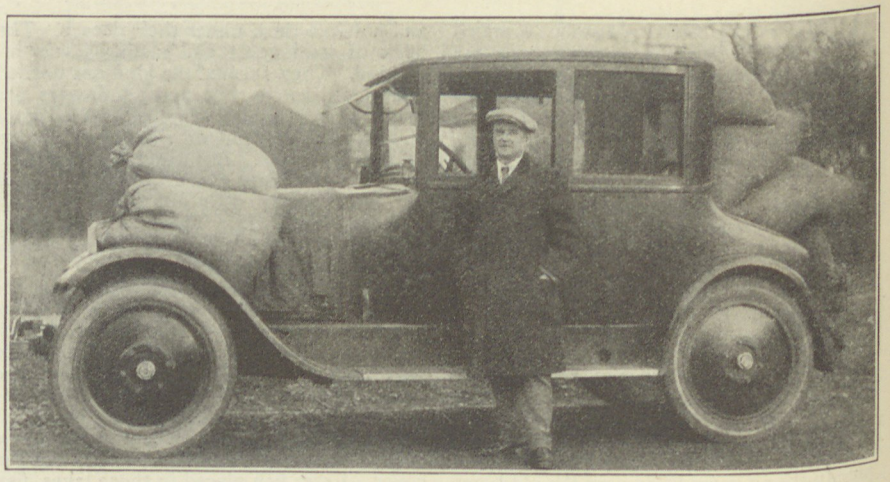
In the case of the deer, small herds of them have been found in the forests, pitifully thin, on the verge of starvation, all grass and brush having been burned off with the exception of some few green leaves on the upper halves of small trees which the deer have been just able to reach.

The deer have become so tame and harassed that they do not flee any longer when men approach them, as they have done formerly.

Ranchmen Forget Selves

As to the humanitarian instincts of the ranchers, President Small found a remarkable condition existing. Although many of the ranchers were living around the ashes of their own homes, many of them have gone almost exclusively into the work of feeding and saving the game and birds which are appealing to them, taking the law in their own hands to prevent Los Angeles game poachers slaughtering the defenseless birds and animals.

Walton chapters in the burned over regions announce that feeding of the birds and deer and other game will continue so long as they are able to sustain the expense, aided by public contributions.



R. J. Lauder, Amherst Chapter, Williamsville, N. Y., with a load of grain for feeding game birds of the surrounding country. This is only one of the activities for the conservation of wild life undertaken by the live chapter at Williamsville and by Mr. Lauder at his own expense.

Here is an instance showing how Waltonism and Governmental services can and do work together to conserve the wild life of the nation.

It is an exemplification of the situation to be found almost solely in America — that humanitarianism is one of the prime principles of the United States Government, as well as the basic law upon which Waltonism is founded.

Remodeling Nature

What are you doing to conserve nature in your locality? Many chapters are actually remodeling nature, creating untold benefits for their localities.

Chapter officers are provided with a printed form for making reports to headquarters of accomplishments. You are urged earnestly to see to it that your Secretary or Publicity Man sends in these reports regularly. If you have no printed report blanks write your chapter accomplishments.

MARSHALL, MICH.

Trees: Planted hickory, oak, catalpa, willow, poplar, dogwood, maple and cedar. Cost $50.00.

Waters: Cleared 6 miles of stream of pollution from waste and garbage.

Fish: Stocked 350,000 bass. Impounded 3 acres for bass fry. Cost $25.00. Done by wiring in a portion of the lake. Built rearing pond at Brace Lake. Cost $25.00. Rearing of bass and blue gills. Cost borne by chapter. Maintenance cost $10.00.

Game: Stocked 1000 pheasants.

Established 10 acres for game refuge on Rice Creek.

Miscellaneous: Winter game and bird feeding campaigns.

Planted food and cover for game.

Bird house building contests.

Nature study and outdoor trips.

Rifle and pistol shooting by adults.

DULUTH, MINN.

Trees: Planted 40 acres of seedling pine trees on land between Lake Superior and State Highway No. 1.

Fish: Stocked 4,900,000 brook trout; pike and 198 cans of pike since 1926.

Game: Stocked 52 pairs Hungarian partridge.

Planted several hundred pounds wild rice in lakes for food for game.

Miscellaneous: Sponsored weekly radio programs over WEBC during past year and a half. Showing of moving pictures. Jack Miner and D. MacMillan.

Fighting Backus interests in their

endeavor to dam and destroy beauty of border lakes, streams and destroy beauty of a large part of Superior National Forest.

FAYETTE, MO.

Fish: Stocked 1500 various fish from state.

Impounded 6 acres for fishing and recreation pond. Done by rebuilding a former dam. Cost $150.00.

Maintained rearing pond for bass and blue gill. Cost $46.00, borne by chapter and members.

Game: Stocked 585 pheasant eggs.

Miscellaneous: Winter game and bird feeding campaigns.

Predatory bird and animal control campaign.

Planted food or cover for game.

Rifle shooting for members.

NEW LONDON, MINN.

Here is some broad acreage restored to Nature:

Fish: Impounded 2300 acres for rearing pond. Raised lake level and established old spawning grounds.

Stocked 350,000 wall-eyed pike.

Game: Established 7680 acres for game refuge.

BEATRICE, NEBR.

Waters: Responsible for clearing 50 to 60 miles of stream caused from city dumping; also pollution caused by waste products from plant located at Beatrice.

Fish: Established two rearing ponds, one acre each. Pike and crappie reared. Work and cost borne by members.

Stocked thousands of catfish; pike and crappie from state.

Game: Stocked 2000 pheasants from state. Have made a request from state for Hungarian partridges.

CREEDE, COLO.

Fish: Stocked 43,500 mountain trout.

Closed one nursery stream of three miles length.

Auxiliary Federal Hatchery to be built here in next few months. Bureau of fisheries will maintain.

Initiated movement for a large federal trout hatchery on the head waters of the Rio Grande in Colorado. Donated 30 acres for site. Obtained appropriation of $50,000 from Congress.

GIVES FUND FOR REFUGE

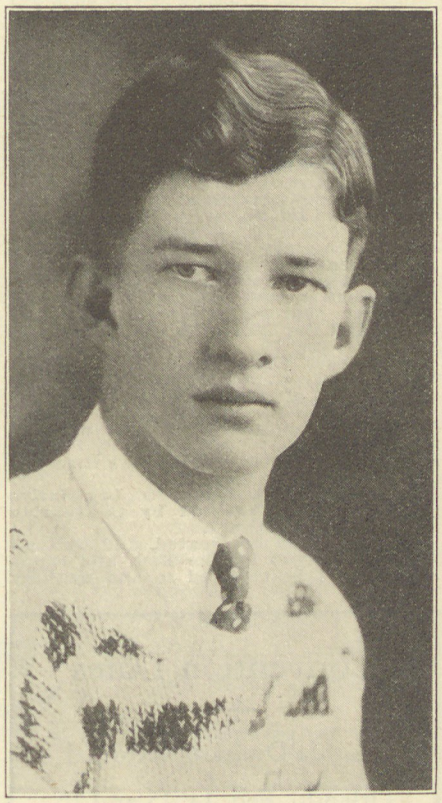
Sheboygan Man Starts a Home for Game

Sheboygan, Wisc., has had an example set which well might be brought to the attention of philanthropists everywhere. Mr. Thomas NcNeill advised the Sheboygan Chapter that he would turn over to them approximately $300 toward developing the Black river game refuge. This refuge gives promise of protecting the fast disappearing birds in Wisconsin and may be the means of bringing them back and making this the paradise that it was. Sheboygan Waltonites are rejoicing at this news, because they just recently undertook this laudable movement. The chapter has appointed committees to draft resolutions voicing their thanks to this pioneer, hunter and exponent of conservation—Thomas McNeill.

BOY WINS ESSAY AWARD

William McClenahan, Brainerd

William McClenahan, Brainerd, Minn., high school student, has been awarded first prize for his essay on "One of Ten Thousand" in the Minnesota conservation contest sponsored by the Minnesota Division of the Izaak Walton League and the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs.



Grace Wiseman, Pine City high school, was awarded second prize for her essay on "A Trail Through the Playground of Minnesota," describing a canoe trip through northern Minnesota boundary waters.

More than 5,000 students in approximately 400 high schools of the state took part in the contest, which was supervised by Mrs. John E. Palmer, St. Paul, Chairman of the Conservation Department of the Federation.

Other prize winners and the titles of their essays are:

Marion Hanson, Ortonville, "Along the Shores of Eatonka." Dorothy May Armstrong, Cloquet, "A Day in Jay Cooke Park." Joseph Faren, Browns Valley, "A Beautiful Spot in Minnesota." Wallace W. Ziebarth, St. Paul Park, "My Isle of Beauty." Marguerite Wise, Winona, "A Touch of Beauty in Minnesota."

WICHITA HAS STATE AID

Local Chapter Does Wide Conservation Work

Wichita, Kan., has been cooperating with the Forestry Fish and Game Commission in the distribution of fish and game; saved many thousands of fish by seining creeks and ponds that were drying up and placing the fish in other rivers and ponds; organized an active campaign against the possible pollution of the Little Arkansas River following the opening of a new oil field; established and organized the Izaak Walton League Lakes Association, open to members of the Izaak Walton League, for the purpose of building lakes and leasing recreation sites for the members, stocking the lakes with fish and game, and made a refuge for quail, prairie chicken and pheasants of 1,200 acres on the one lease; caused the Wichita Chamber of Commerce to appoint an active State Lakes Committee, the purpose of which is to secure a state lake and park for this section of the state; aroused public interest by making an aerial survey by airplane of suggested lake sites; and appointed 26 members of their chapter as deputy State Game wardens without pay to assist in enforcing the game laws.

Radio Column

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Third Saturday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Friday, 8:00 P. M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo Chapter. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane, Wash., Spokane chapter. Tuesday, 8:30 P. M., Pacific time. Courtesy Louis Wasmer, station owner. 370.2 meters.

KNRC Los Angeles, Cal. 5 to 6 P. M. every evening. "Sporting Outdoor Hour." 500 watts. 375 meters.

WCAU Philadelphia, Pa. Every Saturday, 8:00 P. M.

WCCO Minneapolis, Minn. Sponsored by Minneapolis Chapter. Courtesy station WCCO. 10 P. M. C. S. T. Beginning Jan. 29 and every second Tuesday thereafter. 370.2 meters.

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WFBG Cable-Tribune, Altoona, Pa. Altoona chapter. Every Thursday 7:30 P.M. 267.7 meters.

WFBR Baltimore, Md. Baltimore chapter. Broadcast every other Tuesday, 7:15 P.M.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. 8:00 to 8:20 every Thursday evening. Auspices J. Miles Flynn, station through courtesy, Harry Carmen, owner and operator.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Monday evening, at 6:45 Eastern Time. Courtesy Station WIBX.

WJBO New Orleans, La. New Orleans chapter. Broadcast once a week. Schedule undetermined as yet.

WJBZ Chicago Heights, Ill. Chicago Heights chapter. Every Tuesday, 8:30 P.M.

WJJD Chicago. First and third Thursdays of each month, 12:30 P.M. Courtesy of WJJD radio station. Illinois division.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Friday, 7:30 Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WOOD Grand Rapids, Mich. Dwight Lydell Chapter. Every Wednesday, 8:15 P.M. Central Standard time. 1270 kilocycles. Courtesy Walter B. Stiles, Inc.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:35 P.M. to 1 P.M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College.

WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis. Every Friday, from 7:30 to 8:00 P. M. Courtesy the Gillette Rubber Co.

WJR-WCX Courtesy Richards Oakland Co., and Detroit Free Press. Detroit chapter. Detroit, Michigan. Each Tuesday, 3 P.M.

WKBZ Ludington, Mich. 1st Monday of each month, 8 P.M. Courtesy of Karl Ashbacker & Sons. 1500 K. C. Ludington chapter.

WIBW Topeka, Kansas. Topeka chapter. Every Thursday 8:30 to 9 P.M. 230.6 meters.

State Division Notes

WYOMING CONVENTION

The Fourth Annual Convention of the Wyoming Division of the Izaak Walton League of America was held at Casper, Wyo., at Elks' Lodge, December 11 and 12, 1928. Lusk, Wyo., was decided upon as the 1929 Convention City.

Officers

President—Dr. C. L. Carpenter, Casper.
First Vice President—J. G. Hartwell, Lusk.
Second Vice President—C. E. Piersall, Midwest.
Third Vice President—Julius L. Greer, Yellowstone Park.
Secretary-Treasurer—Art Whelan, Lusk.

Speakers

W. B. Cobb, Casper, gave address of welcome; J. G. Hartwell, Lusk and Roy C. Deland, Lusk, spoke on "What is a Waltonian?" Marvin L. Bishop, Jr., spoke on "Stockman and Sportsman"; G. M. Penley on "Predatory Animals."

Resolutions

Some of the resolutions adopted are as follows:

Resolved, that all funds derived from sale of licenses or otherwise by the Game and Fish Department be left in the hands of the Game and Fish Department to be used in promotion of interests of that department.

Resolved, that the law be amended so that the Game and Fish Department be named a Game and Conservation Department of the State of Wyoming.

Resolved, that the League of Wyoming is opposed to issuance of special game permits by the Game and Fish Department of the State of Wyoming, save and except as to moose.

Resolved, that chapters in Wyoming promote a general educational campaign and appear before public schools from time to time for the purpose of advancing ideals of the League.

Resolved, that the law be amended in order to remedy the evil of permitting game fish to be caught during spawning season.

Resolved, that forest reserves, wherein there is known to be wild game, be reserved for such wild game, and that permits for the running of livestock therein be prohibited.

Resolved, that the League of Wyoming deplore such sentiment in favor of curtailing the present game preserves of the State of Wyoming, and recommend that the proper game preserves be kept intact.

Resolved, that the Izaak Walton League of Wyoming deplore such an idea that there is a conflict between the ideals of the League and stock and farm interests of Wyoming; and wish to say that they are in hearty accord with the stockman and the farmer of Wyoming.

Resolved, that we recommend to the Federal Department a law creating a Federal Bag limit on migratory birds of not to exceed fifteen per day.

Resolved, that we deplore the pollution of the streams of the State of Wyoming, and recommend that a feasible law be enacted eliminating such difficulty.

Resolved, that a department known as the Publicity Department be inaugurated for the purpose of placing before the people of Wyoming the fundamental principles of this organization.

Resolved, that we recommend the selection at this Convention of a standing legislative committee to carry into effect the resolutions that may be adopted at this Convention pertaining to legislation.

After Experiment Station

It appears that there is some sentiment advanced by the American Association for the advancement of science requesting that there be established through some agency a wild life experiment station in the United States. Whereas, we here in the State of Wyoming, with our wonderful natural refuge for wild life, believe that the interests of any such experiment station would be best served here, and we are in favor of the establishment of such an experiment station.

Therefore, be it resolved, that the Izaak Walton League of America, Wyoming Division, do hereby recommend the establishment of a wild life experiment station for the better development and utilization of wild life resources of our national parks and forests, such station to be established and supported by Federal, State, or private agencies, or some combination of these various agencies, and that one of these stations be established within the State of Wyoming.

Resolved, that we hereby recommend the passage of the Norbeck Migratory Bill which is now before Congress, and that our representatives in both the House and the Senate be advised to that effect.

It appears that the Federal government is daily encroaching upon the public domain of the State of Wyoming wherein lie some of the best hunting facilities; therefore, be it resolved, that we are absolutely opposed to any further Federal Park extensions at this time.

Recommendations Made by Legislative Committee and Adopted by Convention

Recommended that a

1. Game fund be created, and that all monies received by the Fish and Game Department be credited to and used by said department for the propagation and protection of game birds, animals and fish. Further recommended that the sum of $100,000 be appropriated for the use of said Department.
2. Recommended that license fees be fixed at $5.00 for full game license and $1.50 for fishing license and $1.50 for bird license.
3. Recommended a uniform open and closed season on game fish, birds and animals.
4. Recommended the repeal of the Predatory Animal Permit System.
5. Recommended the shortening of the fishing season to allow the fish to spawn without catching them during the whole spawning season.
6. Recommended the enactment of a more satisfactory law governing buying and selling hides and furs.
7. Recommended the forfeiture of the license to be included in the punishment in case of a violation of game laws.

Convention Dates

Florida Division—Annual
Orlando, Feb. 14, 15 and 16

Illinois Division—Annual
Mattoon, Feb. 19, 20 and 21

MINNESOTA DIVISION

Minnesota Waltonians are riding the top waves.

During 1928 a large number of chapters was born and more than 5,000 new members were added.

In accomplishments some wonderful feats have been performed. At Winona more than 80,000 trout were raised to the fingerling size. Other successful trout ponds were established at Rochester, St. Charles and Red Wing. The Minneapolis chapter, under the supervision of Superintendent T. Surber of the State Game and Fish Department, raised 68,000 fingerling black bass in its pond and placed them in Hennepin County Lakes and adjacent waters. New London, population 400, Waltonians 70, rid itself of an unsightly dumping ground and built a successful bass pond raising 25,000 youngsters.

More than $9,000 was raised for the purchase of Hungarian Partridge, some chapters buying ringneck pheasant eggs, others securing ringneck eggs from the state game farm, and many chapters assisted the state game and fish department in the distribution of the birds raised at the state farm.

Refuges and feeding grounds to a considerable number have been established through chapter efforts. At Kirkhoven, $1,200 was spent by the Chapter for corn, resulting in restoring birds to their former haunts.

In tree planting some splendid accomplishments have resulted. Austin planted about 5,000 hardwood, and Chisholm Waltonites aided by the boy scouts, planted thousands of trees.

At Mora, a dam has been built on Knife River to supply the water for a lake three miles long as an outing resort.

ARKANSAS CONVENTION

The Fourth Annual Convention of the Arkansas Division of the Izaak Walton League was held at Little Rock, Ark., January 7, 1929, at the Hotel Marion. The attendance was estimated at approximately 100.

Officers

President—Dr. C. E. Laws, Ft. Smith, Ark.
Secretary—W. D. Mitchell, Ft. Smith, Ark.
Vice-Pres.—H. T. Royce, Forrest City, Ark.
Vice-Pres.—Russell Hollis, Sr., Pine Bluff, Ark.
Treas.—J. F. Lenon, Little Rock, Ark.

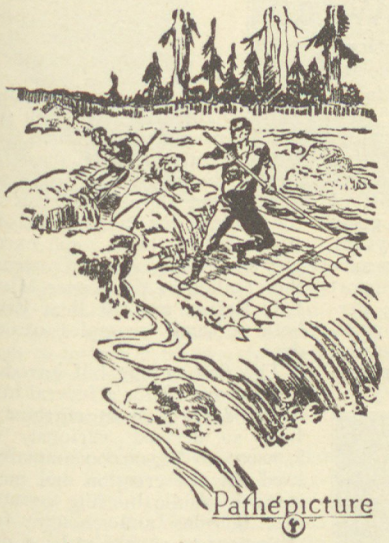
Resolutions

Summary of the resolutions adopted were as follows:

1. The creation of a State Forest Department.
2. Giving the highway department of the state power to beautify state and national highways with appropriations to cover with.
3. Empowering the State Game and Fish Commission authority of opening or closing the season on certain species of wild life as they may deem necessary.
4. Prohibit the running of deer with dogs.
5. Being opposed to further draining of our marsh lands and especially Horse Shoe Lake in Crittenden County and Lake Chicot in Chicot County.
6. Cooperating with industrial development of the state by keeping waters pure and free from pollution.
7. More state parks and game refuges.

Speakers

Dr. Tom L. Roberts, Pine Bluff.
Hon. Hal Norwood, Attorney General, Little Rock.
Hon. Dan Wolf, Pres. Memphis, Tenn., Chapter, I. W. L. A.
Guy Amsler, Secretary State Game and Fish Commission.
Dr. C. E. Laws, President Arkansas Division.
Mayor Moyer, Little Rock, Ark.
H. R. Koen, Supervisor, U S. Forests.
A. M. Stone, Arkansas Forest Protective Association.



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has been branded by thousands as the supremely sensational drama of the frozen northland. This department as its greatest feature now offers bookings of this soul-stirring drama to Walton Chapters, responsible organizations and individuals in both 35 and 16 mm sizes at less than one-fourth original booking price.

This offers the opportunity for paid public showings, such as the Springfield, Mass., Chapter whose Treasurer wrote: "From one night's showing of the Alaskan Adventures we cleared nearly $200."

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Hundreds of other lower cost but very interesting films are available for your chapter meetings. Urge your officers to show them as hundreds of other chapters are doing. They will increase the membership of your chapter —giving it the power to rebuild your local outdoors and sports. Make your chapter bring real benefits to you and yours. Others do, why not you?

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35 mm	$12.00 per night	$15.00
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Refuge Victory in Sight

By

DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD
Pres. Izaak Walton League of America

AFTER ten years of senseless bickering, pulling and hauling, victory is in sight for the refuge bill! It is just around the corner. *Don't fail to give it a final boost at once.*

This meritorious measure has excellent chances even in this short session of Congress. If it passes finally it will be the first time in many years that the migratory birds of North America will have reason to be thankful—thankful that their human friends have at last "ditched their shooting irons" and actually waged a united fight for them instead of fighting among themselves.

The refuge bill has been before the American people in one form or another during an entire decade. It has withstood mutiny within the ranks, insidious attacks, revisions, amendments, filibustering and every other ailment known to hotly disputed measures. But it survived in spite of these ills because it represented a righteous cause. Out of that great crucible of civilization, the Congress of the United States, has finally come a measure upon which practically all of us can agree wholeheartedly.

Even though its early sponsors would scarcely recognize it, as is so frequently the case with legislative innovations, the ultimate accomplishments thereunder will be the same. Like most legislation, it's a compromise; but it recognizes a burning need. It is a good start. If after a fair trial it does not accomplish the desired results, such further steps as experience dictates can then be taken.

Two leaders in Congress took the brunt of a gruelling battle and deserve most of the credit. They are Senator Peter Norbeck of South Dakota, and Congressman Dan Anthony of Kansas. During January Congressman August H. Andresen, an ardent Minnesota Waltonian, became the titular leader of this fight in the House.

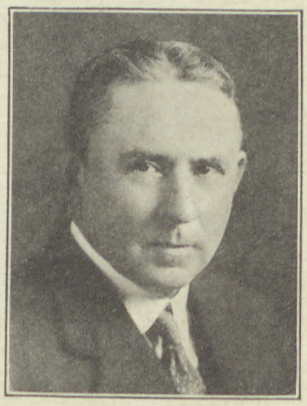
The Treaty With Canada

PERMIT me to review briefly the history of this bill. First it took years of effort to persuade the states that the migratory birds of North America belong to all of North America. It required years of effort to convince the states that the birds could not survive the combination of six month open seasons, spring shooting, wholesale market hunting, unlimited killing for sport, destruction of breeding areas by drainage, and pollution which has destroyed much natural food for waterfowl. Much greed and local prejudice had to be overcome.

When the first federal migratory bird law was proposed it was attacked from all sides. It was held that it interfered with state rights, and when it finally became a law numerous court attacks were made. When things looked darkest, practically all this opposition was swept aside by one master stroke—a treaty with Great Britain. That treaty was consummated largely as an economic measure to save the song and insectivorous birds of the Continent. The ducks, geese and shore birds for hunting purposes were a secondary consideration. The game birds of the Continent literally rode to safety on the backs of their little songster neighbors, the allies of the farmers.

The federal law, which was passed to give effect to the treaty, prohibited spring shooting and market hunting, and fixed uniform seasons and bag limits for most of the game birds. Other birds were given absolute protection for a series of years. But it takes more than good laws to save any species of wild life. Popular support must be obtained through education, persuasion and law enforcement, and above all else wild life must have favorable natural conditions under which to live and reproduce. *Properly administered inviolate refuges are absolutely essential.*

Senator Peter Norbeck



Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson

The Original Refuge Bill

WHEN this plan was started, several states had already produced marked results through refuges for resident wild life, but practically none of them had attempted to establish such areas for migratory birds. The funds at their command were obtained largely from resident hunters' licenses, and the states felt that since Uncle Sam had taken over the guardianship of the migratory birds that the federal government should establish and maintain the refuges for those birds. Later several states did establish some excellent migratory bird refuges, and Congress authorized the creation of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge and the Bear River Refuge—both glowing examples of what can be done.

The first refuge bill introduced in Congress provided for a federal hunting license of one dollar to hunt migratory birds. The fund so derived, variously estimated at $500,000 to $1,500,000 annually, was to be used for the creation and maintenance of refuges, public hunting grounds, scientific investigations and enough federal game protectors to supply at least one for every state instead of one for every two states as at present.

There was bitter opposition from certain quarters to allowing shooting on any part of the area to be acquired by the government; there was still more opposition to the employment of more federal officers, the backlash from the prohibition law; and the idea of a federal license in addition to state licenses, even though applied only to migratory birds, threw a scare into many sportsmen and quite a few state officials. Most of these objections were more fancied than real because many states have proved that in actual practice the original plan would have worked no hardships upon anyone and would have accomplished the desired end with considerably less follow-up effort than any other plan suggested.

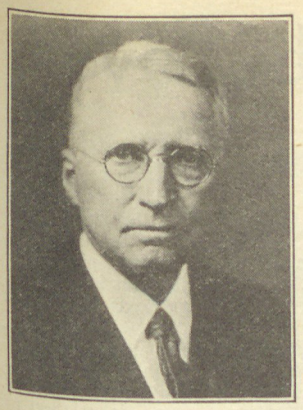
Why the States Objected

SINCE the original refuge bill was introduced the need for refuges has been stressed so forcefully that most of the states have increased their license fees in order to better finance their wild life conservation activities. Several of them have actually set aside a specific percentage of the license fee for refuges. Other states, desiring to follow the example of their neighbors, were fearful that their own programs would suffer if the federal government also collected license fees from the waterfowl hunters.

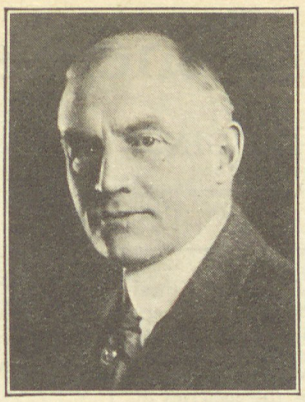
The concerted campaign for the federal refuge bill has certainly been a godsend to the states, because while the creation of federal refuges has been delayed the general conservation program has benefited. The real sufferers have been the ducks and geese of America because they are constantly being crowded into less and less space, and the army of hunters is constantly increasing.

Darling's cartoon on the editorial page in the February issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, through the courtesy of the New York Herald-Tribune, is not so far overdrawn as most people might think.

A few states objected to more federal wardens, but that was only a smoke screen to cover their real objections. An average of one or two federal game protectors to a state to better coordinate this law enforcement work would not interfere at all with

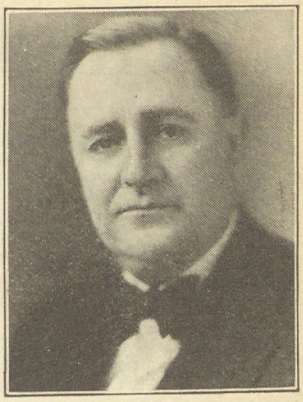


Carlos Avery



George D. Pratt

I. Zellerbach



I. T. Quinn

state programs. But these objections, added to the recent general opposition to federal officers, made a formidable though inconsistent argument against licensing waterfowl hunters to finance a reasonably effective force of federal game protectors.

Norbeck Stuck to Objective

THE old refuge bill passed either the House or the Senate on several occasions, but never did it pass both Houses during the same session. If the forces had been properly coordinated, and everybody had stuck by their guns instead of withdrawing support at crucial moments, the bill could have been passed as proposed and given a fair trial.

Unfortunately many of us had such strong individual opinions that some of our friends didn't "stay hitched." The old log-rolling game started, nasty whispering campaigns and other issues were dragged in, and sparring for position made matters still worse. In some instances bitter animosities developed because former friends of long standing couldn't agree upon the salient features of the program.

Senator Norbeck had agreed to head the fight in the Senate where the most determined opposition to the original bill had always existed. For a time it looked as though the bill could not be passed at all, but the Senator stuck to it. Finally, after making one compromise after another, he succeeded in having the Senate pass the bill last April. As passed it was unrecognizable by its sponsors—and there was some doubt whether the Senator from South Dakota cared to recognize it himself, even though his name appeared as the sponsor. However, he is a determined fighter, and though beset with illness he again took up the fight when the short session convened last December.

The Present Refuge Bill

WHEN the smoke of battle cleared away last spring it was found that the bill passed by the Senate provided for an authorization of $1,000,000 annually instead of a hunting license; that it provided for inviolate refuges only and no public hunting areas, except such as might be supplied by the states; and that no part of the fund was to be used for enforcement.

Previous efforts to secure approval for direct appropriations, or to use the excise tax on firearms and ammunition (later repealed) had failed. You can then imagine the surprise when the supporters of the original plan found that the United States Senate had actually committed itself to appropriations. However, this was no assurance that such a sum would actually be appropriated—it was only a promise.

National Committee Organized

THE friends of the bill decided that warring among themselves didn't pay, and that the birds were constantly getting into worse straits.

At a joint convention of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, the Western Association of State Game Commissioners and the American Fisheries Society, held in Seattle last August, which convention our Conservation Director, Seth Gordon, and I both attended, the proponents of the refuge bill held several conferences.

As a result of these deliberations a resolution was presented authorizing the creation of a National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation, and endorsing the Norbeck Refuge Bill in principle as it passed the Senate. It was agreed that said Committee should consist of representatives from six designated national organizations and five members at large to be selected by the balance of the Committee—a truly nationwide representative group.

The Committee selected consists of Carlos Avery, New York City, The American Game Protective Association; Seth E. Gordon, Chicago, Izaak Walton League of America; E. Lee LeCompte, Baltimore, Maryland, International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners; Roland G. Parvin, Denver, Western Association of State Game Commissioners; T. Gilbert Pearson, New York City, National Association of Audubon Societies; George D. Pratt, New York City, The American Forestry Association; Keith McCanse, Jefferson City, State Game Commissioner of Missouri; John C. Phillips, Boston, The American Wild Fowlers; Gustavus D. Pope, Conservationist, Detroit; I. T. Quinn, Montgomery, Game Commissioner of Alabama; and I. Zellerback, San Francisco, President, California Board of Fish and Game Commisioners.

Leaders in Conservation Field

THE Chairman, Dr. Pearson, has for eighteen years been the executive head of the National Association of Audubon Societies for the protection of wild birds and animals. He is the founder and chairman of the World Committee for Bird Protection, which includes the leading scientific and conservation societies in twenty countries. He has devoted his whole attention to conservation since 1902.

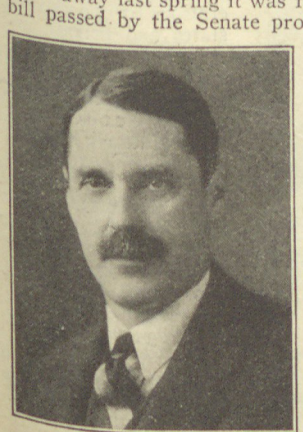
Carlos Avery, the Vice-Chairman, is the President of the American Game Protective Association, with the management of which organization he has been associated since 1924. For almost nineteen years prior thereto he was actively identified with conservation work in Minnesota, serving as the Game and Fish Commissioner of his state for thirteen years.

Dr. John C. Phillips, the Treasurer, is President of the American Wild Fowlers, Washington, D. C., and of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association. A medical man by education, his chief interests have always been associated with ornithology, travel and sports.

The conservation work of Seth Gordon, the Secretary of the Committee, is so well known to all the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA that comment here is unnecessary.

E. Lee LeCompte has been the State Game Warden of Maryland for almost

(Continued on page 59)



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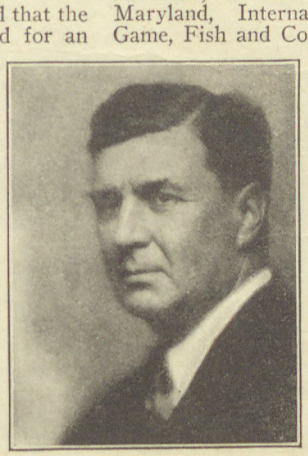
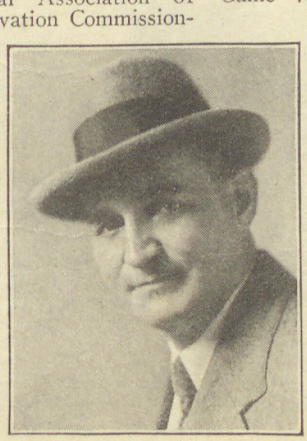
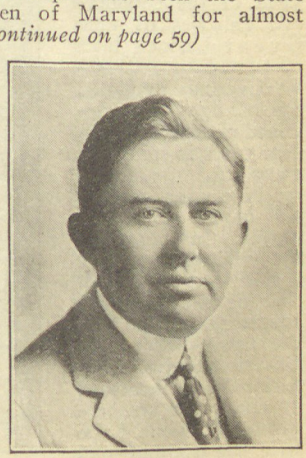


Gustavus D. Pope



L. Lee LeCompte



R. G. Parvin

Can the Great Lakes Fisheries be Saved?

By ELMER HIGGINS

In Charge Scientific Inquiry, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries.

THE rational basis for a patriot's love of country lies in his belief that the land of his nativity or adoption excels all others in beauty, fruitfulness, prosperity and comfort. If all of us were entirely rational then certainly no one would have more reason for patriotic fervor than those fortunate inhabitants of the great drainage basins of the Middle West. The Great Lakes region has been particularly blessed by nature in the abundance and variety of its wild life resources. Although this section is covered with well tilled farms, game still abounds and fish may be had from lakes and streams by rich and poor alike.

One hundred and sixty-three distinct species of fish life are recorded from the Great Lakes drainage basin and perhaps half of this number are useful for human food. The conditions present in the lakes are especially favorable to the development of fish life and before their commercial exploitation they supported an abundant fish population. Records of the abundance of fish are found in the writings of the Jesuit fathers as early as the beginning of the 17th century and these accounts do not fail to mention the excellent quality of the fish. Even within the memory of the present generation the supply exceeded the limits now known to us.

Fish Build Towns

The only means we have of estimating the abundance of fish in the Great Lakes is the statistics of the commercial yield. For the past 50 years the annual production of commercial species has averaged about 100,000,000 pounds, and the output in 1927 totalled 112,000,000 pounds with a probable valuation to the fishermen of $9,000,000. While the capital invested in the commercial establishments runs into millions of dollars and over 12,000 persons are engaged in the industry, no estimate whatever can be placed upon the total number of persons interested in Great Lakes fishing or the value of investments if the sportsmen and those who cater to their wants are included. The value of the sport fisheries is indicated by the fact that many resort towns built in charming situations on the lakes depend for their support in large measure upon the lure of sheltered water during the "fishin' season."

While the average yield of the commercial fisheries of the Great Lakes has amounted to 100,000,000 pounds annually, the landings have declined materially in recent years in spite of a great expansion in the machinery of capture and in the effort employed. In comparing the yield of the 7-year period 1914-1920, with that of the period 1921-1927, we find that the fisheries of Lake Ontario and Lake Superior have increased 37 and 2 per cent respectively, while Lake Erie has declined 19.5 per cent, Lake Huron 6 per cent, Lake Michigan 31 per cent and Lake of the Woods, Namakan and Rainy Lakes 3 per cent, and for the entire Great Lakes the decline amounted to 16.2 per cent. But the yield has been maintained at a relatively consistent figure only by the capture of less desirable or inferior species to replace the choice ones that have become scarce. Thus we are now faced with the extermination of the sturgeon in all the lakes, the bluefin in Lake Superior, the blackfin in Lake Michigan, the bloater in Lake Ontario, and the reduction of whitefish from first place in abundance in 1880 to fifth place in 1927, with that place contested by the sheepshead and sucker, which, in 1880 were not considered worth the catching.

The destruction of a vast natural food supply affects the purse of every person within striking distance. The Great Lakes have been the greatest inland water food reservoir in the world, and the destruction of the fisheries of this "inland sea" will affect at least 50,000,000 people.

For almost fifty years various state, provincial and federal officials have endeavored to forestall this pending catastrophe. Their efforts have been thwarted by jealousy, commercial greed and politics. Fishermen on one side of a lake object to restrictions which do not equally affect their neighbors on the opposite side. Deliberate poaching has been common.

Pollution and water diversion have been used as a smoke screen to hide the facts from the people of both the United States and Canada. Overfishing and destructive methods of fishing have continued unabated.

Mr. Higgins' article is a most timely contribution. At last a uniform plan of control has been developed. It remains for the states and provinces to put it into effect. Will they do it? Or must the two governments step in, negotiate a treaty and establish an international commission to whip everybody into line?

—Editor

The situation in Lake Erie is especially serious where the decline in the American yield of whitefish from 1885 to 1927 was 82 per cent, and of the herring from 1890 to 1927 was 94 per cent. The Great Lakes have now no more unexploited species, except the shiners that throng the shores, and the loss of one-sixth of the production of the choicest fish is little less than a calamity, and one that might have been avoided.

Decline Began Early

As early as 1870, and probably long before, concern was expressed for the perpetuation of the fish supply in the Great Lakes, and an effort was made to overcome the decline by resorting with implicit faith to the ancient art of artificial fish hatching. In 1873 the General Assembly of Ohio made the first appropriation for the propagation of fish in that region, and in 1876 10,000,000 whitefish fry were planted in Lake Erie and the Detroit River, but the decline continued even in the face of tremendous increase in number of fish hatcheries and their output.

Many causes have been blamed for this decline, those most seriously considered being (1) pollution of the tributary streams and of the waters of the lakes themselves and (2) excessive and destructive fishing. It has been facetiously remarked that regardless of the possible effect of these two factors, the real cause of the decline is the lack of adequate regulation and it may be added seriously that, in the case of the Great Lakes, the latter as an immediate and practical explanation is most significant.

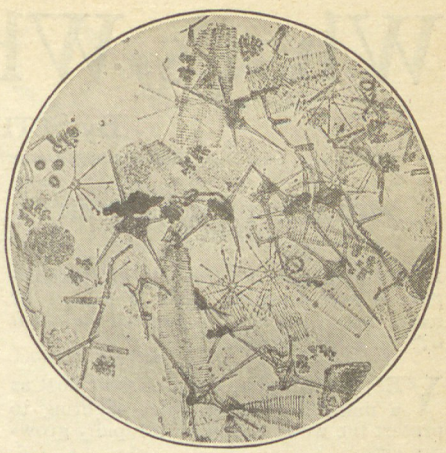
Nevertheless, in order to adequately regulate the fishery, it is necessary to understand the chief causes of the decline and if any blame attaches to anyone it must be for failure to investigate these causes and determine proper methods of conservation as well as for failure to act vigorously upon the basis of the knowledge at hand.

In response to an awakened public interest in the question, the Bureau of Fisheries was recently given funds to conduct an investigation of the fisheries of the Great Lakes. In view of the magnitude and urgency of the problem, cooperation of several states and private institutions was invited and whole-heartedly accorded. Lake Erie was selected as the point of attack because of the serious condition of the fishery there, and because it is believed that the results obtained will have general application to all the lakes. Three groups of investigators were placed in the field. One consisted of biologists from the Ohio Division of Fish and Game and from universities in Ohio;

Part of a 30 ton catch of ciscoes made in Lake Erie, near Pt. Pelie, in Nov., 1918.

Fish food from eastern Lake Erie. Daphnia and Diaptomus plankton from depth of 180 feet; magnified.

Fish food from eastern Lake Erie. Mysis and Pontoporeia plankton from a depth of 100 feet; magnified.



Food of the fish from Lake Erie. Microplankton from a depth of 100 feet; magnified.

these centered attention in the western end of Lake Erie. Another from New York State, Ontario, the Buffalo Museum of Science and the health department of the city of Buffalo employed the U. S. Fisheries Steamer *Shearwater* at the eastern end of the lake and a group from the Bureau of Fisheries operated from points along the entire southern shore.

Pollution Negligible

Two conferences of these cooperating investigators have been held; one at Cleveland in February to plan the details of the summer's campaign and one at Columbus in December to review the results and plan for the coming year. Several outstanding conclusions have already resulted from this investigation. One is that pollution in the waters of Lake Erie as a whole is an entirely negligible factor in the reduction of fish life. Neither sanitary sewage nor industrial wastes could be detected at a distance of one-half mile from shore. Oxygen was present in normal quantities at all depths, bacteria were remarkably few, poisonous chemicals undetected, and objectionable deposits of silt on the bottom were absent. This applies, however, only to the waters of the open lake. In enclosed harbors, and in many river mouths and bays, pollution was found to be pronounced and may be an important factor in preventing the spawning of shore and river species. Correlated with the pure and normal condition of the lake water was the unusual abundance of the free floating organisms that constitute the basic food of fishes. Not only was the microscopic plant life found to be abundant, but the minute animal forms that depend upon the plants for food and in turn form the food for all young fish and the adults of many species were likewise extremely abundant.

With the question of pollution definitely disposed of, the only logical conclusion concerning the cause of depletion, and the one that agrees with popular experience and common sense, is that the fish stock has suffered from too intensive fishing. To satisfy the increased demand for the excellent quality of food produced by the lake fisheries, a greater amount of fish has been removed from the lake year by year than could be made good by any means of reproduction. It appears then, in the light of present knowledge, that the greatly reduced breeding stock is the only serious limiting factor at this time and every possible effort should be made to protect that stock and to increase the rate of natural replacement. The bureau's investigations indicate that while some methods of fishing are more destructive than others, and recommendations have been prepared modifying sizes of mesh and types of gear that should be employed, the decline is primarily the result of the operations of too many boats and fishermen employing too many efficient nets and other gear.

We are forced to conclude from the evidence at hand that regulation of the quantity and quality of the apparatus employed must be relied upon to save the fisheries; but no less than 9 governments are administrating fishery regulations and it goes without saying that no two have the same ideas.

Waltonians of the Lake States, here's the bald truth! Get busy with your Legislators at once and have them pass the uniform lake fisheries legislation agreed upon. Otherwise the only salvation is federal control!

Uniform Regulations Imperative

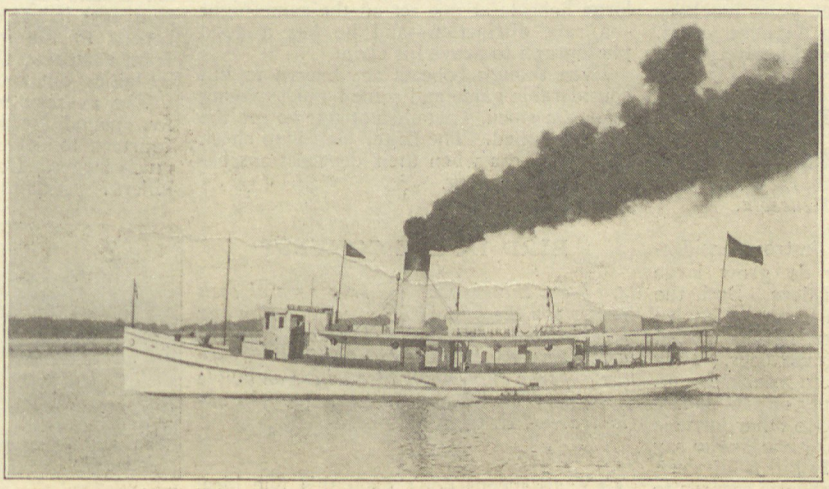
In a last effort to remedy this state of affairs Governor Green of Michigan has called three conferences of Great Lakes fisheries officials for the purpose of discussing uniform regulations and agreeing upon recommendations for the guidance of the various state legislatures in drafting fishery laws.

Many questions at issue have been settled in this way, and at the last conference on December 5 general agreement was reached concerning the size limits and the time, place and manner of catching the important species of fish in each lake. It remains to be seen, however, whether or not constructive legislation in all the states will follow the lines laid down at the conference, or whether jealousy, disagreement and chaos will continue their deadly work and seal the doom of one of the nation's finest food supplies.

It is inconceivable that the same jealousies and greed will be permitted to further delay this vital program. The American people want these regulations enacted, and they can't afford to condone further tampering with their expressed will. However, unless they act with vigor and determination in an organized way the same influences which have blocked legislation in the past will again be the victors.

The opponents to this legislation do not represent the thinking leaders among the commercial fishermen; to the contrary they represent that short-sighted element which would go along blindly and in a few years have their business entirely destroyed.

Your state fisheries department has the complete draft of the regulations agreed upon. Ascertain your department's plans in connection therewith so that you may effectively coordinate your efforts. Public-spirited organizations like the Izaak Walton League are the only hope to offset the tactics of the destructionists.



U. S. Fisheries Steamer SHEARWATER employed by investigators during the past summer in the eastern end of Lake Erie.

What's What and How

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

BIRD HOUSE CONTESTS! Now is the time to get the boys, and girls too, busy building bird houses for spring occupancy.

PHILADELPHIA'S WATER SUPPLY

1. I understand that the City of Philadelphia is taking drastic steps to protect its water supply. What can you tell me about it? A. L. S., Illinois.

YES, Philadelphia is in the same boat as a number of other cities—fighting to protect the water supply of a rapidly growing city.

Mayor Mackey has taken a very definite position in the matter, and is pushing special studies as well as legal action where necessary. Grover C. Ladner, President of the Philadelphia Chapter and one of Pennsylvania's most prominent Waltonians, has been retained as special counsel to direct the city's legal battles for pure water.

A few weeks ago legal steps were taken against certain industries polluting the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia's principal source of supply, and court injunctions were granted to prevent dumping wastes into the Bridgeport Canal which in the past has regularly flushed its filth into the Schuylkill. The first company prosecuted agreed to install the necessary equipment to abate the nuisance. While an aroused public sentiment is usually an effective weapon, the value of injunction proceedings has been demonstrated. It is said that the state is expected to join the city in a wholesale clean-up campaign.

WHY LESS BASS?

2. Last year we raised 60,000 black bass in our rearing pond. This past season we took out only about 40,000. In spite of our efforts at feeding they were smaller. Vegetation in the ponds did not seem to thrive even though those in charge were always planting special aquatic vegetation. How do you account for this condition? H. H. H., Indiana.

IT is pretty hard to answer your inquiry without more basic information. Vegetation may have been smothered out by filth being washed into the pond through surface waters, or it may have been killed off by a number of other causes. Usually there is no difficulty providing ample vegetation in fish rearing ponds.

It is possible that the ponds were overstocked last year and that your hatchery suffered this past season because of it. Overcrowding a rearing pond is always bad business.

ARE BOBCATS KILLERS?

3. Do wild cats really kill game? How big do they grow and can they kill full-grown deer?—K. L. O., Minnesota.

YES, bobcats really do destroy considerable game, and they do grow large enough to kill full-grown deer. Both the Bay Lynx and the Canada Lynx are known to kill such game as hares, rabbits, ruffed grouse, wild turkeys, and even deer. They are especially destructive to young fawns.

So long as there are plenty of rabbits and hares available the damage to other game is less pronounced. There are many who say that a bobcat can't possibly kill a big deer, but there are plenty of authentic records to the contrary. This is especially true when the deer are "yarded up" with deep snow everywhere about them, or when snow of ordinary depth is covered with a crust which bears Mr. Bobcat but which does not bear the weight of the deer. Stray dogs, however, are just as destructive under similar conditions. Quite frequently deer losses are charged to wild cats, or wolves and mountain lions, when in reality some woodsman or nearby settler is simply trying to shield his worthless dogs.

Quite a few states pay bounties on bobcats; others have paid trapping squads constantly on the trail of these and other predators. In certain sections bobcat hunting is such a popular sport that their numbers are kept in check without the encouragement of a bounty.

How Big Do They Grow?

How big do bobcats grow? Well, bobcat records are much like the average angler's fish or the hunter's deer—much bigger before than after reaching the scales. There are records, said to be accurate, of bobcats

A South Dakota Bobcat

weighing as much as sixty pounds but the average weight is from fifteen to thirty pounds. Several months ago a government hunter by the name of Martin caught a bobcat in South Dakota which actually weighed 45 pounds, the largest one on record in that state. Who has an authentic record of a larger one?

Louis Knowles, Rodent Control Leader in South Dakota, says that ordinary full-grown South Dakota and Nebraska bobcats tip the scales at 35 to 37 pounds. The photo reproduced on this page is a South Dakota bobcat or Bay Lynx. Trapper Martin has the distinction of catching two large bobcats at one set on the same night—a rare distinction—and he has a good photograph to prove his claim.

Even though bobcats are known to kill considerable game and some helpless young domestic stock, I would not like to see the last one killed. The better plan is to check their numbers when their depredations become too annoying.

BIRD HOUSE CONTEST

4. I am thinking of offering several cash prizes for the best bird houses built by our local schools. Before doing so I want to ascertain whether the benefits will justify the expense and effort; also where an ample supply of bird house bulletins may be obtained.—J. R. C., Kentucky.

BY all means don't drop this fine idea. It will do more to encourage the boys and girls of your community to become real bird protectionists than almost anything else you can do. However, permit me to suggest that you donate the money to your Walton League chapter to be used for this special purpose. It will give a special committee of your chapter something worthwhile to do and will get more leaders interested in the work.

It would be well to offer every boy or girl who builds a bird house along the specifications decided upon by the committee a fruit or berry-bearing tree or shrub to plant. Sweet cherry, mulberry and other trees are excellent and will furnish much delectable food for the songsters.

I will be glad to give you further details and suggestions upon request. Bulletins on bird house building may also be obtained from the United States Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., the National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York City, and many of the state departments.

THE BILL-FISH

5. Is the gar pike, commonly called "billfish" destructive to other fishes? Of what value are these flashing tigers anyhow? Are any states making an effort to reduce their numbers?—R. L. W., Ohio.

THE gar pike is generally known as a destroyer, and is considered to be one of the worst enemies of our game fishes. About the only value anyone has been able to credit to the gar is the fact that he is host to the young of certain of the most valuable pearl button mussels, but if the Bureau of Fisheries scientists can make good on a large scale their laboratory experiments the gar will not long be defended even as nurse for the baby clams.

A number of states are trying to remove as many as possible of the "rough fish," such as carp, gar and others, to improve conditions for the more desirable fishes. On this page I am reproducing a photograph of an unusually large haul of gars taken out of Lake Kegonsa by the Wisconsin Conservation Commission during last November. Just look at this pile of "billfish" and judge for yourself whether they would do much damage in a lake!

There were in this heap 1580 of these tigers. They were taken in a haul of carp, and Duane Kipp of the Wisconsin Commission, says it was estimated that much more benefit to the game fishes would result from removing these 1580 destroyers than by taking out 100,000 pounds of carp.

The average weight of these gars was five pounds. The largest weighed from fourteen to fifteen pounds, but they grow much larger. Does it pay to remove such killers? Certainly, if properly done.

A lot of "good" gars! Inset shows the gar's head.

Let's Talk It Over—

Letters

Welcomes Stick

Dear Editor:

It is a wonderful thing to me to see Frank Stick's work, both of the pen and the brush, back in the magazine. He is one who can enthuse readers. I hope we will continue to see and read his work in the magazine. It's hard to beat!

GEORGE W. WOOD.

Waterloo, Iowa.

Home Run!

Dear Editor:

I have just read the February Issue. It's a home run! Good for you! Keep on hitting the ball for the outdoors.

KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS.

Chicago.

Gibson Praised

Dear Editor:

I have read Gibson's "My Year in the Wilderness," in the February issue. It is the one series of all sports magazines that I try to follow. His last story is the best of all. His writing has improved and his philosophy of life has developed.

Gibson must be doing a lot of good. Hang on to him. He is an asset.

WM. MARBLE.

Gladstone, Mich.

He Got a Reel!

Dear Editor:

Dusty Waters' letter in December was great. I read it to my wife with the desired result that I received a beautiful tournament reel from her for Xmas. Thanks to Dusty.

As to Mrs. Bell's reply in February—well, we sportsmen have all heard the same thing before. I did not think it necessary to read it to the wife as she knows it by heart already.

L. B. S.

Sioux City, Iowa.

P.S. May let the wife read Mrs. Bell's reply after I have had a chance to take her out for an evening of bridge or to a theater.

Best—Inspiring

Dear Editor:

The February issue of Outdoor America is the best looking and most inspiring number yet published.

One of the outstanding benefits the League has brought me has been the opportunity to meet and know many splendid women and men in this work.

The Let's Talk It Over page brings these people up close. And we appreciate more, through this acquaintance, the worth of a membership in an organization in which such people are so helpfully active.

You are building and building; you are making a bigger, better and more influential magazine. And to you I am grateful for the great good it brings me. Keep up the good work.

E. H. PRIOR.

Mason City, Iowa.

An Old Friend

Dear Editor:

Enjoyed looking over the January issue; my wife, who is an artist, was much impressed with the cover and the brief account of the youth who made it. Donald Hough is always interesting. Dr. van Dyke's article is characteristic of his great charm, and I want to read the tiger story right away. I always read Limbert's gun articles. . . . The art work and half-tones are A1, as always, and the story of Murdo Gibson is one which everyone should read.

I take especial interest in Outdoor America, not forgetting it was one of the earliest friends of my work.

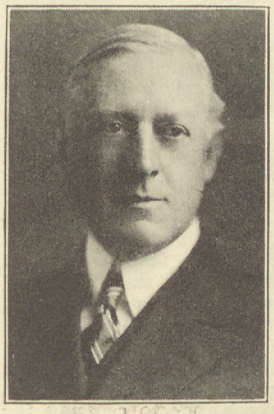
MAC KINLAY KANTOR.

Chicago.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Outdoor America is proud that it has been privileged to run several outdoor stories and poems by MacKinlay Kantor, author of the best seller, *Diversey*.

About Our Contributors

George E. Scott, *A Waltonian Becomes President,* is well known to members of the Izaak Walton League through his untiring efforts for the League. This, however, is his first contribution to the pages of OUTDOOR AMERICA.



George E. Scott.

When Herbert Hoover was re-elected Honorary President of the Izaak Walton League at its Sixth Annual Convention last April, Mr. Scott sent him a wire announcing the fact. In reply came the following:

My Dear Scott:

Many thanks for your telegram informing me of my reelection as Honorary President of the League. This furnishes certain safeguards by way of assurance that I shall, in any event, be President of a very important part of the United States during the next year. I deeply appreciate the honor.

Herbert Hoover.

George E. Scott has undertaken the great work of establishing a foundation for the League and is President of the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation of which Mrs. August Belmont, Chauncey J. Hamlin, Charles K. Foster, Haskell Noyes, Honorable John Barton Payne, Keith Spalding, Charles D. Stimson, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Willoughby G. Walling, Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward and John W. Morey are trustees.

OUTDOOR AMERICA feels it a privilege to publish an analysis of so great a Waltonian as Herbert Hoover by another so great a Waltonian as George Scott.

The cover painting this month is by **Uldene Trippe,** an OUTDOOR AMERICA favorite. Mrs. Trippe draws her outdoor scenes and people from long range, since she says "I am quite as domestic as I am artistic. If a Lady Baltimore cake could hang as art in the Metropolitan I might have a bid for fame." She bakes her cakes and paints her delightful covers at Wilmette, Ill.

If You Go West is another contribution by **Donald Hough.** * * * **E. C. Kemper,** *The Extermination of the Black Bass,* is a pioneer Waltonian, executive secretary of the American Institute of Architects, an inveterate angler, a fine sportsman, an able writer, and lives at Washington, D. C., where he once did yeoman service in helping the Walton League get its Upper Mississippi refuge bill through Congress. * * * **Howard Bowman** makes his bow in the magazine this month with *Herb Goes Fishin'.* Mr. Bowman is a lawyer and lives at Dearborn, Mich. He is "single, thus able to get away to indulge my passion for trips afield and astream at will," believes that much juvenile delinquency is traceable to lack of interest in the outdoors.

Ada Lingo, *Texas,* is a welcome new writer from Columbia, Mo., and, evidently, sometime a resident of the Lone Star state. * * * **Leon Archibald,** *And We Call Them Dumb,* hails from the College of Engineering and Architecture, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, and he draws on his study and love of his own past and present canine friends for this article. * * *

Buell A. Patterson, *A New Picture,* is an active and enthusiastic member of the South Bend chapter of the Izaak Walton League. * * * **Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward,** *Refuge Victory in Sight,* is national president of the Walton League, and an authority on refuges and pollution. * * * **Elmer Higgins,** *Can the Great Lakes Fisheries be Saved?* is in charge of scientific investigations, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries. * * * **Alastair Macandrew,** *Trout Fishing in Clear Water,* is the nom de plume of a prominent member of the Izaak Walton League.

Claude Nassau, *The Bite of the Bug,* has appeared before in the magazine, and will doubtless, we hope, appear again. * * * *Selling Waltonism in Strategic Places* is written **by Karl E. Mundt,** president of the Madison, S. D., chapter of the Izaak Walton League.

Robert Page Lincoln
Popular outdoor writer

WHERE is the reader of outdoor journals who does not know Robert Page Lincoln? His stories, especially those on fishing, appear regularly in all the leading magazines, and are exceptionally popular with the outdoor fraternity not only because of their absolute authenticity, based on Mr. Lincoln's real and intimate "been there" knowledge, but on the charm with which they are told.

Outdoor America is delighted to offer its readers this month his "Up Where the Muskies Grow Tall." Its scene is in the heart of Mr. Lincoln's favorite fishing grounds and he does his subject full justice.

And what is best of all, he has promised us more for future issues. He says, "I believe the Izaak Walton League to be the greatest conservation unit in the world, I'll fight anyone with knives who deplores its existence."

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

"And when the South Wind blew softly." Do not those words from Holy Writ strike a responsive chord in all our hearts these days? The South Wind is a miracle-worker, breathing on the willow-cats until they arch furry backs in ecstasy, carrying the song-birds north on its soft bosom, and awakening longing and desires in the hearts of anglers.

Assuaging That Old Spring-Fret

EVERY angler should be acquainted with Kipling's outdoor poetry, not simply because of its artistry and musical quality, but because it sounds the depths of a man's soul and possesses understanding and appreciativeness acquired by experience. As an illustration take these well-remembered lines:

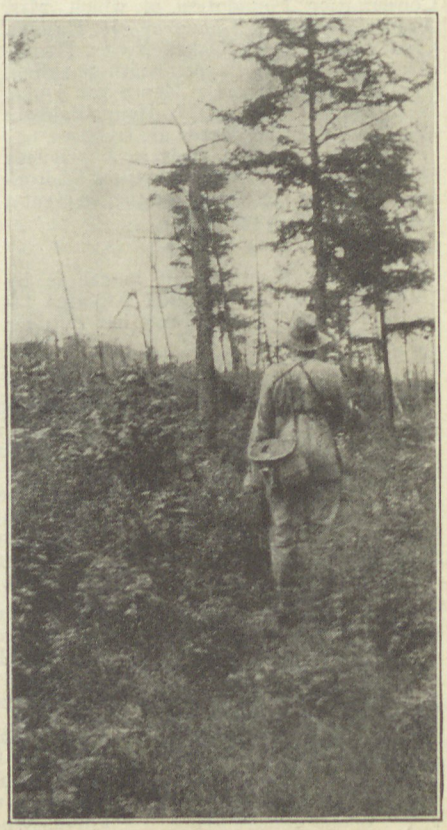
"Do you know the blackened timber—do you know that racing stream
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world they're overdue.
Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you!"

How's that? "Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you, And the Red Gods call for you." If that does not set all the anticipatory joy-bells of your soul a-ringing, I miss my guess. That's what the matter is with us these days, the "Red Gods make their medicine again." It is March, and though belated blizzards come roaring down out of the Northland, blotting out the sun and burying deep the earth beneath white drifts, our spirits sing within us for we know it can not last long, Spring and fishing lie just around the corner. A very devil of unrest possesses us. Books pall, magazines grow monotonous, conversation lags. I suspect we anglers are a wee bit hard to live with these days, and the fair partners of our ichthyic joys have my sympathies. The trouble with us is, we are fishing in anticipation. We must have something with which to busy our hands in our idle moments, something that has to do with "rods and reels and traces."

Now, as my readers well know, I have little use for the average matter-of-fact how-to article, such stuff as so many outdoor magazines carry these days. The practical writer, practical fisherman, practical man is anathema to me. I like to be impractical, poetic and fanciful. Long ago I discovered that it is not all of fishing to catch fish, or of living to live, as for that. I like to dream, and do fritter away many an hour just gazing into the open fire and building air-castles. Now and then I manage, through the blessing of the Red Gods, to put a solid foundation under some ichthyic air-castle; but for the most part they remain intangible and evanescent, though I enjoy to the full their construction from the materials of which dreams are made. Just the same, these days I want to handle the tools of our craft. This is the season when dyed-in-the-wool followers of Walton set their tackle houses in order, not preparatory to crossing the Great Divide but to heavenly fishing on this side the Styx.

Getting ready for fishing, setting your tackle-house in order, does assuage that old spring-fret to a remarkable degree. The user of the steel rods will want to go over them carefully, and if of the enameled variety, re-enamel them if badly marred. Consult your tackle-dealer as to what enamel to use, for a poor grade is poor stuff. Much depends upon how the rods have been used, for a careful fisherman will handle a rod for a number of seasons without even breaking the enamel anywhere, while others can not handle one for half a day without marring. In the matter of wood-rods, the case is considerably different, as the Dutchman said, "A horse of some more color." Go over your wood rods carefully, replacing worn guides and windings, re-setting ferrules that are loose, replacing agates that are cracked or missing, in fact, wholly re-conditioning and re-varnishing them if necessary. As to the how of varnishing, see last month's issue of this magazine where I went into the matter with some particularness. I know of nothing which pays the angler greater dividends than caring for his rods with meticulous fidelity. Neither am I acquainted with anything that will so satisfy his thirst for angling activities at this wishing, or witching, season.



"O. W." answering the Red God's call.

There are the reels, too, they should be given the once over. Perhaps there is no single item in the angler's equipment which suffers the out and out abuse that the reel does. How many fishermen are in the habit of thoroughly cleaning their winches from time to time during the open season? Yet reels are being continually sent back to the manufacturers because "out of order," "faulty in workmanship," "utterly worthless," etc., etc., for no other reason under the sun than because their users failed to give them requisite care. Take them apart, thoroughly clean and oil. If any part shows undue wear, replace it. Reels, good reels, are so well made these days that if parts show unusual wear it generally means that the angler has been remiss in care. When tempted to find fault with your winch, count the casts you make in five minutes, then multiply by average footage, say fifty or sixty feet and four a minute; then multiply by the approximate number of hours spent fishing during the open season and be astonished that you have any reel left, much less that the level-winder stutters a bit. When your reel is in apple-pie order, give it a treatment with your wife's silver polish just to have it laugh brightly up into your face.

Speaking of abusing a reel, let me retell an old story. Now I am a lover of reels for their own sake and am in nowise ashamed of it: I can potter with them and admire them by the hour. Well, I have one original Meek, beautiful enough to adorn miladi's dressing-table, perfect enough to challenge a jeweler's admiration. Taking a friend out bass casting one day and wishing to do him signal honor, I handed him that beloved winch and told him to slip it under his reel-bands. Imagine my astonishment, chagrin and anger when he calmly dropped it in the sand! Now when one of my reels picks up a grain of sand anywhere, I lay it one side until I have time and opportunity to give it a thorough cleaning. My reels give me long and efficient service; in fact, I still possess the first reel I purchased, and it cost exactly sixty-nine cents!

There are the fly-books and their contents, to engage our attention. Every single fly should be handled and tested for strength, while bedraggled and worn fa-

vorites should be relegated to the Saints' rest. Never allow a frayed, worn or disreputable counterfeit presentment to remain in the book after the spring house-cleaning. Where wet flies hold sway, a frayed leader spells disaster as surely as a worth-while fish connects up. It is high time to replenish your stock for summer fishing, for he who dallies until ready to set forth on his pilgrimages must needs take whatever he can get. As the early bird is said to gobble the worm, so the early fly-buyer is the bird that gets the pick of the stock. Personally I like to order from catalogues, and I can fritter away many a long March evening mooning over a beautiful catalogue such as the tackle-makers are getting out these days.

The tackle-case, or box, itself comes in for a modicum of attention. Everything is dumped out upon the table and gone over with the ruthlessness of a wartime Hun. Do not leave a questionable jim-crack in the box, and if the box is honing for it, it receives a coat of enamel. Oh, there is abundant leisure for all this now, but open season lurks just beyond the new-formed snow banks and it stands the forehanded rodster in good stead to keep at the pain-alleviating job until everything is in absolute apple-pie order. I have not touched upon all you will find demanding attention, for tackle-house cleaning is like unto the other variety of house cleaning, each completed job suggests and introduces us to another.

A moment ago I mentioned the used flies' "Saints' rest." I have such a bourne from which no fly ever returns. In it are found those flies which have rendered a good account of themselves, have been "in," and in at the finish of good fish. When a fly has brought leviathan to net it should be retired forthwith and tagged with day and date of historic deed. Think of the joy of handling over such an array of veterans, reliving each glorious moment, re-experiencing the thrills that sent the throbbing heart into throat to choke back explosive words. In my "Saints' Rest" are flies from famous fishermen, men who have conquered a great fish, and knowing of my hobby, have sent on the veterans to me for honorable preservation.

Oh, I dwaddle away a lot of time over my tackle, and I possess more of it than a married man should. Wonder that my piscatorial partner does not throw the whole kit and caboodle into the furnace some time, actuated by a very justifiable fit of jealousy. I imagine she has been tempted to do that thing more than once, but the very extent of my collection has made it look like quite a job; indeed he, or she, who would undertake to destroy my tackle-chums would let himself into something of a job. I forget all anxiety for the opening of the season, assuaging my thirst with tackle pottering.

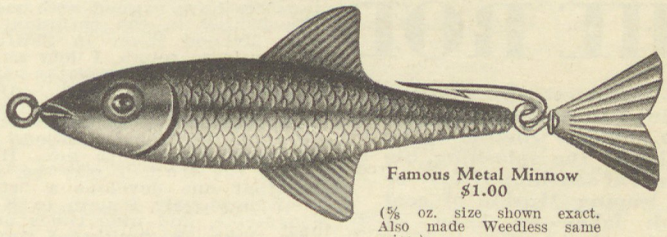
THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of Outdoor America. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

IT WAS A "DOGGY"

Dear O. W.: When fishing in deep water for lake trout in Trout Lake, which lies just north of Lake Vermilion in St. Louis County, Minn., one often brings up an ungainly fish with a dorsal fin extending back to the tail, like that of an eel. This critter has a smooth dappled side and looks like a cross between a trout and a catfish. The natives call him "lawyer," and say he is poison. Can you help me label him?
—T. R. P., Ia.

Dwight Palmer, his Bass limit and the bait

TIN LIZ

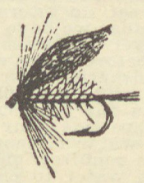


Famous Metal Minnow
$1.00
(⅝ oz. size shown exact. Also made Weedless same price.)

Mr. Palmer, nationally known Ohio angler, writes from Orlando, Florida:

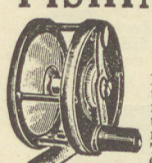
"Picture shows the legal limit, caught in a short time at Lake Apopka. The old-timers down here say the Bass are not biting yet. Your Tin Liz gets them anyway! Most casters here use wood minnows, but I have proved the superiority of your single hook metal minnow, fishing against several famous fishermen. Also these Florida Bass put up a good fight, when not all tangled up with treble hooks."

FRED ARBOGAST
(*World's Champion Bait Caster*)
3 BARWELL ST. AKRON, OHIO

Flies  Flies

Our Celebrated Wet Trout Flies, on Looped Gut, or on Eyed Hooks. Size 12, 45c; Size 10, 50c; Size 8, 55c per dozen. Dry Flies on Looped Gut, or on Eyed Hooks. Size 12, 70c; Size 10, 75c; Size 8, 80c per dozen.
Catalogue of Flies, Leaders, Rods, Reels, Lines, etc., Post Free.
Trade Supplied at Wholesale Prices
WHITE BROTHERS
61 Lord St. Liverpool, England

FISHING TACKLE



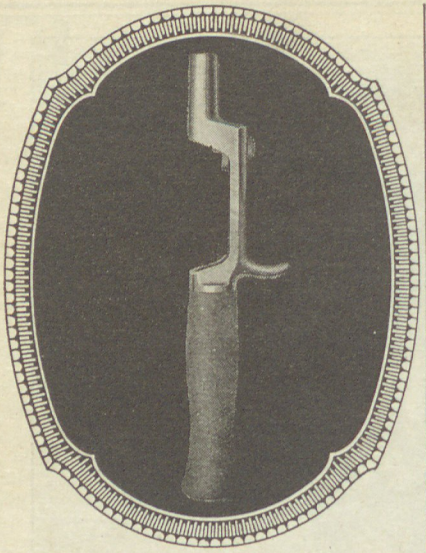
Deal Direct With the Manufacturers

Ever since 1867, we have continuously manufactured the world's most famous line of fine fishing tackle. Edw. vom Hofe tackle is regularly tested on the Salmon, Trout and Bass grounds in Maine, Canada and elsewhere; on the Tuna and his brethren in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia; on the Tarpon in tropical seas. We pride ourselves in knowing how to make fine tackle for expert anglers—who well know that dependable tackle is the first essential to complete angling enjoyment. Yet our prices, quality considered, are notably reasonable—without exception!

Edward vom Hofe & Co.
96 Fulton Street New York City

Frog Wiggler $1.00 Little Egypt Wiggler 75¢
Shimmy Wiggler $1.00 Oriental Wiggler $1.00
Shimmyette Fly Rod Wiggler 50¢
Bass, musky or fly rod Pork Rind Strips 45¢ jar
AL. FOSS
2891 East 79th Street CLEVELAND, OHIO

HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS
Have you seen Hildebrandt's new HINTS with new ideas on using Hildebrandt baits for any kind of fishing?
It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued—not a dry line in it—lots of pictures. Free to you. Tell us where to send it.
John J. Hildebrandt Co., 932 High St., Logansport, Ind.



THE FISH *and* THE ROD

THE Greatest thing about fishing is,—after all,—the Fish. But, whether your hobby be the splashing, big mouth of southern rivers—or the leaping Muskie of cool north lakes—we know of nothing that makes or mars the sport so quickly as, the Rod.

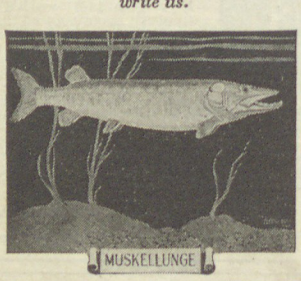
And so we find thousands of skilled fishermen who now carry but one rod—and that a True Temper. They claim that this rod with its one piece tip of rapier steel and the offset reel seat handle, (shown above) which locks the reel in place and gives a wonderful balance to the whole, is the greatest fish subduer of all time.

May we send you our latest catalog?

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY
Sporting Goods Division
General Offices: Cleveland, Ohio

The Toledo

Finished in black nickel or special "Afco" with Genuine Agate Guides and Tip Top. Price $15 at your dealers. If he cannot supply you, write us.



TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

Sir: The fish to which you refer is a bowfin **(Amia calva)**, called variously mudfish, dogfish, bowfin, grindle, "John A. Grindle," lawyer, poisson de marias, and perhaps others. Is common in the Middle West, numerous in the Great Lakes and sluggish waters from Minnesota to Virginia, Florida and Texas. I doubt very much if the flesh is poisonous, though commonly regarded as unfit for food, being peculiarly soft and pasty. Perhaps there is no fresh water fish quite so "gamey" as the dogfish, and one can well feel proud of himself when he brings a six-pounder to net. I fish for them just because it is such sport to do battle with them, and then they are very destructive of other fishes, I sometimes think one of the greatest foes our good table and game fish has. I could spin interesting yarns about taking dogfish if I could use the space, and so I imagine could every Middle West fisherman.—O. W.

HOW IT STARTED

"What are those holes in the wood?"
"Those are knot holes."
"They **are** holes! Don't you think I know a hole when I see it?"

COMPLIMENT AND COMMENT

Dear O. W.: I did enjoy your delightful article in the December number of Outdoor America. I want to thank you for saying, "Honestly I can seldom tell just how a fish is hooked, what marks the difference between successful striking and unsuccessful." Numbers of anglers have argued with me regarding fly fishing in the turbulent waters of the McLeod River in California. The water is so rough, I defy anyone to see a fish strike, and to strike after you feel him hit, means no fish. After several unsuccessful attempts I apparently got the hang of it, as I have many times proved by the speckled beauties I brought home with me. However far from the truth I may be, my opinion is that one develops a "sixth sense." Subconsciously I seem to KNOW when to strike, and nine times out of ten I am right. So you see I want to thank O. W. for corroborating my experience. —J. D., Calif.

Sir: I think you have hit it, successful hooking **is** a sort of "sixth sense." There is just one school for the angler, one way of acquiring hooking skill, and that is through experience. Sir somebody or other learned how to swim by copying the movements of a frog in a bowl of water, but history does not inform us whether or not he ever ventured into the water himself. I have all the respect in the world for "Schools of Casting" and "authorities," the shelves of my library bend under the weight of the latter, but after all, experience alone brings skill: then, wonder of wonders, we don't know how we do it!—O. W.

ANOTHER TROUT FISHER SPEAKS

Dear O. W.: I have read your many articles on fish and fishing with a great deal of interest, an interest possibly intensified because we have both fished the Peshtigo River in Wisconsin. I fished the stream before there were any dams, being a fly-fisherman exclusively, using light tackle, and many flies, though my preference is for hair creations. Now that there are so many dams on the stream, the water released or saved as the situation requires, one never knows the stage of water to expect; then the sudden flooding changes food conditions as well as stage of water, temperature, etc. Of late years I begin my fishing at about 4 P. M. and continue sometimes until 10 o'clock. I use everything I have in my book and my best skill, but somehow I fail to connect with the big fellows, though they "boil" close to my flies. When I cast to a rising fish, he pays no attention, but rises further off. The thing is getting on my nerves! During late July and August, a sort of Green Bay fly is quite prevalent on the Peshtigo, both a small and large variety, of a tan or brownish color, and on warm evenings the air is just full of them but the fish do not seem to feed upon them, taking something invisible upon the surface. I have stood upon a rock, making not over a dozen casts an hour, in the most likely places and often into the very circle of a rise without result.—A. J. K., Mich.

P. S.—Since writing the above the January issue of Outdoor America arrived, and as per usual, I turned at once to your article, and lo, it is almost a complete answer to my questions. However, I am sending this on, for it may be that you will have something to say which can better be said in a private letter.—A. J. K.

Sir: "What about "great minds," etc., now! I have had the same experience and am as far from a solution as you. Naturally we are not giving those fellows what they want, that's sure. It is not all a matter of skill either, though the flies must be placed naturally. I know that a great many anglers succeed under such conditions with large flies, even salmon sizes, but I somehow have had best results with midges. I shall be glad for comments on the above. One important point is the change in water levels brought about by opening and closing the dams, and yet we hear some men say that dams will not interfere with trout fishing! The fishing on the Peshtigo River is far from what it was before the dams were constructed. With no fish-ways, with a constant changing of water levels, what can we expect?—O. W.

COME FILL THE BOWL

"So you really want me to visit you?"
"Yes, you must drop in. I've been terribly lonesome since my goldfish died."

THREE FLIES, NOT ON YOUR LIFE!

Dear O. W.: Kindly give me the three flies you would select if limited to that number.—N. M., Mex.

Sir: I can't think of myself as being limited to three flies, though of course I have my favorites. Just which particular pattern would take first place in my affections it is hard to say right now, though I guess it would have to be Royal Coachman. For second place I am more at sea still. Until the last three or four years it would have been Wickham's Fancy, though recently Brown Hackle has been crowding the Wickham hard, I don't know but that it has been a bit more successful, the Brown Hackle, the last two years. For third choice I guess I will still settle on Black Prince. But as I said, I don't want to be limited to three. I want Pale Evening Dun when the shades o' night are falling and the sky is clear; then, when everything else fails, I want a Scarlet Ibis or Parmachene Bell to scare them into rising!—O. W.

IT AIN'T BORN YET, BROTHER

Dear O. W.: Please give me the title of the very best book on fly fishing for trout?—F. H., N. H.

Sir: The book is yet to be written. I thank the Red Gods that no one can say the last word on the subject, that the best book stiil is to be written. I like Shaw's "Fly Fishing and Spinning," and his "The Science of Fly Fishing for Trout." Southard's two books, "Trout Fly Fishing in America," and "The Evolution of Trout and Trout Fishing in America," are good, but he is a bit dogmatic, and not always, in my opinion, are his conclusions well founded. Skues' "The Way of a Trout With a Fly" is very good. LaBranche's, "The Dry Fly and Fast Water," is splendid. Hill's, "A History of Fly-Fishing for Trout," is a good historic work. Oh, there are scores and scores of books on the subject, but the best one is still in process of gestation.—O. W.

A GOOD STUDENT

A certain fisherman's son in a recent written examination, thus defined "volcano." "A mountain with a hole in the top, and if you look down the hole you can see the creator smoking."

Anything you want to know about fishing? Ask O. W. Smith

Trout Angling in Clear Water

By Alastair Macandrew

As brook trout locally are too small to write home about, and rainbows although bonny fighters, are none too frequent; the Salmo Fario, or common brown trout, is the fellow that provides the bulk of the sport around Buffalo.

He is known as the brown trout of Europe, the yellow trout of Scotland; but there is no streak of yellow in his make-up.

From early boyhood until this year of grace, I have keenly sought his company; and many happy fights we've had together.

Many years of trout angling have taught me that I have still much to learn; but I did pick up one or two elementary facts.

The brown trout improves on closer acquaintance, so—first of all—get familiar with his habits, where he lives days, and where he spends his nights.

Find out the kind of water in which he feeds, and study his favorite bill of fare.

He shifts his quarters several times daily; is in different places at different times of the season, and at various stages of the water.

To get within casting range, you therefore must imitate the approach of the red Indian; kneel, even if you don't pray; lie down flat if the sun is bright, for one flicker of a rod shadow on the water and all your lures are useless.

Foxy is he and wary. Ever on guard and always the shyest of fish.

He lies with his snout up-stream, so approach him from the rear, fishing up. When hooked, pull him down-stream, don't disturb the unfished water above him; for his brothers may still be hungry.

For sweet sport's sake, play him to the limit; give him a fifty-fifty chance; he is a gallant battler and deserves it.

My favorite rods run from ten to eleven feet, suitable for fly or light bait casting: light, stiffish, yet with powerful action.

Watch your line coming down stream and strike when it stops running, let it be snag, or may it be fish!

Learn to cast accurately and continuously, with as short a line as may serve to keep you out of sight. Have your leaders as fine as you can handle, at least six and preferably nine feet long, of tapered gut.

The different lures intelligently handled, give different results. Fly fishing —especially with several flies on the leader—does not demand such a thorough knowledge of the location of the fish and yields probably the largest number of trout per day's fishing, with a fairly low average weight per fish.

Worm fishing, handled scientifically, secures the heaviest average weight. But not with 9-inch crawlers. No, sir! Little fellows, two to three inches long, the pink marsh worm, or the black headed worm with cream colored body, which have been my personal guests for three weeks in damp moss—all clean, tough and lively.

Cast them like a fly, with just a speck of lead or even none at all.

Replace broken or water-logged worms immediately and strike firmly and promptly on the rise. Give brownie a second till you gauge his weight, and if you want him badly enough, keep that line tight!

The spinner, natural minnow, and crab or crayfish, usually account for the heaviest single fish.

During the past season every fish I examined had been feeding freely on crab, not only tender soft-shells, but big armored bronze warriors with claws like vises.

Fearful and wonderful are some of the artificial flies I have seen used, yet I have found that, say, one dozen patterns, with about half of them spiders or soft hackle flies, will do as much real business as fifty different patterns.

The experience of other trout anglers may not jibe with mine, but I can state frankly, that with worm alone, fished as I have described, I can kill just as many trout over the entire season as are good for any one angler, and, at that, I'm well content.

When brownie is feeding he does so

Now!

Bull's-Eye casting is the demand

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Straight-shooting Level Wind Reel

BIG Boys raiding in the shallows. Splash and surge of pursuit and strike. Does it stir you to action?

Now! Hit that ripple right in the bull's-eye. Put your best bait just where he'll grab it. Sock that fish and sock him right! With your sharp-shooting Meisselbach Bull's-Eye Level Wind Reel No. 100.

Fish and *catch* something. Get the thrills—show results—eat hearty! Prompt and accurate casting with the Bull's-Eye makes up for a lot of time-killing between feeding spells.

Ample in size, holding plenty of line.

Light, yet strong. Pillars deep-anchored in Permo end plates, prevents any wrack or twist —grind the Big Ones in!

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THE flash of a brilliant fly above swirling waters, then —a fighting, silvery body at the end of a tautened line! You get this thrill in abundance with Jamison Barbless Hook Flies. Sportsmanlike—effective—humane.

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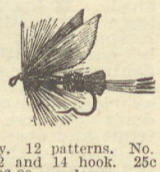
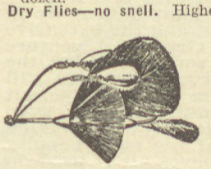


Wet Flies—to gut. Highest quality. 24 patterns. No. 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 hook. 20c each or $2.40 per dozen.

Dry Flies—no snell. Highest quality. 12 patterns. No. 8, 10, 12 and 14 hook. 25c each or $2.80 per dozen.



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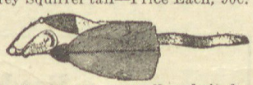

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For Trout Fly Fishing, the popular Rods are:—

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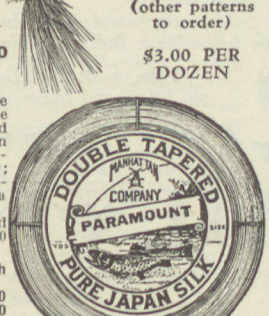

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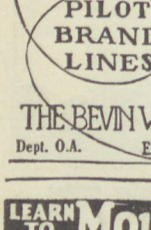

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in the riffles, in the strong currents at the heads and tails of pools, and also in shallow streamy water, more especially if there is a ripple of wind upon it. When he is sunk in deep pools he does not seem inclined to feed readily, therefore, unless you can afford to waste time catching suckers or are just plain crazy over big fish, skip the pools and keep on hoofing it along the flowing feeding water.

Personally, I would rather take ten to twenty trout to a ten pound creel, than three trout which weigh ten pounds. There's more sporting pep in the medium sized fish. They are harder battlers for their weight and surprisingly easy to lose!

When the creeks are at their lowest summer levels, down to the merest, clearest trickle, the trout are still there. But not in the shallow riffles. Engineer your lure under over-hanging banks or bushes, around rocks or sunken logs, and let nothing distract your attention from your job just then. One cast in each likely spot is about all the conditions will permit. Make it accurately and lightly. Strike sharply when your lure ceases to travel, or when you feel a fish, and great shall be your reward!

While up-stream fishing has ever appealed to me as the most certain and deadly method, yet once a great light dawned upon me that on very brushy streams, with lots of cover for the angler, fishing down-stream by letting the current carry the lure under banks and brushes, not striking too hurriedly, will also bring results. But then the odds are with the trout. He has the weight of the current in his favor. He positively refuses to be dragged upstream, and he has a most intimate knowledge of where the snags and drifts are, so that you may expect to lose about five out of ten fish hooked under these conditions.

Early on frostless mornings, from dawn till sunup, or on evenings from sundown till dark, are the hours of the day when most of the brown trout feed in earnest.

A very little rise in the creek, after several weeks of dry weather, is a free gift of a heavy basket to the observing angler.

There's lot of talk about "fisherman's luck." Well, to guarantee for yourself the best of permanent luck, here's a few hints:

See that you are equipped with ample store of spare leaders, flies and hooks, all in good shape. If you want to fish with worms or crabs, bring some of your own. Make sure of future sport in plenty by letting at least some of the six-inch babies go free till next year. Also, don't forget to wear your Izaak Walton League button and carry your license.

There should exist a certain courtesy amongst the angling fraternity. When you see an angler lying on his stomach, making a long and difficult cast in a favorite spot, detour right then! Don't charge down upon him bellowing, "How's luck?" Wait until he quits casting, before you give him the high sign.

When going trout fishing, keep in mind the farmer's point of view. It's his land, you know, and he is your host when you angle. If his land is worth fishing over it's worth asking his permission to do so. Respect the fences, crops and trees, and be canny with your fires. Keep your fishing parties small, don't descend on the creek by the dozen. The farmer may overlook one or two anglers, but crowds don't enthuse him any. Incidentally, trout and crowds don't ever mix well.

Owing to the large annual increase in the number of anglers, and the extensive stocking of suitable streams, I venture to predict that at a very early day the property owners in rural districts will pick and choose whom they will permit to fish on their farms. There is even now a strong and ever-growing feeling to that effect on all of the most popular creeks, so that it behooves all of us, who hope for future sport, to extend courtesy and kindliness to the farmer and to give him the square deal to which he is undoubtedly entitled.

Read
"The Extermination of the Black Bass"
page 17

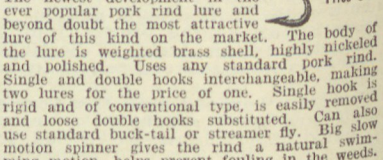
THREE *New* LURES *for* THIS YEAR

THE NEW WIGL-Y-RIND

Nickel Finish
Series No. S10
Weight ⅝ oz.
Price 85c

The newest development in the ever popular pork rind lure and beyond doubt the most attractive lure of this kind on the market. The body of the lure is weighted brass shell, highly nickeled and polished. Uses any standard pork rind. Single and double hooks interchangeable, making two lures for the price of one. Single hook is rigid and of conventional type, is easily removed and loose double hooks substituted. Can also use standard buck-tail or streamer fly. Big slow motion spinner gives the rind a natural swimming motion, helps prevent fouling in the weeds. A guaranteed killer.

THE NEW LUCKY MOUSE



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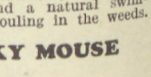
FLY-ROD MOUSE



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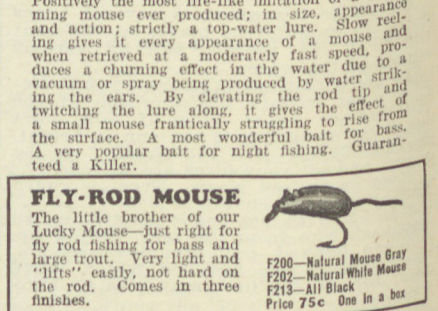

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Up Where the Muskies Grow Tall

(Continued from page 10)

shores and the pockets as though tapping his memory for records of muskies still afloat. Thus the day slipped into the afternoon. Thick and fast came the great northern pike to the feast but no lordly greater member of the family *Esox* laid teeth into our glittering lures.

Just when one least expects it comes the something that causes the hair to rise just a wee bit on the head and sends a thrill wavering down one's spine: that is, when you are fishing Sabaskong Bay. It was somewhere I believe in the neighborhood of Cyclone Island (I may be wrong!) anyhow it was somewhere in a most inviting place where there was a point of bald rock jutting out with a neat little reedy bay tucked in off the side of it. Spat! I cast a heavy spoon to the point of rock. *Whang!* A musky cleared the water and with eyes flashing and mouth wide open he pounced full on that glittering lure of mine with its fancy red and white bucktail. Then the hook was set; and Ole gave directions.

It may be that some experts are able to land a musky fifteen minutes after the hook has been set in his jaw. I have heard of this being done and I have landed some muskies in other waters in much the same time. But far be it that a Sabaskong musky is landed in that amount of time. Not so that you would notice it! A Sabaskong musky fights for his life to the last ditch; he will snub the line and will tower time and again; he will make wild, frantic runs that will fairly eat the line off the reel barrel and only when the last ounce of energy is spent will he permit himself to be rounded in. Wonderful, wonderful Sabaskong fighters!

The *modus operandi* involved in putting the quietus to a musky in Lake of the Woods is to exhaust the fish. A guide on Lake of the Woods looks with terrible contempt upon the man who shoots a fish regardless of its length and weight. The man who would gaff a fish has no standing whatever. In all cases the canoe is paddled around in a circle while the fish is tuckered out, then when the opportunity permits the canoe is raced for a smooth rock slipping comfortably out of the lake waters and there the fish is reeled up to be beached.

Came the moment when Ole slipped on what he terms his musky gloves the while I reeled the fish toward the gently sloping rock; Ole bent low, the line slipping through his fingers. Now he bends forward; the fish appears; a grab at the leader; a hand at the gills and the fish is threshing the water in a last grand struggle. Now comes Ole carrying the prize up and we know for certain that beyond all vestige and peradventure of doubt the fish is won. Thirty-two pounds he weighs—thirty-two pounds of energy that is only harnessed if the hook holds and the line is unimpaired. Even as I seize the spoonhook I notice with horror that it is unclasped on the shaft.

As I write these lines with a portable typewriter on my knees, bound as we are for the waters of the Gulf for a winter of piscatorial investigations, I find myself harking back to those events just past. I have a picture of Sabaskong Bay in my mind, island-studded and washed in the pure sun of the North. And suddenly I see again a great tail rear leisurely on high, at least a foot in width! Or I see a great musky forging in hot pursuit after my spoon, back half out of water and jaws wide. And I hear Ole—"That's him. That's him! Forty-five pounds!"

That's why we always go back.

Granger Rods
FOR FLY AND BAIT FISHING

Washington Fisherman Lands Big Steelhead with GRANGER Rod

"My Granger Tournament Fly Rod has been used only one season, but it has seen some heavy and continuous service. I caught a 26½-inch, 4½-pound steelhead with this rod this year. I have fished for over 20 years and have used a lot of rods. This is the first Granger I have ever used and, aside from its beauty, it is the best balanced and snappiest rod I ever had in my hands."

H. E. SYKES
57 East Main St.,
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SPLITTING BAMBOO
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GRANGER Rod prices range from $10 to $50—Send today for catalog in colors

GOODWIN GRANGER CO.

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All genuine GRANGER Rods have the name "Granger" on the Reel Seat
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE—If your Dealer cannot supply you—we will

A New South Bend Split Bamboo Rod No. 16 to sell at $15.00

CAL JOHNSON, noted outdoorsman, uses South Bend Rods.

The angler who takes pride in bait-casting with a truly fine rod, beautifully hand-fashioned and finished, will appreciate this new South Bend No. 16.

He will appreciate the "feel" of this rod—its perfect balance—its resiliency and light whippy action with the assurance that strength is in-built for retrieving high poundage. Of selected split-bamboo . . . rich brown finish, silk wrapped in two colors. Nickel silver trimmings. Genuine agate guides and top. Equipped with new South Bend Positive Thread-Lock Reel Seat. And, priced most moderately at $15. Write for Catalog.

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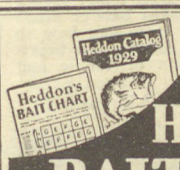
Fly Tying, Rod & Lure Making Materials & Supplies
Tools, Instruction Books, Etc.

Now's the time to get ready. Start making and repairing your own tackle, and it sure will add to the fun next time you go fishing to play them on your own make. Send for free catalog of complete line of fishing tackle.

J. F. WILLMARTH, Roosevelt, N. Y.



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You'll catch more fish if you give 'em what they want when they want it. Handy chart for your tackle box tells just what bait to use on a dark day in a weedy lake, or on a bright sunny day in deep water. What to use in late summer when big ones lie in the deep holes. Get the benefit of all that the most successful fishermen have learned about fish habits. Chart is for all kinds of fish—Bass, Pike, Pickerel, Muskies, Lake Trout, etc. Send for Free copy and Heddon's 1929 Catalog today.

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The old reliable. Several sizes. Regular, $1; Jointed, $1.25; Babv, $1. An all-year fish getter.

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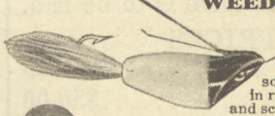

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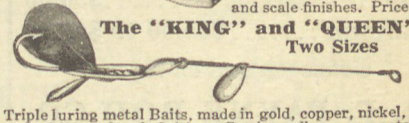
The "KING" and "QUEEN" Two Sizes



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showing over 300 flies and lures in natural color. Fly casting instructions, etc.

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PRICES

Bait.....$38.00
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Salmon.....$65.00 to $68.00

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With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It
Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut

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Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

GENEVA CLUB HOLDS INDOOR TOURNAMENT

We had a very enthusiastic meeting at the Annual Get-Together banquet and tournament of the Geneva Casting Club. We take great pleasure in reporting that three members of the newly formed Pittsburgh club were also with us, Mr. C. W. Ward, President, Mr. W. B. Perry and Mr. Kennedy. Our old friends, Fred Arbogast and his wife, Bob Caldwell and wife, and Ted Warman of Akron were also with us and of course six or eight members of the Cleveland Club including President Buckwalter and wife and National Association President Andy Trimble and wife.

The interest in the indoor tournament game in Geneva is indicated by the fact that 94 sat down to dinner on this occasion and following the dinner two games of 5/8 oz. accuracy were run off with an entry list of 37. The entertainment feature of the dinner was an impersonation of Will Rogers by our own Andy Trimble. Needless to say it brought a big hand. During the tournament Andy also gave us some very excellent impersonations of some noted casters. We are attaching hereto the scores of the top men by which you will also note that Andy got away with the top score in the tournament. Another popular feature of the evening's entertainment was a balloon breaking contest in which Fred Arbogast broke ten balloons to Ted Warman's eleven. Officers for the coming year are Russell A. Kent, President, Charles A. Kelly, Secretary and Treasurer.

One feature of this meeting we would like to pass along to other clubs that may have the space for indoor casting and that is that 5/8 ounce accuracy played indoors as the Geneva Club handles it has been the means of stirring up a great deal of interest in the tournament game. We meet every Friday evening from 7:30 on and sometimes run off as high as four and six 5/8 oz. accuracy events in an evening. The early part of the evening is devoted to practice and instruction to beginners. One other suggestion we would like to make to clubs taking up the indoor stunt is the matter of targets. We have been most successful with a sheet iron target, regulation diameter, the edges rounded over a ring of 3/8 inch round iron and any weight touching this target gives off a metallic noise which makes it easier for the judge and is a source of satisfaction to know of a certainty that the weight hits the target. Particularly as with the ordinary ring the weight makes the same sound striking the floor inside of the ring as outside which makes it difficult to judge. These metal rings or pans are all painted the same color, white with a black circle, eight inches in diameter, and numbered from one to five. We have used a variety of targets since the beginning of our indoor game and find that the above described metal ones work out to best advantage.

Other clubs who have the space will find that the indoor game will get a large number of beginners started who will not otherwise cast in the summer season.

J. K. Kinnear.

CLEVELAND HOLDS ANNUAL MEETING TO DISCUSS NATIONAL TOURNAMENT

AT the annual banquet and business meeting of the Cleveland Casting Club, Dec. 18th, at the Sovereign Hotel, Cleveland, the following officers for 1929 were elected: W. J. Buckwalter, President; Dr. C. W. Marriott, Vice-President; W. T. Melcher, Secretary; Geo. S. Lockwood, Treasurer.

The main topic of discussion was the 1929 National Tournament. One of the pleasing features of the meeting was the pledging of sufficient funds by members to make the tournament a financial success.

Aug. 30th, 31st and Sept. 1st and 2nd

EDDIE BRADDON SHOWING A CAST IN THE SALMON

This does not look very difficult if one notes the easy position of the caster as he stands without any effort at the finish of a long cast of between 140 and 150 feet. It is quite easy for Eddie, anyway, but look at Wade Shrum doing all the work. That is what the picture shows but ask the casters which one has perspired.

This is a scene at the casting pool of the Cleveland Club where the next National will be held.

were the dates decided upon. Labor Day falling on the 2nd will give practically three holidays and will no doubt meet with the approval of the majority.

The Cleveland Club submits the following members who made the highest season's average for 1928.

¼ oz. Accuracy Bait, A. A. Trimble.
½ oz. Accuracy Bait, C. W. Marriott.
Salmon Fly, C. E. Braddon.
⅜ oz. Accuracy Bait, A. A. Trimble. New record, 275.65 feet.
¼ oz. Distance Bait, G. S. Lockwood. New record, 99-11.
½ oz. Distance Bait, Al Foss. New Record, 101.2 feet.
⅜ oz. Accuracy Bait, C. E. Braddon.
Accuracy Fly, W. N. Shrum.
Dry Fly Accuracy, C. W. Marriott.
Dry Fly Unknown, C. E. Braddon.
Distance Fly, C. E. Braddon.

FOR AND AGAINST

Considerable interest has been shown from various parts of the country in the replies to Mr. Peters' article in regard to the revision of the rules and to the future program of events. This is a healthy sign and indicates that many casters are thinking of constructive measures that will bring added interest and enthusiasm to the sport of bait and fly casting. Following are excerpts from several letters.

F. J. L.

Dear Mr. Lane:

I have read with considerable interest Mr. Peters' article in the January issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. His proposals, without a doubt, are worthy of serious consideration by all casters, and it is hoped that others will send in articles with opinions.

Since 1920 I have been a regular attendant at National Tournaments with the exception of the one at Portland, and at all these meets the impression has seemed to prevail that we have too many events and that too much tackle is required.

We follow this sport for the pleasure and recreation it offers, and the satisfaction derived from becoming proficient in as many events as possible, but how the majority can become proficient in eleven events is quite some problem, especially considering the limited time most of us have for practice. As to the beginner, it simply bewilders him when he takes a look into the tournament caster's tackle box and rod case and realizes the time and expense necessary to become an "all-round" caster.

Regarding the proposal of the ⅜ oz. weight, we were somewhat curious to know how this weight would function for distance, so one of our boys made some of them from ½ oz. weights by drilling a ¼ inch hole from the point back about three-fourths the length of the weight, and inserting a wooden plug. This weight cast considerably better than the ¼ oz. but it lacked the pull of the ½ oz. On account of this lack of pull, and the popularity of the ½ oz. distance, I am convinced that it will be difficult for any one to sell the idea of replacing the ½ oz. with the ⅜ oz., especially for distance. I do believe, however, that for accuracy the ½ and ⅜ at the distances of 65, 70, 75, 80 and 85 feet would be about on a par.

I will have more along this line to send you later, and in the meantime I hope our Brother Casters will contribute their ideas.

A. A. Trimble,
President, N. A. S. A. C.

Dear Mr. Lane:

Have just read the article by Otto L. Peters in the January issue. Briefly stated we are not in favor of cutting down events or changing weights in any tournament events. If anything let us add more events of the novelty sort if interest needs to be stimulated, but let regulation events for the all-around stand as they are.

Let those that feel the number of events as too strenuous or those not fully equipped for any reason, cast only those events in which they are especially interested. I agree with Mr. Peters that tournament tackle costs money, but half of the sport is collecting, experimenting and scratching to get the price. Then one appreciates the sport. As to cost, look at the alternative sport of trap shooting. You can blow dollars into the air with only the remembrance left. But the pride of possession remains with the investment of good tournament rods and other equipment.

No, the cutting down events will not help the game. It will make it worse—I speak from experience. Our western tournament this year at San Francisco was cut down to eight events with disappointing results so far as the attendance of outside casters was concerned. The little ounce has many friends and when the full program does not appear on the list, these friends stay home. At the business meeting at San Francisco it was agreed for the good of the sport to henceforth cast the full number of events, as is now being done at the National Tournament. That's how we feel about cutting down or changing events.

W. C. Blaska,
Capt., Seattle Casting Club.

Dear Mr. Lane:

The communication of Otto L. Peters in the January issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA has come to my attention, and it is my desire to express my views upon this topic.

It is apparent that the number of events should be reduced in the tournament which establishes the all around championship, but can this not be established by naming certain events in which the entrant must participate rather than to establish an entirely new program?

Two events in any one day in the events in which large numbers take part are sufficient, but some of the events are not so generally played in this locality.

The suggestion made that the events be changed relative to weight is an innovation in the casting program. It is generally agreed that the ¼ oz. events are useless in practical casting for fishermen, but the events themselves call for a greater exhibition of skill in control and accurate vision than any of the others. To me these events classify one as a skilled caster. Could they not be left optional without harm to the tournament? So many casters now possess the equipment for them that to discard these events would be to put all of this tackle aside; a circumstance which would not meet with universal approval.

It does not appeal to most casters to discontinue the use of any tackle, and in fact the more they can use efficiently and the more diversified the events the more success they seem to believe they achieve.

Why change the present ½ oz. events at all except distance of target? Most casters have now acquired suitable tackle for these events. Years of study and of trial have passed, and the best that we can have for these events is not yet acquired. The change in the size of the weight, if any, from the ½ oz. to the ⅜ oz. will be slight and the change of the distances to be cast appeals in a greater degree to most casters than in the size of the weight. Better scores, undoubtedly, will result in the ½ oz. event if the distances are reduced as suggested for the new ⅜ oz. event. The suggestion is to me worthy of consideration, and of the committee on revision of rules and regulations, if such exists, and of the organization in any event.

If the ⅝ oz. distance event is to become one in which strength and "jam" are to be of greater merit than skill in control, nicety of touch, perfect stroke, absolute harmony of every force used in casting the distance

Take Trout With the Dardevle's Imp!

THESE beautiful Trout were taken on the Dardevle's Imp, by J. M. Fabian, of Butte, Montana.

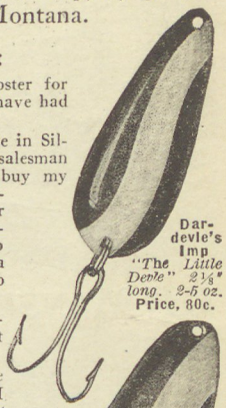
Mr. Fabian writes:

"I am an enthusiastic booster for your Dardevle lures, as I have had great success with them.

"Recently, on a stream here in Silver Bow County, I met a salesman from the store where I buy my tackle. I told him the Dardevle was the lure for Trout, but he seemed skeptical. As he and his two partners had not caught a single fish, I resolved to show him something.

"The photo shows the result, the first one caught right in his presence!

"The Imp size, and the Dardevlet, I use mostly. I have caught Rainbow Trout up to 14 pounds on that little Imp!"



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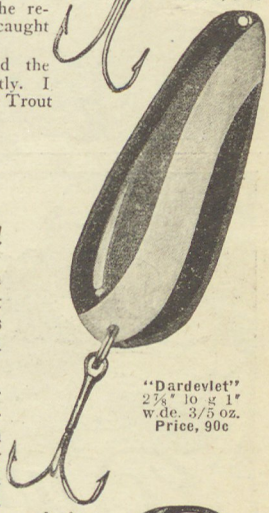
"The Little Devle" 2⅛" long. 2-5 oz.
Price, 80c.



"Dardevlet"
2¾" to 3" wide. 3/5 oz.
Price, 90c

Give the Dardevles a try this year!

TRY the Imp on your Trout fishing trip this year, and get a new thrill.

For your fly-fishing, get acquainted with our Osprey enamel level and double-tapered lines. We freely admit these are among the best lines in the country—and the price is right. Use the coupon and get our catalog.

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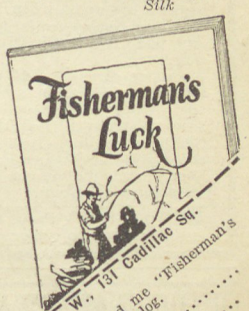

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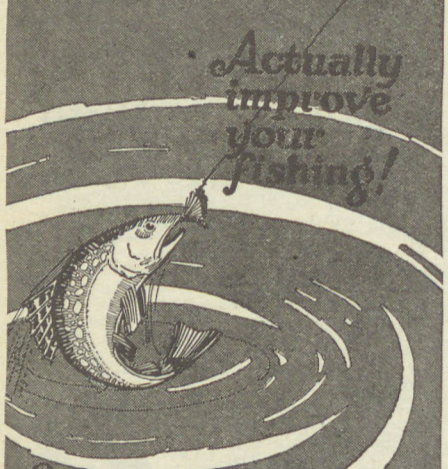
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RODS
Priceless Possessions for Priceless Pleasures

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For you can appreciate the qualities that make a fine sporting instrument.
To you we say—*insist* upon seeing, and getting the "feel" of a Divine Rod before you buy.
No more discussion of materials or skillful workmanship can possibly convey to you the sort of nerve-like sensitiveness, action, and sinuous strength that live in a Divine Rod. Send for catalog. And ask your retailer to show you the Divine Rod you want. If he hasn't that one, he can get it for you. No others are like them.
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as it now is, then the change of rule ought to prevail. If not, the event should remain restricted as it is at present. The present restrictions call out every quality a caster should possess—but when unrestricted, the qualities in this event are changed exceedingly, and the casting fraternity will start on another pursuit for another "perfect" 5/8 oz. distance rod; and who will say that it will not call for another avalanche of descriptions of what really should be used to acquire "that highest degree of perfection."

Personally, the writer agrees that the "all around" calls for too many events in which one must take part. If the number could be reduced and the present schedule retained, the option of eight events permitted, that would not reduce the present demand of tackle, but would permit it, and still let those who have their additional equipment use it if they so preferred.

The change in weight is not particularly needed in the ½ oz. accuracy event, if the distances are reduced, and to permit the 5/8 oz. distance to become unrestricted in the use of line will create another and separate event, aside from what it is at the present time and as now on the program, because it will of necessity demand the development of another rod, reel, and unquestionably another form of line to equalize the change which will be thus created.

Respectfully submitted,
E. E. Cavanaugh,
Fort Dodge Casting Club of Iowa.

The Bite of the Bug

By CLAUDE NASSAU

A SPORTING goods store clerk has my sympathy. In order to sell a dime's worth of hooks, he has to pull down half the stock on the shelves, enter into a discourse on the merits and demerits of a score of baits, assume an attitude of rapt attention, as the customer recites hair raising adventures with giant woozel fish. He has to know when to say "great guns" or "holy smoke," and how. Sometimes I think fishermen get more kick out of talking about fish than catching them and the clerk in the sporting goods store is the goat. He has to listen. To this I owe my introduction to Lake Smith.

Being newly arrived in these parts, and with a flock of time hanging heavy on my hands, I dropped into Harrison's in the guise of a prospective shot-gun purchaser, but really to gas and be gassed.

The first thing that caught my eye was a mounted fish on the counter, tagged thusly:

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS
TAKEN FROM LAKE SMITH
BY
DR. H. G. ASHBURN
WEIGHT 7 lbs. 7 oz.

Mr. Harrison was at that moment being gassed by three men, freshly returned from Lake Smith, and bubbling over with adventure. And such adventure. I gazed into the gun cabinet, seeing nothing, hearing all. They had caught dozens of near record breakers. The biggest one, which true to form had gotten away, must have been a cross between a Bengal tiger and a Missouri mule from the account they gave of the battle he put up.

Be it said here and now that I was no fisherman as you'll discover, but I was suddenly possessed with an overwhelming desire to be one. True, I'd caught catfish and bream back home, but with such monsters as I was henceforth to catch, I'd had no experience. I decided, however, that you'd use the same kind of tackle, only bigger, and accordingly departed some ten minutes later with a stout reed pole, a ball of white cotton line, some sinkers and a dozen prodigous hooks, big enough for sharks.

That afternoon I located a slaughter pen and dug a can of nice fat juicy worms.

Shortly after sunrise next morning, I cautiously lowered a sash-weight anchor beside a likely looking cluster of lily pads in that fisherman's Mecca, Lake Smith, baited one of the miniature anchors with a wad of worms and eased it over the side. Every muscle was tense as I had no doubt that even then, many fish were fighting among themselves for the privilege of being first to bite.

But alas—nothing happened. In half an hour nothing had happened. I decided I'd chosen a bad spot and moved to another. By noon, I'd tried a dozen or more beautiful places with not so much encouragement as a single nibble. Either there were two Lake Smiths or there were some lies out. I weighed anchor and returned to the boat house.

In a boat that had returned just ahead of me, a Negro was stringing fish. Many fish. Huge fish.

I approached one of the men who had gotten out of the boat.

"Howdy," I boomed in my boomiest voice, striving to assume that air of camaraderie I'd heard existed between all knights of the hook and line, "you catch those fish?"

"Yeah," he grunted.

"Where," I asked.

"Back up in those pines on the other bank," he answered, giving me a sarcastic once over.

"Ha-ha-ho-ho," I laughed my best stage laugh. "How?"

"Threw salt on their tails an' hawg tied 'em."

Some months later, there swooped down out of the North, on our boarding house, an athletic looking young man in a high powered car. He hailed from Jersey and had a hankering to catch some Virginia fish. He had his tackle with him, and would I take him fishing. Would I? Heaven sent him. Here was my chance to learn something.

We went.

He stood on the midships thwart and limbered up. The feathers started out in a beautiful arc but had not gone far when they were fetched up so sharply that they fell back in my lap.

It was five minutes before he was ready for another throw. My hat followed the feathers this time. I began getting nervous. Bob proceeded to hit everything in the boat, including himself, until I got so thoroughly alarmed that I huddled as low as possible, determined to say nothing. But when that hook ripped a four inch slit in my shirt and lodged in my shoulder blade, it was too much and I suggested that we go ashore. Bob agreed.

We rode home in silence. We hadn't caught any fish and I, personally, didn't give a happy whoop if I never caught one if it had to be caught at the risk of life and limb. I was through with fishing.

Bob went back to Jersey and down from Richmond came the blight of my life in the person of one Wiley E. Palmer. He settled in the room Bob had vacated and since that time, I've had no peace of mind. He seemed to have nothing to do but fish, and he always brought home the bacon. I accepted his first invitation. He had an

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NEW, FULL FLOATING **AIR-FED MINNOW BUCKET**

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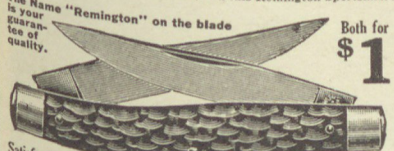

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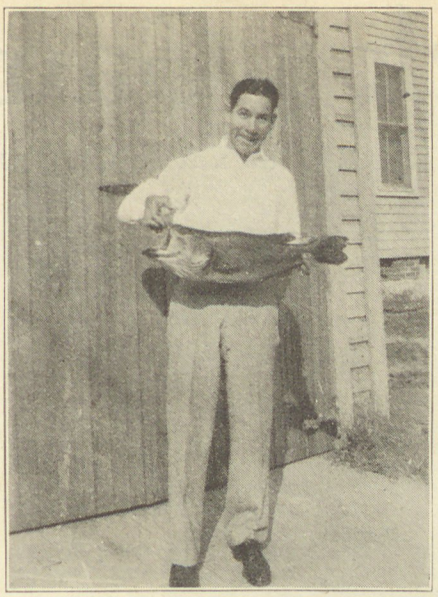

"Eight pounds of fighting bull bass."

extra outfit and would teach me to use it.

Next day we went to Lake Smith, but instead of heading for the middle of the lake, we pulled into a cove and dragged the boat across a road into a smaller lake. I paddled as he cast from the bow, seemingly trying to put the plug as close to the bank as possible without hitting it. And could he handle a bait? Under overhanging brush, at the base of a cypress, between lily pads and crags it would speed with amazing accuracy. Ere long, he had landed and returned to the water, two bass that were undersize, and suggested that I try my hand.

With a little coaching, I learned to get the bait out every fourth or fifth time without a backlash, and finally was rewarded with a strike. How I ever managed to get that fish aboard is more than either of us will ever understand.

That cove must have been literally alive with pike for I got a strike nearly every time I succeeded in getting the bait in the water. Palmer said I must have been of Scotch ancestry, judging from the way I tried to take the bait away from every fish that struck, else the boat would have been loaded. I caught two more, during the afternoon, and Palmer caught twenty. When we returned home that night, I had been badly bitten by the bug and realized that I was a confirmed addict.

During the next twelve months, we visited every fishing hole within a radius of a hundred miles. A dozen times we returned to Lake Smith, but never with any luck. Palmer sometimes caught two or three but I seemed entirely boycotted and we struck Lake Smith off our list.

No matter where we went, Palmer caught six fish to my one. When I went with other fellows, I held my own pretty well, but this guy seemed to charm the fish. They couldn't resist him. He had that certain something called "It" where fish were concerned.

One day last winter we were still fishing for pike, back of the spillway at Stumpy Lake. After Palmer had landed a dozen or more nice ones, my cork made its first bow. It was one of those half hearted nibbles that make you feel like taking the bait away from the fish, but it was my first bite and I let him play with it. The cork moved as it bobbed, straight toward Palmer's cork, which was floating a dozen feet away, until the two of them were side by side. Mine ceased its bobbing,

(Continued on page 61)

MUSTAD Key Brand **Hooks**

Made in Norway.
Used the World over.

THE care you take to be sure you get Mustad Hooks is well repaid. They hook and hold more fish, being made better.

Norwegian fishing, famous the world over for hundreds of years, has developed hook making as nowhere else. Mustad Hooks, the only fish hooks made in Norway, have long led all other makes in world-wide popularity.

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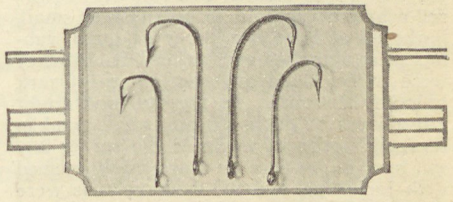
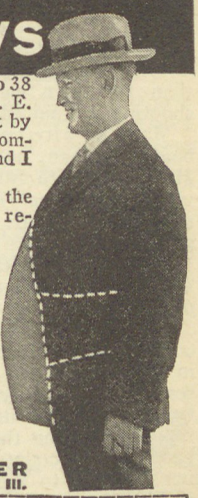


10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days



"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

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Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

By ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Why Our Game Is Scarce

THIS is a subject which has been discussed at great length for the past thirty years, but somehow we don't seem to have improved matters very much.

Each and every one of us has his own ideas as to why our game is diminishing and a remedy for the disease, and each of us wants his own ideas carried out, which of course is impossible, and some of us get so peeved that our schemes are *not* carried out that we simply quit, and say, "What's the use?"

This is the wrong way to go about it, and we should keep "plugging" away, advancing our ideas with the hope that the "powers that be" will be able to gather the loose ends and develop a remedy that will eventually restore our fast diminishing game.

I am willing to admit, though it shames me to do so, that I have not done my share, for as a boy I had no other idea than to kill as much game as I could with no thought of what it meant to future generations.

In those days none of us thought that our plentiful supply of game might vanish, for our woods seemed overrun with squirrel, nearly every field, no matter how small, harbored at least one covey of quail, rabbits were abundant everywhere, wild turkey were to be found anywhere in the Ozark hills of Missouri. In the fall one might kill a mess of ducks on any small pond in the neighborhood, while in the spring any wet spot of an acre or more fairly teemed with jacksnipe, and the drier uplands were covered with plover. The passenger pigeons were numbered by the million, with the buffalo on the Western prairies almost as numerous, to say nothing of the wily prong-horn.

In 1881 the mayor of St. Louis gave me a permit to shoot inside the city limits, West of Vandeventer Avenue (39 blocks, or about 2½ miles from the extreme eastern boundary), and I could, and *did* kill more game on a Saturday afternoon, in what is now the center of the residential district than two men can now bag in a day's shooting a hundred miles from the city.

Many an afternoon, after school, I have bagged as many as a dozen ducks on Kings Highway (50th Street) and Union Boulevard (53rd Street), shooting them on various small ponds on the land of truck gardeners.

On Lindell Boulevard just west of Sarah (41st) Street I have killed many an Upland plover.

As the city built up, very naturally these conditions ceased to exist, and the country in general should not be judged by the scarcity of wild life so close to a large city, but the fact remains that wild animal life is rapidly reaching the vanishing point in all parts of the country, and the condition is not confined to the vicinity of centers of civilization.

I was reared on a twenty-six-acre tract in Kirkwood, twelve miles from St. Louis, and on this small place we had one of the best orchards in the country, apples, pears, cherries and peaches.

We did not know what it was to spray any of these trees, and the fruit was perfect: Why? Because the abundant bird life kept the orchard free from bugs and worms.

Without exaggerating, I believe that as many as two thousand song birds could be seen on this place from spring until fall, while now not more than a hundred birds can be found on the same acreage.

In the beginning nature was in perfect balance. There were enough bugs and worms to take care of the insectivorous birds, and plenty of seeds for the grain eaters, then there were enough predatory birds and animals to keep the others from increasing too fast.

This same arrangement applied to the mammals. In America, which is the country *we* are particularly interested in, the Indians, a race of hunters, did not disturb this balance, as they only killed enough to supply themselves with food and clothing.

The early settlers followed the example set by the Indians, and while they enjoyed the pleasures and thrills of the chase, no more game was killed than was necessary to support life, but as the country became more thickly populated nature was thrown out of balance, and the trouble began.

The passing of the buffalo was something that could not have been avoided. It was simply a case of "the survival of the fittest." The North and South migration was being blocked by the fencing of the country as the West became settled, and had the buffalo not been killed off by the hide hunters they would have starved to death.

The cattlemen of early days realized that the buffalo must be killed off to make room for cattle, and as there was much more profit in the latter the buffalo were sacrificed.

It is true that, at the time, the slaughter seemed ruthless, and the cow men were severely criticized by the humanitarians.

I had a man working for me in Colorado who had helped in the work of extermination, and his description was rather horrible.

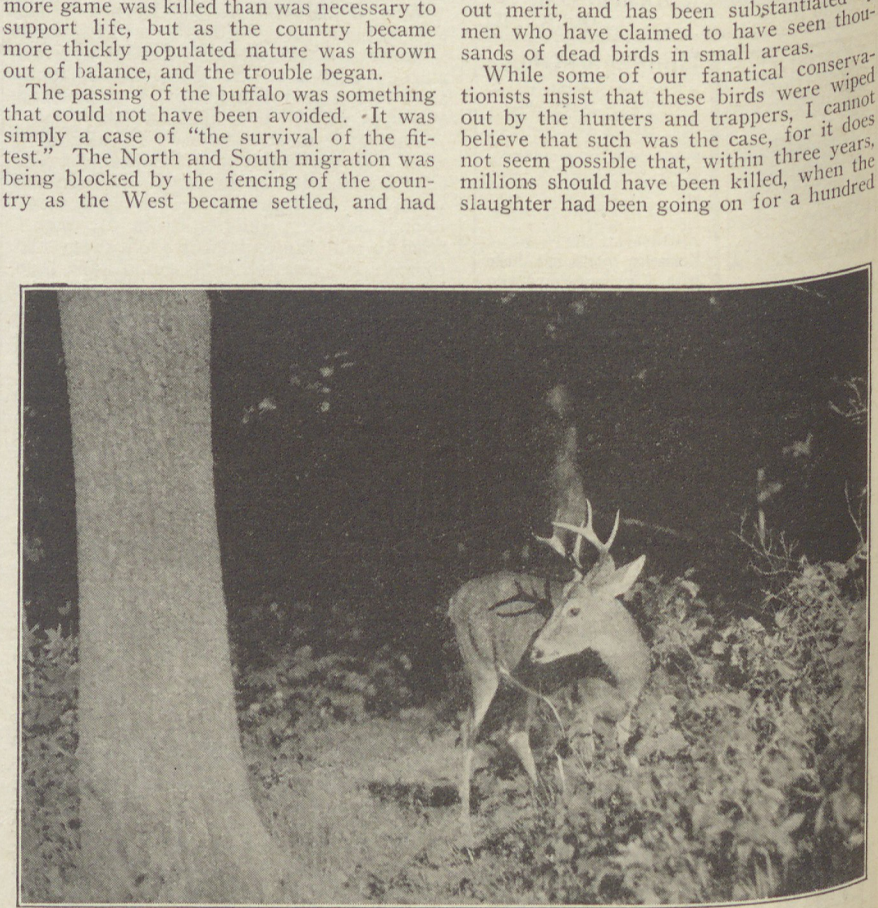
He was employed by a company of hide dealers in Texas to kill buffalo for their hides, and his horses and ammunition were furnished by this company, and he was followed by six skinners, who were kept busy for several weeks.

This man's pay was ten cents per head, and he told me that he made more money than he could by "punching" cows at fifty dollars per month.

Just what happened to the passenger pigeon is an unsolved mystery, for they seemed to have disappeared suddenly, and while many theories have been advanced, none of them have been proven by any facts. The most likely one is that immense flocks were blown out to sea during a hurricane which occurred while the pigeons were making their Southern flight.

Another theory is that the pigeons were exterminated by some disease similar to chicken cholera, and this idea is not without merit, and has been substantiated by men who have claimed to have seen thousands of dead birds in small areas.

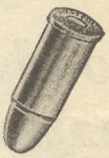
While some of our fanatical conservationists insist that these birds were wiped out by the hunters and trappers, I cannot believe that such was the case, for it does not seem possible that, within three years, millions should have been killed, when the slaughter had been going on for a hundred



"The Department of Fish and Game in each state should be taken out of politics, and a commission form of control be established."

Mr. Harold L. Criger with a 40-point caribou head obtained in open tundra country in Alaska, with Western Ammunition.

Give Your Rifle and Pistol the *Extra* Protection of Western *Lubaloy* Cartridges



WESTERN *Lubaloy* cartridges shoot with championship accuracy. . . . Remarkable killing power is obtained with WESTERN *Lubaloy* Open-point Expanding, Boat-tail and Soft-point bullets . . . Finest smokeless powders and special non-corrosive priming prevent rusting and pitting of the bore . . . But in addition to these advantages *Lubaloy* cartridges keep your gun *free from metal-fouling*. Fragments of metal from ordinary jacketed bullets lodge in the bore as the bullets travel through the rifle at terrific speed. These fragments, or metal-fouling, reduce the accuracy of the arm and are extremely difficult to remove.

How Western Experts Conquered Metal-Fouling

WESTERN metallurgists solved the problem through the development of a special bullet jacket metal known as *Lubaloy*—a patented copper alloy—as tough as steel without being brittle. By using only *Lubaloy* cartridges your gun will shoot straighter and last longer and you will never need to use solvents to scrub out metal deposits.

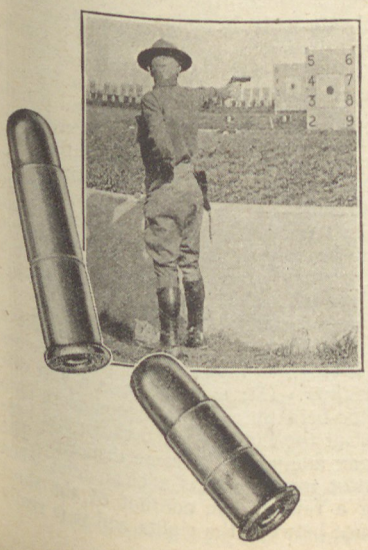
Deadly Accuracy + *Extra* Protection for the Bore. . . . Freedom from Metal-Fouling as well as from Rust, Pitting and Corrosion.

The Choice of Champions and Big-Game Expeditions

Exceptional accuracy and *Lubaloy* bullets have made WESTERN cartridges the choice of champions and of important scientific and big-game expeditions. Hunters are now able to take expensive rifles into the field knowing that the barrel will not be ruined by metal-fouling or corrosion.

Western Leads in Ammunition Development

Many notable ammunition improvements have been made by WESTERN: the deadly *Lubaloy* Open-point Expanding, Boat-tail and Soft-point bullets—*Lubaloy* Super-Police cartridges with amazing stopping power—the *Lubaloy* Marksman .22 L. R. and the straight shooting *Lubaloy* .22 Short; the famous long-range *Super-X* duck load with the Short Shot String; the popular-priced, top-quality *Xpert* shells, and the well-known *Field* shells.



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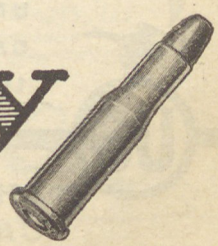

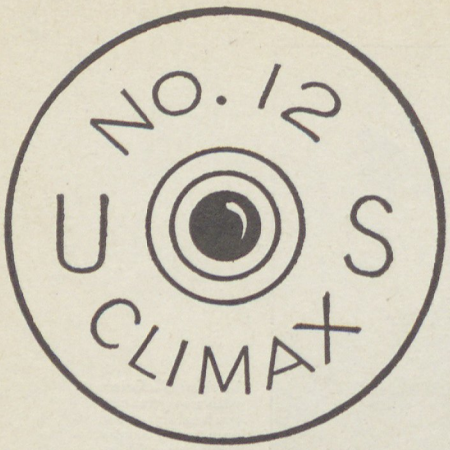

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years, without, apparently reducing the number.

On December 27th, 1879, while hunting in the Meramec bottoms near Kirkwood, Mo., I saw five passenger pigeons which were feeding on acorns.

The birds were quite shy, flushing well out of range, or I might have been guilty of helping out with their extermination.

Owing to the cutting down of vast forests of beech, oak, etc., the wild pigeon could not have continued to exist in the immense flocks of former years, but it does seem incredible that this bird should become absolutely extinct.

Farm Bureaus through the central states have been preaching for years to the farmers' organizations about what a friend of the farmer was our Bob White, and great stress has been laid on not allowing the hunter to kill any of these birds, but this same farm bureau says nothing about any other protection. The farmer is not advised to leave food and cover for the protection of the birds in the winter, nor is he told to scatter grain when the ground is covered with sleet or snow, so, as a rule all the protection given the birds is a sign, "No Hunting."

Intensive farming is to blame for the scarcity of the quail, and for this, the cultivator of land should not be blamed, for he must get as much out of his land as possible, but there is always some corner on every farm where brush and weeds could be left, with a small patch of cane or kaffir near by which would help the birds stand the winter snows.

The passing of the old split-rail fence, with the substitution of barb wire was an awful calamity, and I believe that this alone has done more harm than anything else.

The next evil is the house cat, and it is getting worse each year.

It is conservatively estimated that there are more than twenty-five MILLION cats in the U. S. and that they destroy SEVENTY-FIVE MILLION birds each year, and while the song birds suffer the most, the cats destroy an appalling number of quail.

The residents of the towns and cities are very largely to blame for this condition, for since the day of the automobile it is an easy matter for anyone to drive out in the country and dump three or four half grown cats which are not wanted, and right there the harm begins, for the country resident has all the cats he needs, so as soon as these "strangers" appear they are chased away from the house and must shift for themselves, with the result that all bird life suffers. People who insist on having a lot of cats should be compelled to keep them within bounds, and furnish them with sufficient food.

Cats are very prolific, and frequently

(Continued on page 52)

Revolver Shooting

By BOB LIMBERT

Revolver Shooting Stance

This series of articles by Bob Limbert, crack revolver shot, is proving to be one of the most popular ever run in OUTDOOR AMERICA. *Mr. Limbert can be addressed care of* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

The Revolver in the Hunting Field

THE use of a revolver in lieu of a rifle in the hunting field is a subject which seems to have been universally overlooked by the members of the shooting fraternity. When one stops to think that today there are a number of sportsmen who yearly bag their game with a bow and arrow this is to be wondered at.

It is my belief, based upon a knowledge gained from travel and personal appearances before audiences of interested shooters, that there are more men interested in revolver shooting as an outdoor sport than ever before. One of the questions most often asked is in regard to its use in the hunting field. Quite often some one relates, with pride, his experience of having successfully bagged some specimen of big game with a belt gun.

Personally, I believe I know fully a dozen men who yearly bag their deer with their six shooters. I know I have met and talked with any number who carry both rifle and revolver but choose the latter when they are reasonably sure of their game. The reason for this is that they realize it requires more skill and woodcraft, and with these men it is the getting out into the hunting field and the thrill of matching their wits against that of the wild life that makes them love hunting.

As a matter of fact the efficiency of the revolver in the hunting field has long been recognized by those who make a practice of spending much time in the open. For a means of keeping the camp kettle boiling with such small game as rabbits, grouse, squirrels, etc., a 22 caliber pistol is unsurpassed. Using the 22 N. R. A. Long Rifle cartridge it becomes a deadly weapon. I have a 22 caliber Smith & Wesson revolver with which, using this cartridge, I have killed four bear and two deer. In several instances the bullet passed completely through the animal.

Where game is fairly plentiful it can be taken almost as easily with the revolver as it can with the rifle. All it calls for is a little more patience in stalking and a little more care in sighting. Ninety percent of all game taken is killed under the hundred yard mark. At hundred yard range the 38 Special revolver cartridge will group its shots so closely that everyone of them might be termed a killing shot. I have seen any number of men who could take a revolver and make a fair run of hits on sitting jack rabbits at this range.

Compared to a rabbit an animal like a deer is easy. If they be standing it becomes a certainty. However, there is a vast difference between making a good score on a target at the hundred yard range and bagging an animal at the same distance. The slightest tremor means a clean miss when using a revolver on account of the short distance between the sights and it is really

surprising how a bit of "buck fever" will creep in at times, even among the oldest hands.

In game shooting there are a number of things which will add greatly to the chances of success if they are but known and taken advantage of. One might say that in many instances it calls for an almost entirely different method of handling the gun than in offhand shooting. Centering your shots down on a target a hundred yards distant calls for an almost entirely different method of handling your gun than does shooting at ranges of from twenty-five feet to thirty yards.

The shooting positions for long range target shooting with a revolver are many. Strange as it may seem many people seem to think it increases their accuracy if they hold their revolver barrel with their left hand somewhat as they do a rifle. Others rest the muzzle on something. This is decidedly the poorest way of all as it is very inaccurate. I once visited a friend and had been doing a bit of shooting in his basement for him when he said he would show me what he could do and asked his young son to hold an apple on the points of his fingers while he shot it off. His first act was to start to rest his revolver barrel on the edge of a beam that crossed just in front of us. At that point I stepped in and asked him to shoot a couple of sighting shots first as I knew what would happen. A gun held in this manner shoots from two to four inches low at a distance of twenty-five feet according to the amount of downward pressure exerted on the barrel. Regardless of your imagined ability as a crack shot the shooting of objects from off the persons of assistants is something you should leave undone. You only need one mistake.

If there is not time to assume one of the rest positions I am going to describe later the best way for you to do is to grip your gun stock with both hands and extend it at full arm's length. Never under any circumstances hold the gun so that the sights

Bob Limbert, crack shot, is a cowboy too.

Remington Kleanbore Cartridges prevent rust, corrosion, and pitting inside the barrel. Recommended for use in the Model 24.

Model 24 Remington .22 Caliber Autoloading Rifle. Standard Grade. Price $23.45

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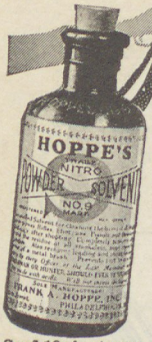

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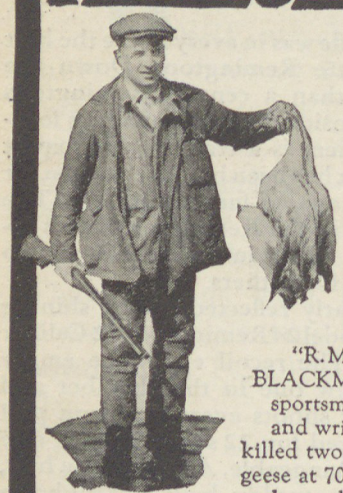

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are close up to your eyes. The very best position for long range shooting to my mind is to sit down preferably with your back against a tree and rest your elbows on your knees. This affords a very steady shooting position.

Another position favored by many is to lie down sideways at full length and rest your extended gun arm across your leg. This is good but takes a little time to assume.

A strange thing about shooting is that people are so reticent to try out things on their own initiative. This applies just as much to shooting positions as it does to difficult shots. The best way of all to find out what you can do is not to believe what I say but to take your gun and go out and see what you can do yourself. No doubt you will work out a position which will be best adapted to your own particular needs. You will never know until you try.

In long distance shooting you must make up your mind to burn up enough ammunition to learn the sight holding you must use at your different ranges. Fifty, one hundred and the one hundred and fifty yard ranges are the best. I do not recommend shooting at wild game at much over one hundred yards. By all means extend your revolver practice up to the three hundred yard range as you will be surprised at the really accurate shooting which can be done at this distance.

Memorize exactly how much of your front sight you see at these various distances. If necessary make a diagram to help you remember, as it will save you many additional sighting shots later.

It is equally important to be able to estimate your distances somewhere nearly correctly. Allow me to say that estimating distances over a clear open field is vastly different from doing it in timber and underbrush, or across canyons, such as you find in the mountains of the west.

In game shooting I do not recommend anything under a 38 caliber gun except for rabbits, grouse, etc. The 32 W. C. F. or 32-20 is good but does not possess the shocking power so vitally necessary to stop your game. Better not shoot at all than to allow your quarry to wander off lung or paunch shot to die a slow lingering death where it will never be found.

The ammunition as loaded by the various arms companies is quite all right. Quite recently a new load has been brought out which is claimed to have unusual stopping power, so much so that it is especially recommended for the use of police departments. So far as I have been able to learn it is being manufactured exclusively by the Western Cartridge Company. From all accounts this should make an ideal load for use in the hunting field.

There is no logical reason why the use of a revolver should not become universal among sportsmen in the hunting field. I assure you that there is a great deal more self-satisfaction to be derived from bagging your game with this sort of a gun than there is with a rifle. I believe I can speak from experience because in six of the last seven years I have secured all my deer by this means.

Gun Rack and Game Fields

(Continued from page 50)

raise as many as four litters a year, so it is no wonder that the country is being overrun with these pests.

Another menace is the half breed dog one finds at seven out of ten houses in the country, for which in most cases some hunter is to blame. He wants to return

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the favor of being allowed the privilege of shooting on some particular farm, and, as the farmer or his son has expressed a desire to own a bird dog this chap sends out a setter or pointer puppy (generally a female) with the result that in a few years the neighborhood is pretty well populated with dogs that are really no good as shooting dogs, yet have the hunting instinct, and as they are allowed to run loose the year round many nests are destroyed, to say nothing of the young rabbits. Hunters are doing no real favor to the farmer by giving him a bird dog puppy, and are making it hard for themselves by doing this, so my advice is to be very careful to whom you send a young dog of hunting strain.

I have always contended that the hunter was not wholly responsible for the scarcity of quail, but at that he is quite a factor, especially when armed with a magazine gun.

Men who are advocates of this type of gun, say, in its defense, "What difference does it make whether a man uses a magazine gun or a bow and arrow, when there is a bag limit?" This contention is good as far as it goes, but, while the laws of our different states permit each hunter to take a certain number of birds per day, it is not expected that he will do this every time he goes afield.

As a matter of comparison of the two types of guns, and the difference in results in a day's shoot, I will cite a few personal experiences, which will illustrate my point.

Some twenty-five years ago I was shooting in the Indian Territory with one of the best shots I have ever seen, and he surely could operate his magazine gun with speed and accuracy.

Twice in one day this man knocked down five birds on the covey rise, but out of these ten birds we only retrieved five. Several other times during our shooting he dropped three on the rise, but at no time did we find all of them, even though we had one dog that was a good retriever. I was shooting a double gun, and during the entire time I only lost three birds. This man was a better shot than I, and missed very few singles, so he always had a bigger bag at the end of the day, and there is no doubt that had he been using a double gun the result would have been the same, his bag would have been the larger.

During the four days I shot with this chap he failed to retrieve fourteen birds, most of them being cripples, which were left to suffer till they were captured by some animal or bird of prey.

Another time I was shooting over in Illinois during a season when birds were scarce, and both my shooting partner and myself were equipped with magazine guns, and we were in good form. When we flushed the first covey we dropped six birds, and bagged two singles, making a total of eight birds from a single covey. *TOO MANY*. The next covey netted four birds on the rise and three singles. Out of the third covey we again dropped six on the rise, but failed to locate the scattered birds. We were lucky enough to find all the birds knocked down, so we did not have that on our conscience, though, at that we killed four more birds than would have been the case had we been shooting double guns.

The magazine gun as it is being constructed is bad enough, but now we have on the market an auxiliary magazine which may be attached very easily and adds five shots without reloading, thus making a very deadly weapon in a duck blind. I am sorry to say that I know several men who have fallen for this attachment, and these men would be very much offended if their standard of sportsmanship were questioned.

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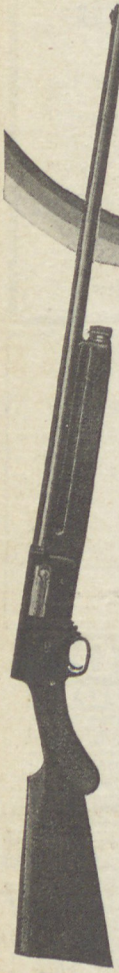

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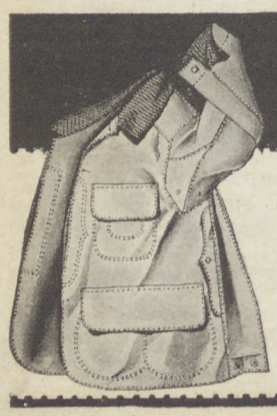

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the increase in population it is hardly possible to bring back some of our upland game, but the quail can be saved and the country restocked with very little expense, and I suggest the following:

First. Our friends in the country should be persuaded to leave more cover for the birds, and to plant some patches of cane or kaffir near this cover, also when the ground is covered with sleet or snow to scatter grain near sheltered spots. The expense entailed should be met by the State Game Departments and it should be the duty of the deputies to see that the seed is delivered to the farmers and the planting done where it will do the most good.

Second. The Department of Fish and Game in each state should be taken out of politics, and a commission form of control be established, such a plan as is in effect in Pennsylvania.

Third. Each state should have a game farm under the management of a real honest to goodness game keeper who knows enough to raise game birds adapted to that particular territory, and especial attention should be given to the propagation of our Bob White in all sections south of the 40th degree of latitude. It has only been during the last few years that quail have been propagated with any success in captivity, but now that the fact is established this work should be carried on extensively.

Fourth. The boys and girls should be given a liberal education in the conservation of our wild life; this education is especially needed in the country districts, and conservation should be part of the instruction in all schools whether they be in the city or country.

Fifth. Some means should be devised to reduce the number of cats in the country; the number should be cut down at least 50%. Nearly every hunter kills every cat he finds in the woods and fields, but as the cat does his hunting at night, very few are killed by sportsmen.

I might carry on at greater length on this subject, but space is limited, and I do not wish to tire our readers, though I trust that this article may be the means of causing the public to take the matter of conservation a little more seriously.

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Ask him your hunting questions.

If You Go West

(Continued from page 13)

it still retains its old western flavor and in the hills still live some of the old timers. You will get a glimpse of cattle operations here, and the cowboys with their floppy chaps and big hats, work in the same old way. There's lots of "color" in the Hole, both past and present. Here was where Owen Wister's "Virginian" lived.

North of the Hole, about forty miles away, is Yellowstone Park. I don't know anything about it, but I don't have to, because you can get all the dope through other sources. But it's the end of the trip so far as I'm concerned.

I'd advise starting in at the southern end of this trip and ending at the northern. Spend a month at it if you can, although you can easily cover it in a couple of weeks without rushing through. Don't be

afraid of the southern portion in summer. You are high up and touch the desert only once or twice for brief periods. It isn't like the southern route to the coast, where you travel in the desert for long periods. This way you're sneaking up on the desert from the flank. The Kaibab is plenty cool enough in summer, as you can imagine from the fact that the snow lies heavy on the ground until almost the first of June.

The roads into Jackson's Hole are O. K. after June 1. You can get over Teton pass usually at that time, although it is best to not attempt it until a couple of weeks later. You've got to get out of the Hole by about October 15, unless you want to stay there all winter.

So that's all I have to tell you. I haven't gone into detail very much because detail is tiresome to write and more so to read, so let's not bother about it. I just wanted to give you a general idea of the trip and what you can expect, and you can get all the dope after you get there and are ready to start. If you want further information on the country, write to the Union Pacific railroad for the southern part and to the Northern Pacific to learn all about Yellowstone Park.

A Waltonian Becomes President

(Continued from page 7)

cers of national wealth. He fully appreciates the importance of outdoor recreation and the necessity of devoting large areas to its purposes even though they might be made to produce material wealth—an unusual stand for an engineer and economist except he be of the size and caliber of our next president.

Herbert Hoover knows the outdoors from every viewpoint. He is an engineer and understands the technical problems of administration of the natural resources, as well as the economic problems. Through his experience in caring for large numbers of people, seeing to their welfare, such as his activities in Europe during and following the world war, he has gained a wonderful insight into the problems of massed humanity. Certainly he recognizes the vital part that always must be played by outdoor recreation in the life of every successful, happy and prosperous people.

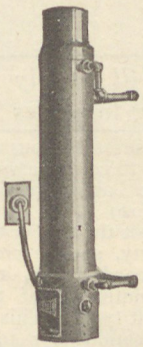
Herbert Hoover's real love of the outdoors, and his background of American boyhood which will never permit him to forget the joys of healthy outdoor play and fun were shown when, on the recent occasion of a return to his birthplace in Iowa, he said:

> "There is no imprint upon our minds so deep as those of early boyhood—mine the the joys of Iowa—the glories of snowy winter, the wonder at the growing crops, the joining of the neighbors to harvest, the gathering of apples, the pilgrimage to the river woods for the annual fuel and nuts, the going to school, the interludes from work in the swimming hole, fishing in the creeks, the hunting for prairie chickens and rabbits in the hedges and woods—it is the entry to life which I could wish for every American boy and girl."

Herbert Hoover will on the fourth day of March be inaugurated as President of all of the people of the United States and will assume a greater responsibility than is demanded of any other individual in the world.

Herbert Hoover is the right man at the butt of the rod.

HOT WATER IN YOUR LODGE



Either before or after a strenuous day nothing quite "touches the spot" like a hot tub or shower bath.

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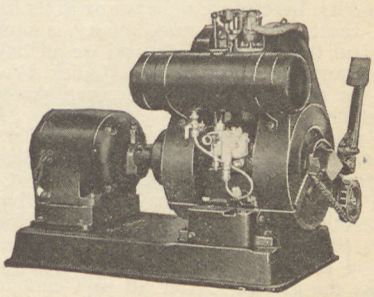

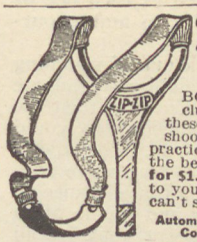

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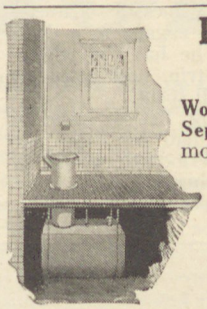

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By PAUL BURRESS

ISN'T it refreshing to know that this country is enjoying a glorious period of prosperity, heretofore unheard of in its history, that times are good, money is more plentiful than ever before, and we all have leisure and luxuries galore? (Quick, Watson! the stimulator; or has he been playing the stock market?)

If you doubt this, read the newspapers; if you believe it—well anyway, what is prosperity if it isn't contentment? What is food and fun to one may be hard luck to the other fellow. It's the pace we or our wives set, and the joy or grief we experience in keeping up with it that makes or breaks the gloom. After all isn't contentment pretty much in reach of each one of us, if we just could learn to amuse ourselves once in a while?

I used to get a big kick out of watching our acquaintances and neighbors graduate from the Flivver to the Chevvie, then the biggest second-hand automobile they could buy and couldn't afford to run. They didn't know it, but they were casting aside contentment and good dough for a chance to create a little bit of envy and startle Main Street. Many of my townspeople could not make their pillow fit their head because the biggest car in town started the grocer wondering what it was all about.

Quite necessarily I have had to get the most fun out of the least amount of equipment and my hobby being boats, naturally I come in contact with a whole lot of good fellows who are trying to operate a thirty-six foot cruising runabout on a light twin income. Those with automobile experience know that this calls for one doing his own paint, carpentry and mechanical jobs. This is all right if you like it, your family doesn't object to your inattention on holidays and Sundays and providing the dealer will make you a present of all the copper paint and carburetors you need.

It is a great temptation to those of us who are mechanically inclined to mosey about the boat yard in search of a bargain that some stock broker has grown tired of, and to locate such a boat that requires *a little working over* in order to make her just as good as new. To a mechanical boatman, such little jobs as adjusting the clutch, taking up the motor bearings, corking and painting are not much. But boy! when he gets into the job. A couple of ribs, a new stem, why not a spray hood, or a canopy top, a locker here and a new seat covering there with a lot of shiny brass gadgets stuck on everywhere. Does it cost good money? Ask the fellow who owns one and who thought he could make her as good as new with his own handiwork and spare spending money.

After twenty years of experimenting Mr. American Public has learned that light, inexpensive fast cars are a necessity. The automobile market offers us economical transportation. The manufacturers of outboard motors and boats have followed the trail that has been blazed by the motor car manufacturers. Although entering the field ten years later, the present day offering of inexpensive, commodious and fast water transportation is equal to the latest creations of automotive design.

Our good editor who is a most practical person, admonishes me to save the typewriter and use the camera, which is not bad advice considering that I am a better photographer, and anyway, the dope is that a good picture is worth several thousand of my typed words. Well to continue with the story, observe the accompanying photograph of the new 1929 P. Y. Aristocrat. I mean the boat, not the one in the left bow seat. This sporty, speedy craft is powered with an outboard motor, and still has all of the appointments of the expensive inboard runabout types. This is one of the many new creations for 1929 being offered by outboard motor and boat manufacturers which represents class and economical transportation to the nth degree. Several makers of this type boat are claiming and getting forty miles per hour, and that is plenty of speed without four wheel brakes.

Paul Burress will gladly answer all boating inquiries

Sportsmen are naturally prolific spenders and invariably the most liberal of men. Unfortunate for me that the readers have all the money. Since they do seem to be the spenders and to a degree support me, it is only fair that I do all possible to help them get the most for their money in boats and motors, hence this little yarn which will I hope, caution some of you against sinking a lot of good money in an old hull this spring before you look over the new 1929 line. Remember that you must find and take your contentment *now*—each day or week do something for yourself. They are all doing it, but they don't brag about it.

Your average devotee of boat, rod or gun, be he banker, broker, doctor or lawyer, merchant or manufacturer, will desert his office or place of business on every possible occasion during the season to indulge in his favorite sport and spend a day or two with his friends or family on the lakes, or in the woods. He will disappoint his clients, patients, customers or business associates—even fib to his wife, to engage in a day's hunting or fishing, if he has the wherewithal to finance the trip, and considers the time and money well spent.

In scanning the long list of outdoor pleasures that may be had for little prorated expense, don't overlook the prince of sports—outboard motoring.

Another Jump in Outboard Progress

Here's the newest of the jump-through-the-hoop rackets!

This jumping-through-the-hoop business is a familiar one to all of us. It always gets a big hand under the circus big top.

Coming through. Greased runway visible at left.

We have the latest and most unique! Out of the water, into the air, through the hoop, and back into the water!

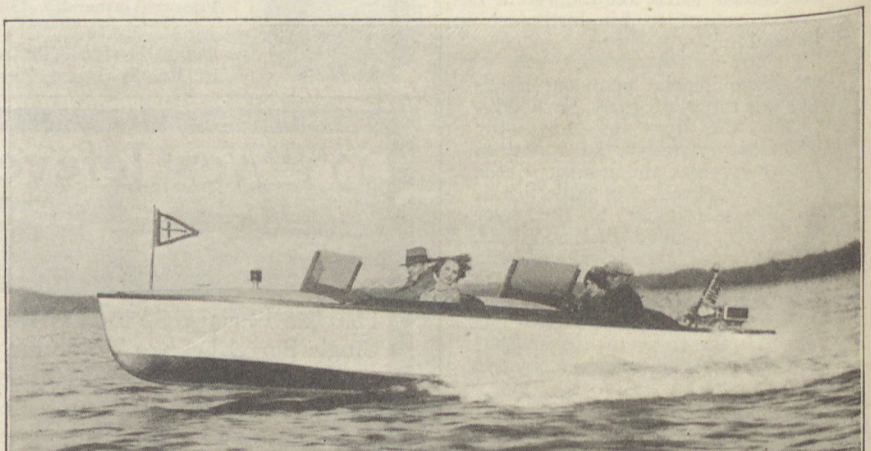
Malcolm Pope is the boy you see in the boat. He is well known as the 19 year old daredevil outboard motor speed king.

On descent to her element the craft was ridden like a bucking bronco.

How he did it? Simple—so he said! Getting about a 1,000 foot start in his aqua-aeroplane, powered with a fast sea-horse motor he opened her up. He hit a greased ramp running out of the water at a speed of some 35 miles per hour—shot up the incline, through the paper hoop and on into the air ten feet above the water!

He landed again *forty feet* beyond the point where he had sprouted wings and taken to the air!

So if it's excitement you crave we suggest you try Pope's little stunt some pleasant morning before breakfast!



One of the latest creations in outboard motor boats.

And We Call Them Dumb!

(Continued from page 21)

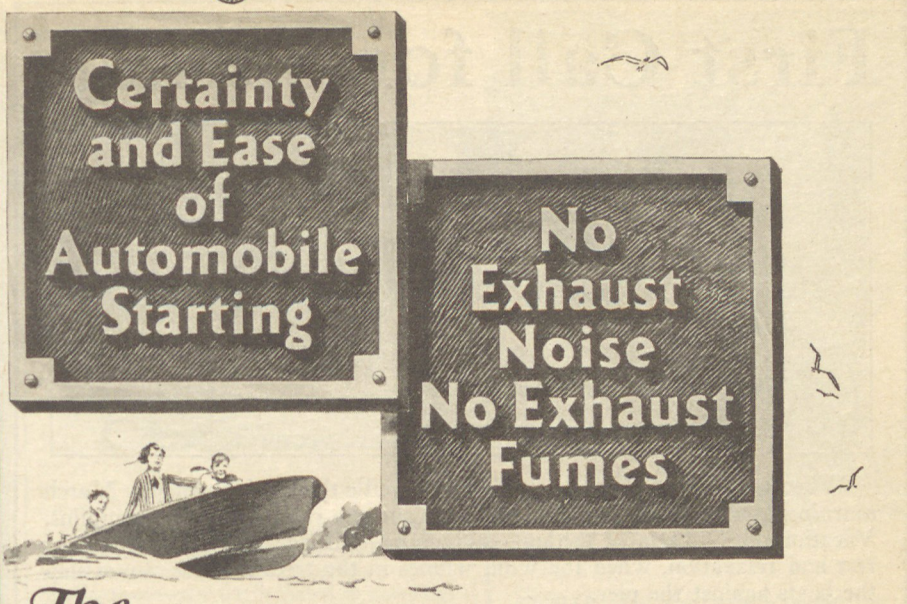
tack launched and executed that Dick and I were barely on the scene before our last cow disappeared in a cloud of dust going through a flower garden. And there, up his lane just out of range of any stone that could inflict suitable damage, squatted Collie, satisfied to the last hair on his heaving hide.

By adult edict each dog's premises were out of bounds to the other. All that remained, then, for Dick, was to stand between Collie's gate posts and fling verbal abuse upon his enemy's head. I have heard it advanced by a psychologist that in mental development a dog is about equal to a two year old child. That seems to me to be mainly wrong. If not, then my dog stepped away out of his class that evening for a certainty. In the first place no two year old knows the words and in the second, it could never hope to combine them in the effective way that dog did as he went into matters intimately related to Collie's past, present and future. Even the remote ancestor who looked like a Dachshund was dragged into the tirade. But withal the palm went to Collie.

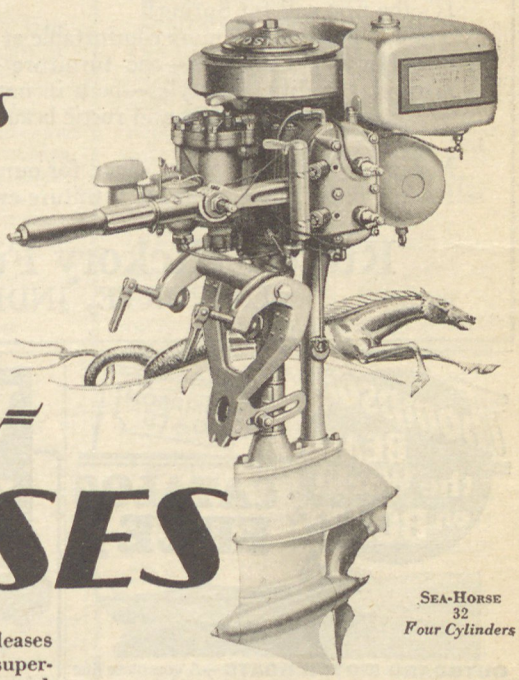
The outer doors to our farmhouse were secured when shut by means of the old fashioned, heavy latches, with the tongue, or thumbpiece of the latch outward. As a pup Dick had been taught to open these doors by raising himself on his hind legs and pawing downward on the thumbpiece whereupon the door swung open under his weight. The doors were never locked or bolted. This gave the dog access to the house whenever he desired, either day or night. He had been taught also to close the doors and since he was fairly careful in this observance the privilege of entering was never denied him.

One summer night my uncle was aroused by Dick's scratching on his bedroom door. This was accompanied by the dog's insistent whining. Upon being admitted to the room it was very patent that the dog was in a state of great excitement. My uncle ordered the dog to lie down and got back into bed. Instantly the dog was upon him licking his face and otherwise endeavoring to engage his attention. Aroused by the disturbance I entered the room and was commanded curtly to take myself and my dog therefrom. Dick went half way downstairs and then bounded back into the room beginning vociferously to bark at the figure in bed. Sensing at last that something was amiss outside my uncle and I hurriedly slipped into clothes while one of us lighted a lantern. In the meantime the dog kept running in and out of the house urging us to hurry. Ready at last, the dog led us to a pasture where we found a young colt entangled in a barbed wire fence, while its nigh frantic mother stood helplessly by watching its pitiful struggles.

Up a back road just a short distance from home lived a large, sullen bull dog. This animal was bedevilled with about the meanest disposition a dog ever fell heir to. He was a powerful beast and a typical bully. Woe betide the dog who unsuspectingly invaded this tyrant's territory! The attack was sudden, and the results varied from murder in the first degree to a severe mauling, according to the fleetness of the victim. Nor were these visitations of his spleen confined entirely to fellow canines. To all and sundry—man or beast—who passed his way he became such a terror that at last his sphere of activity was limited to a fifteen foot chain securely fastened to a stake in his yard. This was at once a great relief to the neighborhood



The most notable Developments ever made in Outboard motors embodied in The **SEA-HORSES**



SEA-HORSE 32 *Four Cylinders*

The Johnson Release Charger releases compression from one cylinder. It supercharges the other and *doubles the spark intensity*. Starting is positive, even if the motor is cold or deliberately flooded with gas. With released compression in one cylinder the flywheel accelerates so easily one scarcely feels the effort of pulling the motor over compression in the active cylinder. Women and children can start a SEA-HORSE with the utmost ease.

The Johnson Underwater Exhaust wholly eliminates exhaust noise and gases. It makes conversation in front of an outboard motor possible. It restores peace to our waterways.

Never has outboard motoring witnessed so many and such radical improvements as are embodied in the SEA-HORSES. *Write for catalog* describing the many startling developments that revolutionize outboard motoring.

There are six SEA-HORSE models, priced from $115 to $335, F. O. B. Waukegan. Sold on free trial and easy payment plan.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
1279 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.

IN CANADA
Canadian Johnson Motor Co., Ltd.
Peterborough, Ontario

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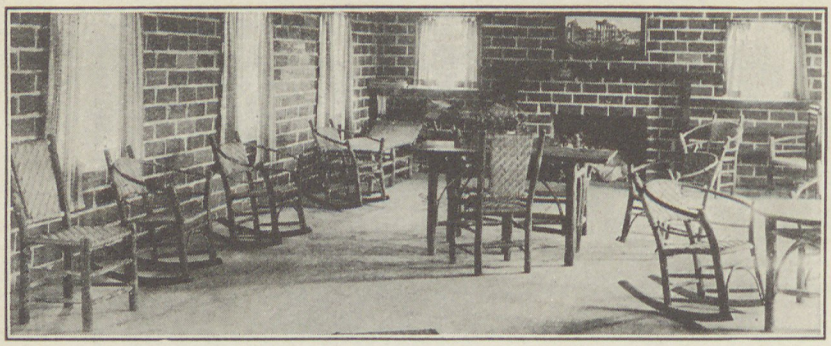
Johnson
Outboard Motors

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF OUTBOARD MOTORS

First Call for Spring!



When we hop out of bed to the robin's reveille these bright, snappy March mornings, our thoughts turn to the lakes and the rivers and the mountains. Vacationtime! Days of fishing—swimming—hiking; and the evenings of rest and relaxation, when the wind whines in the trees and the waves slap the boats against the pier.

It's the first call for Spring!

Time to make things more comfortable at the summer home or cabin with Rustic Hickory Furniture—the furniture that's hand-built from choicest hickory in 150 different styles—both in natural wood finish and in lasting color combinations, comfort and rustic beauty. For every summer furniture use, indoors or out.

Many new pieces for 1929. Send for our big catalog, and introduce yourself to the finest line of summer furniture ever made. Ask for catalog *E*.

Rustic Hickory Furniture Co.
LA PORTE, INDIANA

Thompson BEATS the World on BOATS

THOMPSON BOATS

CATALOG FREE!

OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATS—A complete line of strictly up-to-date racing models. Also some entirely new models for general pleasure use with speed of a racer. Built strong, staunch and durable, and absolutely safe.

Rowboats $44.00 and up—

The most complete line ever offered, at real money-saving prices.

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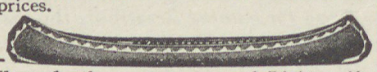

Some all wood, others canvas covered. Light, swift, safe, strong and durable. Choice of many distinctive color combinations.

Motor Boats—

With or without Engine. Fast, handsome craft at money-saving prices.

CATALOG FREE — SAVE MONEY — ORDER BY MAIL
Please state the kind of boat you are interested in (30)
TWO LARGE FACTORIES

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO.
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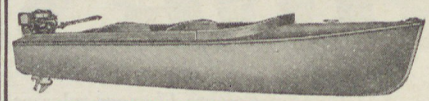
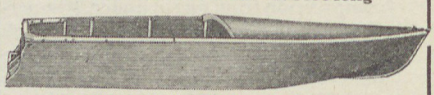
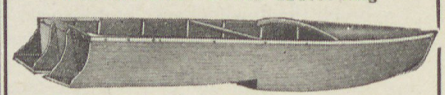
WHITE Outboard Boats and Canoes



WHITE'S '29 CRUISER—16 feet long



WHITE'S BABY BUZZ—12 feet long

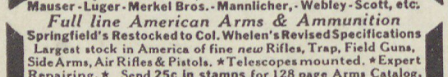


WHITE'S SPECIAL STEPPER—14 feet long

Think of the pleasure that is yours in one of these novel, original White models! Their graceful lines appeal. Their speed in rough and smooth waters satisfies racer and pleasure lover alike.

Finest materials, expert workmanship, 40 years "Know How" makes every WHITE use its owner "WHITE." Don't think of buying a Boat or Canoe without seeing details in WHITE'S catalog and folders. Write today.

E. M. WHITE & CO.
165 White Street **OLD TOWN, MAINE**



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Largest stock in America of fine *new* Rifles, Trap, Field Guns, Side Arms, Air Rifles & Pistols. *Telescopes mounted. *Expert Repairing.* Send 25c in stamps for 128 page Arms Catalog.
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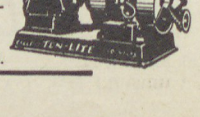
509 Fifth Avenue (at 42nd St.)

Portable ELECTRIC Light Plant

110 Volt—Complete with all wiring, fixtures and lamps for seven rooms . . $147.50
for Farms, Camps and Summer Homes
Install it yourself. Write for direct to you prices. *Immediate delivery.*



D. W. ONAN & SONS
75 Royalston Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

generally, dogs included, and particularly to us youngsters who used this by-way on fishing excursions.

Passing this place one morning in company with some youthful friends and my dog we all stopped at a respectful distance to view with satisfaction our enemy's restricted circumstances. Sensing the other dog's handicap Dick walked boldly to within a few feet of his confining circle and deliberately began to taunt him. You can well imagine the effect of this defiance on the outlaw. Almost apoplectic with rage the bull dog gurgled, surged and roared at the end of his taut fetters in a frenzy to be at his tormentor. Satisfied, at last, that the chain and stake were entirely dependable, Dick began methodically and stiffly to walk in one direction about the bulldog's stake; and as he did the ruffian followed him. Almost instantly we of the awestruck audience understood. Slowly the walk around continued while steadily the bulldog's chain was drawing its captive to the stake and a hamstringing in a relentlessly diminishing spiral. At last he could move no farther and like a flash the Collie was at him in an avalanche of biting, ripping and slashing, while the audience applauded with all the vigor of healthy, young lungs. From that day to the end of his misspent life that bulldog went unfettered and was never known to molest even a rabbit. From then onward he detoured.

A few years ago I put up for a short time at a sheep ranch. It was the lambing season and a band of coyotes was making serious inroads on the little ones. The flock, numbering three or four thousand, was in charge of a capable herder and three good dogs. But in spite of their activities and a high powered rifle the depredations of the coyotes continued.

In war successful assault depends largely upon the element of surprise. This is usually obtained by diverting the enemy's attention from the point at which the attack is to be directed. And this is precisely the plan upon which the coyotes operated. Several of them would make a feint at an exposed flank of the flock and while the dogs and herder were rushing forward to protect this point the main body of the enemy would rush in from the opposite side and make off with their victims.

Flo, the oldest of the dogs, put a stop to this procedure one day, and purely on her own initiative. The coyotes executed their fake, but instead of being lured to its locality Flo raced around and through the flock to its other side. And what a grand time she had among those coyotes engaged in the main play!

One evening, the sheep safely corralled, the dogs were lying near the cabin when the herder came to the door and threw out a juicy bone. One of the younger dogs was the first to seize it, while the other two stood off enviously eyeing the prize. Both the youngsters were Flo's sons, and, in cunning, chips off the old block. Suddenly the brother without the bone seemed to lose all interest in it. Instead he began industriously to dig into a gopher hole. The dirt flew from his paws in a cloud while the animal yelped and barked in a seeming frenzy of excitement. Obviously interested, the other brother approached the hole, but still with the bone securely between his teeth. Madly the digger proceeded with his excavation, while at the same time hopefully watching from an eye corner. At last the ruse worked. Entirely overcome with curiosity the animal with the coveted morsel dropped it to help his brother open up this shorter route to the Orient. That was the last of his bone, as far as he was concerned, and I am positive that Flo, from the vantage of the steps, smiled.

And we call them dumb!

FILSON FORESTRY CLOTH CRUISING COAT

Pure wool, durable, warm, neat appearing. A rich forestry green. Price $16.00. Laced Breeches and Coat $32.00. Order coat 1 inch larger than white collar measure, breeches waist measure. These forestry cloth garments will stand the gaff and give real protection. Illustrated catalog "Q" free on request.

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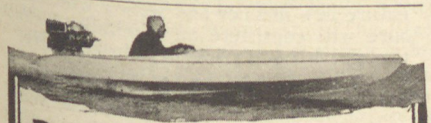
"Might as Well Have the Best"



Penn Yan Outboards

If you're tired of the usual summer thing, a Penn Yan boat will bring you a new thrill. Whether you want a fast runabout or an out and out racing craft—a sturdy boat for fishing or a slim, silent canoe—a sailing or a motor dinghy—you will find *your* boat among those built by Penn Yan.

And the name Penn Yan insures you. It symbolizes a craftsmanship proved by the years.

Your copy of the new 44 page Catalog, with boats reproduced in full colors, will be sent free at your request. Write today!

PENN YAN BOAT COMPANY, Inc.
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SPRING Fishing
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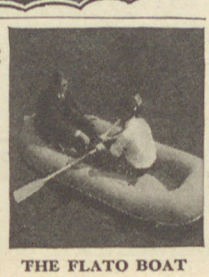


NEW! For Fishing, Swimming, Camping, Trapping, Water Sports, Duck Hunting, Rowing. As a Tender, Lifeboat, Bathtub. Rolls up like a blanket. Toted in duffle bag with pump and takedown oars. Inflated in 5 minutes. Two air chambers make it safe, non-sinkable, non-capsizable. Ideal for children. Used by Government here and Europe. Thousands in use. Order through your dealer or direct from factory. Write for Catalog and

THE FLATO BOAT

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

The New England Airship Company, 105 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

(Continued from page 33)

thirteen years, during which time that state has forged ahead rapidly in her conservation work. He is a former president of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners.

Roland G. Parvin has been the Game and Fish Commissioner of Colorado for many years, and has always actively participated in national conservation campaigns.

George D. Pratt, the well-known president of the American Forestry Association, became Conservation Commissioner of New York in 1915, and was the first incumbent to hold this important office when all the conservation activities of his state were combined into one department. Mr. Pratt is a man of marked ability, tireless energy and clear vision.

Keith McCanse, the State Game and Fish Commissioner of Missouri, while in conservation work for a comparatively few years, has kept in touch with developments nationally.

Gustavus D. Pope, a prominent Detroit business man and conservationist, has devoted many years to conservation problems, having repeatedly participated in campaigns for the federal refuge bill.

I. T. Quinn, the Game and Fish Commissioner of Alabama since 1922, has the unique distinction of being the only conservation official in America who is elected by popular ballot. He has always been a leading factor in national movements, and has the distinction of being past president of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners.

I. Zellerbach, one of the leading business men on the Pacific Coast, is president of the California Fish and Game Commission. At the last annual convention of the Western Association of Game Commissioners he was elected president of that organization.

Budget Director Approves Recommendations

THIS Committee has held a number of meetings, and has taken steps to secure the support of not only the organizations represented, but many other groups as well. Among the first steps taken by the Committee was a conference with the leaders in Washington, and a hearing before the Director of the Budget to urge approval of this plan of acquiring wild life refuges.

Due to the fact that the United States Department of Agriculture has never had funds with which to make surveys and develop a definite program, the Committee urged approval of recommendations of the Secretary of Agriculture, namely, an appropriation of $75,000 for next year; $200,000 for the second year; $600,000 for the third year, and thereafter the full appropriation of $1,000,000 annually.

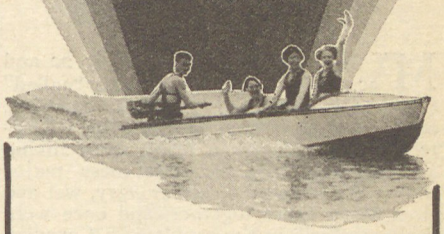
Recent advice from authentic sources is to the effect that this plea appealed to the Budget Director, and that he advises that this plan is not in conflict with the President's program. This means that President Coolidge will sign the bill if Congress passes it.

The House Committee on Agriculture amended and reported the Norbeck-Andresen Bill out on January 24th, with a ten-year program written into it. The prospects have never been so favorable, and indications are that at last the United States will embark upon a real nationwide refuge program.

All this simply reaffirms the old axiom, "in union there is strength." It shows what coordinated teamwork will do, and should be a guidepost for future action! Remember that something still depends on you. Watch the progress of the measure. Let your Congressmen know you are interested and want the measure passed. Don't go to sleep, and above all don't fail to pull in unison.

Here's speed for you!

. . . with perfect safety, comfort and freedom from all the fuss and bother of wood boats . . .



THE summer won't wait for scraping, calking and painting. You haven't got time to turn boat-builder. Jump into your Mullins Steel King . . . and go! She'll give you launch comfort at outboard cost . . . lift over the waves with effortless ease . . . turn on a dime without a skid.

In a race your Steel King will skim the surface at 25 to 30 miles an hour (that's speed!). It's built to carry the newest and most powerful motors. And it's made of extra heavy gauge *metal*. You won't shake it to pieces or open a seam when you want an extra burst of speed.

The Steel King is as safe and seaworthy as a lifeboat. With its ample airchamber it can't possibly sink. A twelve year old can handle it.

Best of all, the Steel King is no trouble. It's ready when you are . . . to go anywhere, with any load, in any weather. There's plenty of room for the whole family. And when you're through you can stand your Steel King up in the garage for next summer and the next and the next. It's a real boat — a metal boat — the one outboard that it's a pleasure to own.

Write for complete details. Deferred payments can be arranged.

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORP.
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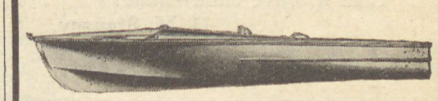


All Mullins Boats are made with a corrugated bottom. This exclusive Mullins feature gives the Steel King greater strength, speed and buoyancy . . . the boat literally rides on air runners. In making sharp turns the corrugations act as brakes, eliminating all danger of side slipping, even at top speed

MULLINS STEEL BOATS

My Boy and I

In the July issue we announced prizes for the best photographs and one hundred word stories under the title, "My Boy and I."

Each photo must show the father and son on an out-of-door trip fishing, hunting, canoeing, hiking or camping. The accompanying article of one hundred words must give the ages of father and son, and how many trips they have made together.

Age is no barrier. You may be seventy and your son forty or forty-five. You may be on the right side of thirty and your son turning five.

The first prize will be $15.00, second $6.00, third prize $4.00. Contest closes March 1st, 1929.

MY boy and I are respectively 22 and 52. For 12 years we have "palled" together in the open, camping, canoeing, and fishing, usually in the Canadian wilderness. We have taken many short hiking and hunting trips between these major trips. We have been cold, hungry, wet and tired many times together, and once were "shipwrecked" in the rapids of a Canadian river, losing our ax, cooking outfit, and most of our grub, with 75 miles of wilderness between us and the nearest civilization. But all these so-called hardships have only increased our love for the lakes and streams and forests, and made us the more eager to go again.

C. H. Pendleton,
Evanston, Ill.

C. H. Pendleton and son.

A CHILD is the embodiment of its environment and experiences. No environment is better nor more productive of beneficial experience than the great outdoors. The young mind absorbs the cleanliness and greatness of these surroundings and the result is a wholesomeness that the temptation and frailties of life will never disrupt.

My son who is ten has been a pal of mine (I am forty), on most of my trips into the woods and mountains, and already shows signs of being the fine upstanding American I want him to become.

The South wind sings a song,
And bright waves shine.
And laughing with the morn,
Goes a brave child—mine!

H. M. Stenssy,
Milwaukee, Wis.

ONE hundred words would not begin to tell of the trips my son and I have made together fishing, hunting, and camping. My son, George, is thirteen and Dad is thirty-six. This was George's first year in the field.

There are three others in the family who generally go with us on these trips afield. A daughter of eleven, another son of seven and the children's mother. This combination of five have sure had some wonderful times fishing, camping and hunting together.

Irwin C. Howard,
Yakima, Wash.

(Continued on page 65)

H. A. Kurowske and son.

THERE is a constant need of closer companionship between the elders and the youths of the land. Irregular tendencies will not exist among boys who have been pals with their fathers. The eager, grasping mentality of the young must be balanced in some way to keep it normal. Athletics are highly important. Good, wholesome outside-of-school reading is important. Kipling's "Brushwood-Boy," which advocates clean out-door life to keep thoughts clean, might well be used as a text book. This father, who is thirty-five, has solved the problem by making his boy, who is eleven, a hunting and fishing companion on all the trips he has taken in the past seven years. There he has answered the many questions pertaining to life and nature in a manner and setting which he is sure will constitute an admirable foundation for his son's journey through life.

H. A. Kurowske,
Wauwatosa, Wis.

The Bite of the Bug

(Continued from page 47)

Palmer's disappeared and he landed the pike. That's the kind of charm he had.

We had been back to Lake Smith only twice since we swore off. One day he went alone, discovered a new hole and caught his limit. Next day, we went together. My wife and Al Pons accompanied us.

A flat tire and an empty gas tank delayed us and we only had about two hours of daylight left when we arrived at the boathouse. I wasn't any too enthusiastic about Lake Smith even then. The delays hadn't made me any more so, and by the time we'd rowed the four miles to Palmer's new fishing hole, I was about ready to turn around and go home. It seemed to me the most unpromising spot I'd ever seen; bare banks, no lily pads or grass, and in close proximity to a new railroad development where a gang of riveters were making enough noise to scare away all the fish in the lake. Nevertheless, we started casting, and immediately things began to happen—to everybody but Palmer. In the hour between then and dark, my wife landed two nice bass and three pike, Al took seven pike and seven bass fell victim to me. Palmer was using a bait of his own manufacture and had one ring-perch and a sour expression. We were all handing him razzberries by the bushel. Woe unto the fisherman who has a reputation. No more uneasy lies the head that wears a crown than that of the fisherman who has a reputation to sustain.

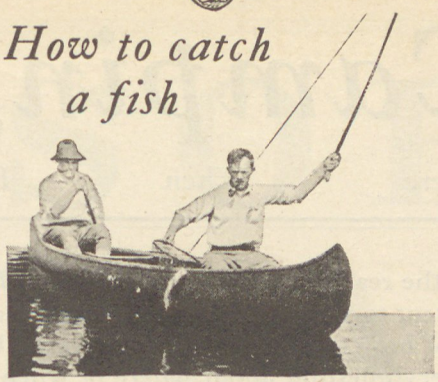
He was first to suggest that we call it a day. It was nearly dark and Blair and Al began putting away their tackle. I finished untangling a backlash and made one last cast to straighten out the line. That's when something happened. The reel stopped as suddenly as if I'd struck a log and the next instant, the handle was snatched from my fingers as the line paid off at a lively clip. I clamped down on the spool, but a real fish was on the other end and there was no checking him. My line was dangerously near all out when the fish turned directly around and made for the boat. My heart sank as I felt the line slacken, but rose again as it tautened. A second too late he broke the surface and tried in vain to shake the hook from his mouth. A limber rod and a tight line proved too much of a disadvantage for him and he settled down to dogged fighting until finally his spirit was broken and I brought him alongside. Al's fingers found his gills and he was heaved into the boat, to lie exhausted in the bottom, eight pounds of fighting bull bass.

The yells that rang down the lake would have put a Navajo war party to shame. We all yelled with one accord—except Palmer. He grinned a sickly grin and said, "Lordy, what a fish!"

It was late when we got back to town that night but I went to all my fishing partners' homes, getting some of them out of bed to see my fish. It was nearly midnight when I knocked on the door of the taxidermist's house, but I was taking no chances with this baby, and only when a sleepy voice from an upstairs window directed me to take my fish and go to the devil with him did I realize that it takes more than an eight pound bass to create enthusiasm in a taxidermist in the middle of the night.

Every dog has his day. That was mine. Palmer and I have been back to the same place several times since, but never again have I succeeded in topping his score. He continues to catch six to my one. I'll keep on trying, though, for who knows; maybe, after all, some dogs have two days.

How to catch a fish



HIT him over the head when he comes up to breathe, or hook him in the regular way. Be as individual as you like in your methods.

But when it comes to *getting there*, and back again, consider an Old Town Canoe. Swift and light, sturdy and reliable, responsive to every dip of the paddle—an Old Town is the ideal craft for playing the "big ones" and getting them home in time for supper. Priced as low as $67. From dealer or factory.

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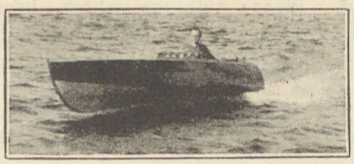
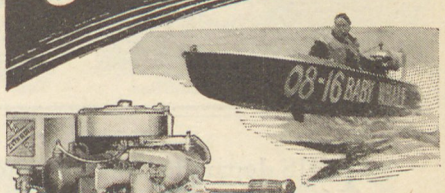
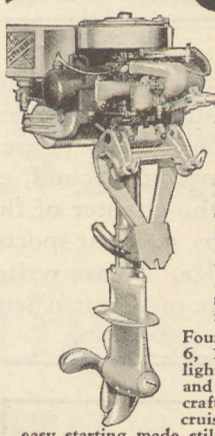


3 to 45 M.P.H.





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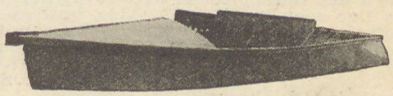

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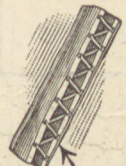

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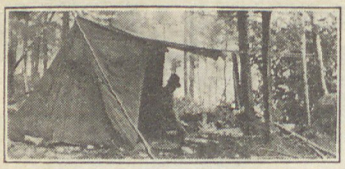
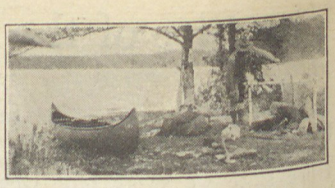


Camping

Where When How



THIS department belongs to the readers of Outdoor America. It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about *how* to camp, or about *when and where*. If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.

Camp Questions

ABOUT TENTS

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am going into the north woods for a camping trip next summer, and am planning my equipment. For a tent I have decided on a balloon silk A tent, seven by seven feet, but I am stumped to know just how to provide for pitching it. Shall I have a rope ridge and depend on stringing the ropes between trees, or shall I have short rope tie strings along the ridge and depend on using a ridge pole? How are tents pitched with forked sticks, as I've seen in photos? Also, how about pegging the tent down in rocky country—are regular tent stakes used? Thanks for the right dope on these questions.

R. C. RICHARDS.
Guthrie, Oklahoma.

* * *

In the first place, you have selected the right kind of tent. And your questions about pitching it are quite to the point. I presume you are going into northern Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, or in similar country. In that event, don't depend on a rope ridge, and on pitching the tent between trees. This practice is all right where you are camping in hardwood country, but among the pines it doesn't work so well because very often you will want to camp out in a comparatively open place in order to get the breeze, escape mosquitos, etc., and when you do this you are surrounded by spruce, balsam, jackpine, etc., which hardly permit using a rope ridge unless you happen to be lucky in choice of a site.

The best stunt is to sew in a rope ridge, but loop it at each end, so other ropes can be fastened to it on occasion, or, in the case of bad weather, can give added support to the poles.

Along the ridge should be sewn in some strips of canvas braid, about an inch wide. These should be about a foot apart, and a foot long, and set in pairs opposite each other. These are to tie around the ridge pole, which is of course above the ridge of the tent. The ridge pole is held up by poles crossed at each end of the tent—four in all. These poles are usually poplar, and crotches should be left where they will cross, in order to hold them together.

The method is to first tie on the ridge pole, then place the crossed poles under each end close to the tent, and lift the tent. In this way, by adjusting the bases of the poles, a perfect pitch can be made.

The bottom corners and sides of the tent should be provided with tough rope loops for stakes. But never take "city" stakes along. Always cut your stakes on the spot. If you are in mossy country they will have to be from a foot to eighteen inches long. For pitching on solid rock, run a pole through the loops, lengthwise of the tent, and place heavy stones on these poles.

The above practices may sound wasteful, but in the north woods campers always "stack" the tent poles for the use of the next comer. Stacking them prevents them from rotting, and serve as a beacon to show the next campers where to camp, and to indicate that poles are waiting.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am going automobile camping in the West next summer, and have simmered the tents I have seen down to two, one that depends on the car for its pitching, and another that is independent of the car. In all respects they are equally good. Please tell me which, broadly speaking, is more satisfactory. I plan to hit the regular camping spots when available, such as community camp sites, but will spend a good deal of the time out in as much wilderness as I can get to with the car, and will do some trout fishing. That's about all I know of my plans.

VANCE WILLIAMS.
Canton, Ohio.

* * *

Your case calls for the independent tent, without doubt. There are many advantages to the tent that is pitched to the car, but these should be used principally when you plan to stop every night in a tourist camp. The independent tent, especially the umbrella type, is best for your purpose. There will be many times when it will be impossible to get your car in a good camping spot in the mountains, especially when you plan on camping where the fishing is good. You will have to camp at times quite a distance from your car. So take the independent tent.

FRANK E. BRIMMER.

Where to Camp

LAC LA CROIX

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am planning to go up to Lac LaCroix, Minn., this summer on a fishing and camping expedition and plan to drive by automobile as far as Harding, Minn., on Crane Lake. At that point I would like to charter a boat, with an out-board motor, and also a canoe and go on up through Little Vermillion Lake to Loon Lake and up to Lac LaCroix. I would like to know to whom I can refer regarding the chartering of the boats, and also to get some information regarding the navigation of the waters between Harding and Lac LaCroix.

I certainly will appreciate any information that you can give me in this connection.

WATSON G. HARMON.
Highland Park, Illinois.

* * *

On the south side of Crane Lake there are three main stopping places. Randall's place at the Southwest end which is shown on the map as Harding, the place formerly occupied by Richard A. Rall as the Crane Lake Company, and which is now occupied by Frank Crowe who maintains the forest ranger's station there, and has charge of that end of the Superior National Forest. Mrs. Ellen M. Crowe, his wife, rents the cabins which they have and boats, etc. This is on the Southeast side of Crane Lake and John Handberg has a place between the two above places.

During the summer of 1928 the Lac LaCroix Outing Company maintained boat service between Crane Lake and Lac LaCroix. A powered boat was kept in Crane Lake, Loon Lake and Lac LaCroix so that the trip could be made in comfort and fairly quickly. That is you could leave Crane Lake in the morning at 8 o'clock, take lunch at Lac LaCroix and be back at Crane Lake again by five in the afternoon. This boat service was started at the place where Mrs. E. M. Crowe is conducting her business on Crane Lake. In fact she looked after it for them, and from what knowledge I have of it, was done in a very business-like manner.

The route goes north through Crane Lake, then through the narrows to Sandpoint Lake, then through Little Vermillion River and Little Vermillion Lake, Loon River and a portage into Loon Lake, about five miles or so down Loon Lake and a portage into Lac LaCroix and then about eight miles down Lac LaCroix to an island where the camp of the Lac LaCroix Outing Company is situated.

Lac LaCroix has been noted for its large fish, but I don't think it has any larger than a muskie I caught last summer which weighed a little over forty-seven pounds. They claim to have caught them weighing as much as 55 pounds, but I doubt it somewhat.

Later that morning we caught two trout each weighing twenty pounds apiece. I would unquestionably say that Lac LaCroix is the best place for fishing and the most beautiful spot that I know of.

DULUTH, MINN., CHAPTER I.W.L.A.
By Rollo N. Chaffee.

* * *

FLORIDA?

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I have heard that it is quite possible

(Continued on page 68)

RESORTS AND CAMPS

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Ralph Allan - Augusta, Montana

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Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

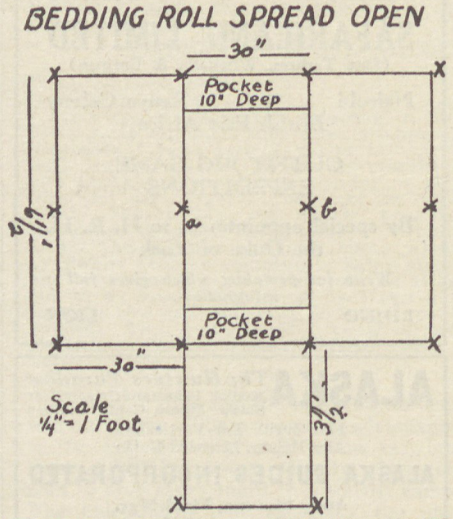
I OFTEN consider the tenderfoot who is able to go into a sporting goods store with a full pocket book, and there purchase just the thing that is the last word in out-of-door comfort. He takes his eiderdown robe and his air mattress into the woods and spreads them under the shelter of a thoroughly waterproof tent, and there sleeps in warmth and comfort, no matter what the weather may be outside. But can he have quite the rich experience and love for nature that the man has who, as a boy, has gone into the woods, and with little knowledge, and by actual trial, found out how to be comfortable with the means at hand, or very little equipment? There is a certain elation and satisfaction to be had from having learned to triumph over no-matter-what-the-odds-are-against-you, in the shape of heat, cold, wind, rain and other perplexities.

Most of us have tried to sleep with the wind whipping up the edge of the tent, and the rain whirling from under the slapping canvas. Later a leak in the roof or a bad place in the sewing lets in a little trickle. As the gale increases, water begins to fill the ditch about the tent, and then to overflow under your bed. You realize you should get up and make things more secure, but you lazily lie still, vainly hoping that the rain will quit. In a little while you commence to feel the dampness coming up through your blankets, and you gather your bedding about you and try to find a dry place in the dark, for, of course, you have no flashlight and no dry matches. Finally, morning breaks and the sun comes up, driving away the clouds, and out of the wrappings of blankets you emerge, stiff, well soaked and disgruntled. If, in your heart, you have the spirit of a real camper, you will let your ill temper ride away with the vapor from the steaming blankets, and in after years, you will look back on that night with an appreciation of the comical figure you cut, huddled in a wet corner of the tent. Otherwise, you will return home disgusted, and whenever camping is mentioned, you will hold up your hands in horror, and with your eyes piously raised, will exclaim, "never again." You will never venture out without your rubbers and umbrella, and thereby miss most of the fun and adventure in life.

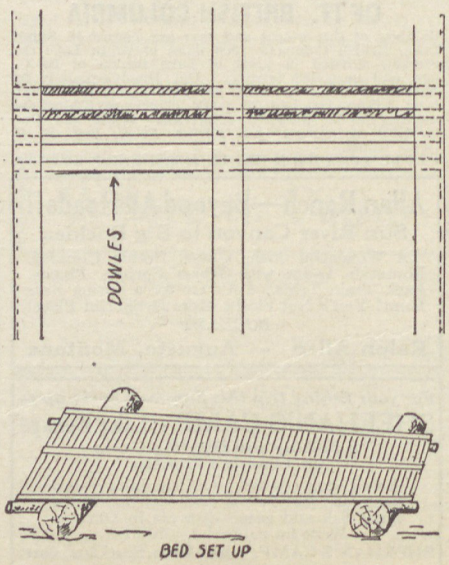
I believe that to become a real lover of nature, you should have actual acquaintance with the hardships that come to one in the open. As you become experienced, you will find that with only a small axe and a few matches in a waterproof case, you will find means of keeping dry, warm and comfortable in the woods. Wind, rain and cold are a part of the game in the making of a seasoned outdoors man. Too much sunshine and mild weather would make us soft and flabby.

I slept a good many nights on the ground with the point of my hip and shoulder supporting the weight of my body, and arose stiff and sore before I found that by digging a little hollow to accommodate them so that the weight of my body was evenly distributed along the ground, I could get a good night's rest. If the ground is bare and hard, a loosening of the dirt will insure still greater comfort. I shivered through many nights before I learned how much dampness and cold comes up from beneath, and that piling blankets above me was not sufficient protection. A well waterproofed canvas spread below one's blankets is the best means of keeping out cold and dampness from below.

Just after the war I picked up a bedding roll that has served me well, and which could be easily made. The middle portion is a very heavy canvas thirty inches wide and six and a half feet long. Across each end a strip of cloth the width of the canvas forms a sort of pocket ten inches deep. At each side of the canvas is a flap thirty inches wide. At the bottom is another flap thirty inches wide and three and one half feet long. These flaps are of a heavy closely woven cotton cloth which has been treated with a waterproofing solution. At the places marked with an "X" in the diagram, stout tapes a foot long are attached. At points marked "a" and "b," similar tapes are fastened on both the inside and outside of the canvas. This enables one to fold over and tie first one side flap and then the other. Then the bottom flap is pulled up and secured. When you have the blankets in place, securely tucked into the shallow pocket, at the foot, and the flaps thus tied over you, it makes a very comfortable bed. In the morning, the blankets may be folded over, tied tightly and the whole bed rolled up. Two heavy straps of webbing hold it still more securely. This makes a practically waterproof bundle. I would not want to say that it is entirely waterproof, but I have seen my bedding roll dancing gayly along on the tops of the waves, when we unexpectedly struck a rock in the river wrecking our canoe. I thought I would be obliged to sleep in damp blankets, but no, the bedding roll had kept them dry for me.



SECTION OF STICK BED—SHOWING MANNER OF STRETCHING WEBBING



Oftentimes I would not have blankets enough and must find some way to supplement them. I found that if I would fill my canteen with water and wrap it in the blankets near my feet I could keep warm for a long time. The aluminum canteens used by the army are the very best. Thanks to the big supply occasioned by the war, these may be had at so reasonable a price, that no one can afford to be without one. Another expedient is to heat some small glacial boulders, commonly called niggerheads, in the campfires, and bury them below your bed deeply enough so that you do not touch them. It is not advisable to experiment with other rocks that are apt to explode when subjected to heat. Sandstone, for instance, will explode in a dangerous manner when thus treated.

I like to travel in a canoe, because I can carry more things with which to be comfortable. This does not apply where there are long portages to be made, but on the little rivers near here where I have camped we have only an occasional dam to get around.

I wanted some means of keeping my bed off the ground and tried to make a stick bed after the pattern set by the Crow and Blackfoot Indians of the Northwest, who cut little twigs of the sandbar willow about the size of a lead pencil, strip them of their bark, and after drying them, bind them closely together with rawhide thongs. They would suspend this bed between trees or lay it on a framework of slender saplings. A splendid exhibit of these beds may be seen in Field's Museum in Chicago. In Warren Miller's "Campcraft," he tells of improving on the Indians' method by using one-half inch dowels, drilling holes through which he ran a heavy twine. I tried this method, but the dowels broke too easily. I then bought of the Tent & Awning Co. several yards of heavy tape, two inches wide. For each side of the bed, I took two strips six and one-half feet long and machine stitched them together on the outer edge. I then sewed these strips crosswise, so as to form little pockets one-half inch wide, and one inch apart, into which the ends of the dowels fitted. To strengthen the middle, I took two more strips of the webbing the same length, laying one on top of the other. I then stitched this double strip in the same manner as the outer strips, thus forming half-inch slits through which the dowels are thrust. In making the bed, I used thirty-inch dowels such as archery outfitters furnish for making arrows. They are much better grained than those I was able to purchase at the mill. However, later, I found that even the birch dowels would break and I replaced them with hickory ones which had been soaked in linseed oil to keep them pliable as well as moisture proof. To hold the dowels in place, I drove a small brass tack through the webbing at the end of each. To set up the bed, I found an old log of five or six inches in diameter, such as may be had along any stream, and cut a thirty-inch length for each end. In these pieces I cut notches six inches from each end, and placed them six feet apart. I then cut two willow saplings two or three inches in diameter, and at least six and one-half feet long and placed them in the notches so that

they are parallel. On this, I unroll my stick bed and on it my bedding roll. If one is careful getting into bed the dowels will hold one's weight.

The bed has a tendency to sag, but if rolled up all day in the bedding roll, it becomes straight before evening.

I first used the stick bed on a canoe trip down one of our little rivers. The first day we paddled along low banks covered with blue grass and my companions made all manner of sport of my fancy bed. When we camped at night, we had nice level grassy places for our tent and beds. Then we began to strike a more rocky country. We would paddle long distances before we found even a level spot upon which to pitch our tent. While they tried to find a place free from stones upon which to fix their bedding, I cut two logs and where the ground was not level, I evened it up with a larger log at the one end in order to sleep comfortably. Then on another day, came the final test. We had paddled along in perfect weather until it became suddenly overcast and we saw a storm gathering behind us. We could find no place to camp until the rain was upon us. We hurriedly pitched our tent, and I fixed my bed. When the storm struck us, the wind and rain beat upon the tent roaring to get in at us. Finally, the tent which had been sold as waterproof commenced to leak, but I lay clear of the ground inside my waterproof bedding roll, and enjoyed the spattering drops while my companions who had made so much fun of my fancy bed, were dodging about trying to find a dry spot. I think you will agree with me that it was my turn to laugh.

Doubtless, most of us will never have the great good luck to be cast on a desolate

"Uninhabited Island,
By the beaches of Socotra
And the Pink Arabian Sea"

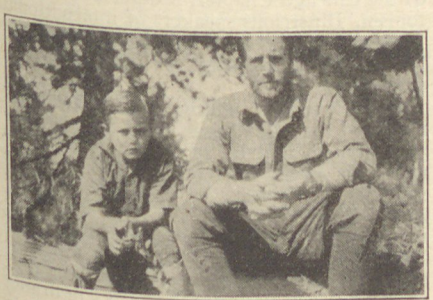
that Kipling tells about,—but there is enough of adventure to try our mettle to be had in regions perhaps less picturesque but almost as exacting.

My Boy and I

(Continued from page 60)

I AM glad my boy has inherited a love for the woods, the waters, the mountains, and the loneliness of them all.

I am glad he learned to appreciate this latter deep feeling at an early age because it is the most important of all. Give a child loneliness and the woods, and you will give him a vision which will last him through life. It is sometimes a question in our minds whether the present day methods with the youngster are the best for his true rearing. To give him too early in life a salmon-rod, or a gun, or to introduce him



Two Sourdoughs
W. W. Lange and son Fred.

to an experience which can better come to him when qualified by years and observation for its full appreciation, may promote the development of that forbidding sight —a blasé youth. This thought is answered by a great educationalist: "Give me a child until he is seven and you can do what you will with him after that." As a twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Our boy Fred, who is now eleven, has begun to learn the secrets of life through nature and the stars on the twelve trips he has been my companion. It is the hope of his father who is three times his age, that the training he has received will serve him in good stead when he is older.

W. W. LANGE.
Milwaukee, Wis.

P. G. Van Slyck and son Milton.

MY eldest son, Milton, having accompanied me on numerous hunting trips, in local territory, I decided last summer that he would be my only companion on my annual trip to the North Woods. He was then nineteen and I forty-five.

We traveled about seventy-five miles by canoe, spent eleven nights in camp and for eight days saw only each other.

We made six portages, ranging from one fourth to one and one half miles, passed through two rapids and over one beaver dam. Had some fine bass fishing, saw considerable wild game and had a glorious time.

Another boy now seven will be included in the party as soon as he can carry a pack and handle a paddle.

The mother of these boys is dead and I find nature a most able and willing assistant in playing my double role.

P. G. VAN SLYCK.
Chicago, Ill.

All entries received up to March 1st will be judged for this contest. Send in your pictures and stories NOW.

Yes Sir! That's Music to My Ears!

SURE. Camping's the life. Wind rippling in the leaves. Brook gushing. Bull frogs grumbling . . . great stuff. But *here's* what listens best to me: "Come and get it!" And brother, the chow is ready quick when you take a COLEMAN CAMP STOVE.

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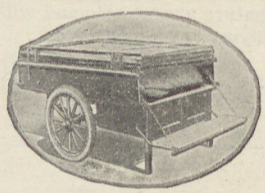

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On to Chicago

By Fred H. Doellner

EN avant, mes amis!

Northward, Eastward, Southward, Westward Ho!

All aboard for the great—yes, the greatest of all conventions—the Seventh Annual National Convention of the Izaak Walton League.

That is seemingly an audacious statement. But it is true nevertheless.

April 18th, 19th and 20th will witness the gathering of the Waltonian clans from all parts and corners of the United States. One day earlier will open the great International Outdoor and Sports Show. Magic like this great conservation event will draw not only Waltonians but outdoor lovers, sportsmen, conservationists, scientists, manufacturers, sellers and buyers of all sorts of outdoor and sport equipment. Famed authors, speakers and even representatives of great industries whose future and the future of their armies of workers depend upon the conservation of Nature's gifts, also will be there.

The program will be unequalled. Every minute will be loaded with gripping, stirring facts, truths and inspiration aimed to produce more health, happiness, prosperity and wholesome recreation for every man, woman and child.

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, National President of the League, is personally developing the program and calling to his aid the mighty forces and friends of Waltonism. Any man, woman or child who is a Waltonian or possesses that love of nature, outdoors and our country which comprise good citizenship, cannot afford to miss this convention. Merely to rub shoulders and converse, in an atmosphere of democratic fellowship, with the scores and hundreds of outstanding Americans who will attend will repay a hundred fold any sacrifice required.

There are no other conventions just like the National Conventions of the Izaak Walton League. The tang of the pines and big woods, the gripping fellowship of the campfire, the fascination of Nature's mysteries revealed and her problems ingenuously solved, the hallowed atmosphere which pervades a great pageant of patriotic or religious devotion mix and mingle. When the time of closing arrives individuals of that great throng leave with a song of joyous elation in their hearts, a gleam of rapt, unselfish service in their eyes and words of praise and gratification on their tongues.

And there never has been even a Waltonian Convention equal to this coming one. Even the evenings will be replete with interest. Friday evening, April 19, will be held the grand banquet under the auspicies of the Chicago Chapter, Mother of all Waltonism. Illustrious speakers of international fame and achievement will dramatically but briefly deliver messages of inspiration and suggestion.

From present indications the assembly rooms of the magnificent, giant Stevens Hotel, Chicago will be strained to accommodate this great convention. Chicago, the splendid mid-west metropolis—with its great industries, places of interest and amusement, its rollicking, seething night life which decently turns sleeping hours into play time—its high lights and laughter, its shadows and sorrows, offer a life drama which alone draws visitors by the hundreds of thousands yearly.

When, however, your visit to Chicago offers not only this panorama but in addition all those wonders peculiar to Waltonism's great convention and marvelous outdoor show, who but the most unfortunate will fail to come.

To those unfortunates, whom vital business, poor health or other insurmountable obstacles prevent attending, it is hoped to bring a brief consolation from the grand banquet by radio. This is not assured. But so vital, so pregnant with significance to all Americans, will be the messages of that evening, they must, if humanly possible be carried to the ears and minds of every intelligent American. This will, of course, be but a poor substitute for the joys, thrills and pleasure of personal attendance. So every red-blooded American who loves Nature, outdoors, the League and a wonderfully good time, should arrange at once to be present and take advantage of the reduced rates for transportation and housing which have been arranged.

Selling Waltonism—in Strategic Places

By KARL E. MUNDT

President, Madison, S. D., Chapter, I. W. L. A.

EVERY wide-awake Walton Chapter and every red-blooded Waltonian has a responsibility to help convince the public generally that the Izaak Walton League of America is more than an organization of hunters and fishers and that its program is more extensive than a mere campaign for more ducks and bigger fish.

We all know that we have that responsibility; we hear it and read it on every hand, but many times we fail to assume the responsibility as we should.

Believing that many times the failure to assume this responsibility for disseminating the true doctrine of Waltonism is because chapters fail to recognize opportunities for bringing the gospel of the great outdoors to their constituency, I am reviewing briefly the experience of the Madison, South Dakota Chapter of the League in "selling Walton principles" to the men in strategic positions in this part of South Dakota.

In the first place, from the standpoint of a Waltonian, who are the men in strategic places? Our legislators, of course. If conservation and propagation ever are to be carried on adequately, our statesmen in both our state and national capitols must be made to sympathize with such a program.

Operating on this premise, together with the knowledge that the South Dakota legislature met this year in January, the Madison Chapter of the I.W.L.A. took upon itself the initiative of inviting to a big indoor rally of sportsmen all the legislators living within a radius of 200 miles of Madison. We also sent invitations to every Walton Chapter within the same radius and to a group of prominent sportsmen and able speakers on Walton principles. The indoor rally consisted of a dinner with over 200 in attendance served in a large dining hall in our city.

Here, then, is the set-up for our experiment:

Purpose: to sell South Dakota legislators the ideals of conservation and propagation for which Waltonism stands.

Materials of Experiment: a plan to bring together in one meeting the legislators of this part of the State with their constituents who are most enthusiastic in their advocacy of conservation and propagation, and to have a program arranged which would furnish information (not propaganda) to these legislators so that they might become better acquainted with the need and desirability of an active program of conservation and propagation.

Now, what about the results?

(Continued on page 71)

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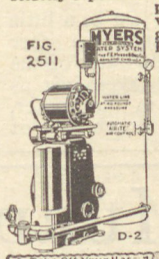

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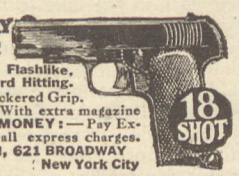

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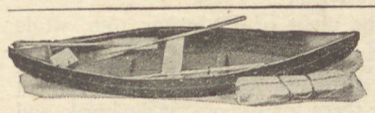

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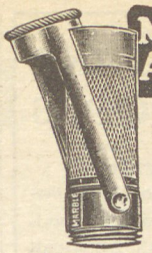

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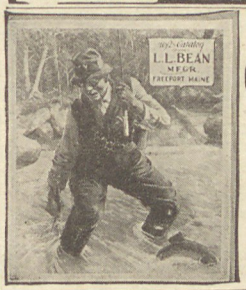

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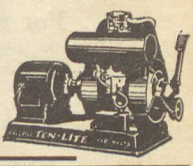

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Camping

(Continued from page 62)

to go camping in Florida in the summer time. It seems to me it would be terribly hot, and I don't suppose there'd be much fishing, but I'm crazy to see Florida and the only chance I get is in summer. Do you think it would be a waste of time for me to go down there next July? Would it be too hot for comfort? I sure would like to do it, and wish you would give me the real low-down on this, as I don't want to waste a vacation. I like to fish for bass and would like to have a try at sea fishing, if this can be done in Florida. I plan to go by train.

R. C. HENRY.

Detroit, Mich.

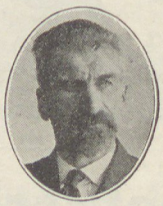
* * *

From your questions it is easy to see you are laboring under the same delusion of so many "Northerners" that Florida heat is unbearable in the Summer, when as a matter of fact the temperature has not passed 97 in fifteen years.

If you go in July you will just be a little late for the tarpon, but most of the other 357 varieties native to the salt water of the gulf and east coast can be taken just as readily in the summer as in the winter, while the voracious old big mouth bass of the Florida water is hungry always. They have mosquitoes as in northern places, but no more and in some localities less. This is particularly around Orlando, in the center of the state, where beyond all doubt is the best big mouth bass fishing in the world with 500 lakes in Orange County and big Lake Apopka which is 18 miles wide and 24 miles long on one side and the St. Johns River on the other.

You will have to take along your blanket as the nights are always cool. See that the tent has a good floor and good screens and you will avoid mosquitoes. Take along some flannel shirts to wear fishing on account of the spray, and remember it is always cool in the shade in Florida summer or winter. Think you would enjoy going by auto more than by train as you would be more free to move around when ready, and there are wonderful paved roads everywhere. But in case you have to go by train, conveyances can be had cheaply.

ORLANDO CHAPTER I. W. L. A
By W. E. Brown.



MURDO GIBSON'S LETTER
from the Wilderness

OUR north-country winter is approaching middle age and, so far, has shown none of the terrifying characteristics generally ascribed to it by steam-heated, shoulder-shrugging stay-at-homes. In fact, the weather during the three months last past was exceptionally favorable for wilderness camping and I cannot imagine a more delightful place to spend a winter holiday than in this Boundary Lakes region.

Until the middle of December, there was hardly any snow. Even now, there is less than six inches in the woods and just enough on the lake to make perfect skiing. We have had no bad storms and very few really cold days. During November and half of December, a long spell of unseasonable mildness made freighting—over the lakes—a hazardous business. At least four automobiles from Kenora went to the bottom before the ice became safe for vehicular traffic.

On the night of December 16th, while crossing to and from French Narrows Camp, I got enough thrills to last me the rest of the year. A foot traveler expected to leave there for Kenora, at daybreak, and I wanted him to take to the postoffice a belated manuscript on which I had worked steadily since the evening before and didn't complete until after dark.

A steady rain that started before dawn and continued through the afternoon was followed by such a dense fog that visibility extended less than ten feet from the brilliant glow of my gasoline lantern. But I decided to risk the journey.

Realizing the need for a beacon to guide my return I left the lantern on the ice and used a debilitated flashlight to illumine the black slipperiness a yard or two ahead of my hesitant rubbers. On turning my back to the lantern, I saw my *upright* shadow about half a rod in front of me. It was clearly and faithfully outlined, like a gigantically proportioned silhouette, in the screen-like mist. At cloud height, in mountain country, I have seen similar phenomena but never before in this region.

For direction, I relied wholly upon a tiny compass. This was consulted at twenty-pace intervals. In going even that short distance I sometimes veered from my course as much as forty degrees. The surface being covered with water, no tracks were visible and the impenetrable haze afforded nothing by which the eye could correct the constant tendency to swerve from the direct route. Another hindrance to straight-line travel was the necessity for testing, with my spiked staff, every doubtful looking spot. Twice, I was within inches of open holes before discovering the danger and I regretted the foolhardiness that caused me to leave shore without the long pole I usually carry, when walking on questionable ice.

In daylight, the distance between my tent and French Narrows is a short mile; this night, it seemed like a long league. Judging by the relief I felt on hearing the dog's challenging bark and seeing the faint luminescence shed by the house lamps, I had been under a considerable nervous strain. Otherwise, when my left leg suddenly plunged, thigh deep, into the water, the fervid ejaculations that burst explosively from my lips might not have escaped me uncensored. I think no one but myself heard them.

I was strongly tempted to accept the Stones' urgent invitation to spend the night with them. But there was more than a possibility that, by morning, lanes of open water would prevent me from reaching my camp until the weather turned cold. Under the circumstances, that would have seriously inconvenienced me so, after wringing and replacing my wet stockings, I started back.

It is unlikely I shall ever forget the return trip. The fog was as thick as before and my flashlight noticeably weaker. To conserve its waning energy, I attempted to guide myself by the sounds emanating from the road house. As a consequence I went too far to the left. I didn't realize this until I began to slide, slowly but surely, down the gently-sloping surface of an ice

pan, one edge of which rested upon a submerged reef and the other, somewhere under water.

The smooth, wet surface gave no traction to my rubbers, so I was unable to lift either foot. Constant pounding had driven the staff spike so far into the wood, it failed to check my unhurried, but seemingly irresistible slide toward an undesired bath. In desperation I grasped the staff, low down with my right hand and high up with the left; then, with a twisting, backward-falling lunge I managed to drive into solid ice the quarter-inch of nail that still protruded from the stick. This time, it held and, at the last possible instant, my involuntary baptism was averted. When I dared to turn my head, the feeble light from the dying flashlight revealed just five inches of slick ice between open water and my rubber pacs.

Fearing that the light would expire before camp was reached I used it only when reading the compass. Between times I literally felt my way along. Soon I began to wonder why I didn't see the lantern but, unknown to me, and because of my negligence in not giving it the protection of its mica chimney, drops of rain had wrecked its mantles and extinguished the light.

Several times I was startled by a perilously close approach to thin ice, so, to end the suspense, I headed directly for shore. Chancing to look up a few moments later, I saw the tops of three large pine trees looming fantastically through the twenty foot layer of fog. These I immediately recognized as a prominent feature of the peninsula on which my tent is pitched. I knew, also, that the ice between them and my water hole was safe.

Finding the "dark" lantern required a good deal of zigzagging, but for this night, my troubles were ended. A little later, when sitting on the bunk beside the glowing stove and preparing for a much-needed sleep, I felt utterly content. My last conscious thought, before the sand man took me for an eleven hour sojourn at the home of Morpheus, was my sincere thankfulness for a comfortable shelter and a warm bed. An hour before I would have given anything I own for the chance to occupy a square rod of solid ground, with enough soggy driftwood to keep a life-saving fire going until daybreak.

A-Longing

Adolph Philip Gouthey

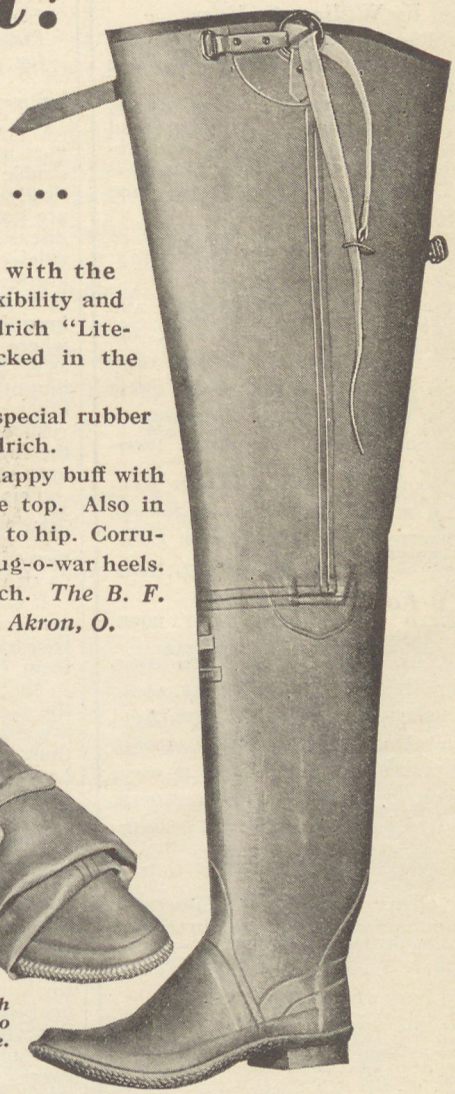
I'M tired of man-made cities
With their soot and grime and smoke,
I'm tired of man-made buildings
Of streets and noise and folk.
I am longing for the mountains
And for the night bird's lonely call,
For the fragrance of the spruces
With the moonlight over all.

I WOULD tramp some trail a-winding
Thru the forests deep and still,
Where the bird notes mingle softly
With the babble of a rill.
I would dream in the lonely valleys
When they're full of hush to the brim,
Walled in by the mighty mountains
Where the light is always dim.

AND here amid the infinite God-like spaces
I would wander adrift like a cloud,
Never jostled nor harried nor maddened
By the turbulent moiling crowd.
I would tune my soul to the silence
And walk mystic paths with God,
Where the dreamers and seers for ages
In peace and contentment have trod.

Light and Tough!

A revelation in fishing boots . . .



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Its lightness is due to a special rubber compound invented by Goodrich.

"Lite-'n-tufs" come in snappy buff with swagger red line 'round the top. Also in sleek black. All lengths knee to hip. Corrugated, firm-gripping soles; tug-o-war heels. Look for the name Goodrich. *The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Akron, O.*

Rolled up, the Goodrich "Lite-'n-tuf" takes no more space than a shoe.

Goodrich

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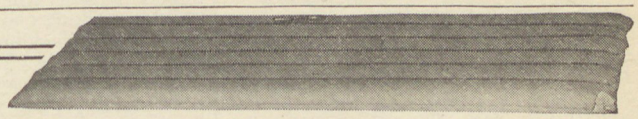

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

NO HUNTING? *A Story of the Hunting Fields and a Vision of What the Future Holds for Sport with Dog and Gun, by Horace Lytle. Illustrated, 281 pages. Field Sports Publishing Company, Dayton, Ohio, 1928.*

"NO Hunting?" Practically none for the hunter in the middle West who goes afield with pointer or setter and the double barrel—or to be more exact, practically no game to hunt. The prairie grouse are gone; the ruffed grouse decimated by disease and over-shooting are upon the convalescent list; the woodcock and jack-snipe are few and far between; while hard roads, motorcars and pump guns have all but burnt out brave Bob White, except in states where by trick legislation he masquerades as a "Song bird" until a hard winter wipes him off the map. Oh yes, there is a sprinkling of coop-raised ring-necks which we rush out and slaughter, or cripple during the few hectic days of the warden-watched open season—if that may be called hunting.

This is my reaction to the hot shot in Mr. Lytle's timely book which I have just finished reading—a message to the sportsmen of this country that should make all of us sit up and take notice.

I cannot undertake to catalog all the pertinent points he makes nor quote the trenchant language in which he clothes them, but among other things he says:

That our state game departments—with the exception of a few like Pennsylvania—are colossal failures and can never be anything else until taken out of politics—being based upon *protection* of game that doesn't exist, instead of *production* of game. There should be state game farms and refuges upon which each warden could *produce* thousands of dollars worth of game each season. We should pay more for our hunting, and get more for our money—have more and more hunting, not less and less of it.

The state selling you a hunting license for a dollar is simply bunk—collecting annually from its hunters half a million dollars which is often dissipated politically and in return for which little or nothing is delivered. That the title to all game is in the state is a legal fiction for you cannot exercise the right supposed to be conveyed by your hunting license without the consent of the farmer upon whose land the "state's" game may happen to be.

That being the case let us encourage the farmer to cultivate his game resources just as he does his wheat or corn, and to sell it under shooting privileges. Teach the states that it is the landowner who can and should do this, and teach those who would hunt that they must pay a reasonable price for the privilege; every farmer would then be a game warden protecting his game supply. Teach the states and the farmer that Bob White has a dozen enemies and the law protects him against one only—man.

The one who pays the bills is the only one who loses. We serve quail to the crows instead of on the dining table, and the crow has no bag limit, and no closed season; the same is true as to hawks, snakes, housecats, skunks and foxes who destroy more quail in a season than the one enemy who carries a gun.

The author would give clubs the right to kill all they want at any time—for they could not kill more than they produce. He would favor a long open season rather than a short and gluttonous one—prolong the pleasure and spirit of the sport, as is done in foreign countries.

England, about the size of Illinois, will produce and use half as much sporting ammunition as the entire United States, but has never gone on the theory that game must needs become extinct as a nation grows old. *She has not permitted it.*

Mr. Lytle as an Ohioan laments that a misguided state legislature has stigmatized the quail as a "song bird," and that about as many are being killed in the state today as ever—just as we are drinking about as much gin as ever. He notes also that a closed season on squirrels has been declared in his state for the reason that the trees have been cut down to such an extent that squirrels can't find enough homes—but they have done nothing about trying to bring back the supply of trees!

Field trials are recommended as active agencies in the propagation of game and the spread of education in its preservation, and a very interesting story of a Field Trial is incorporated in which the Irish setter Killarney Mist carried off first honors.

More power, say I, to Horace Lytle in his campaign of education, propagation and wholesome conservation.

IDA BROKE

The Humor and Philosophy of Golf

By Chick Evans *and* Barrie Payne

With an Introduction by Grantland Rice

Illustrated with McDuffer Cartoons

* * *

Here is a new kind of a book on Golf—it treats of The Royal and Ancient Game on its humorous and philosophical sides.

"I'd 'a' broke ninety, but—" and there is the explanation of the title.

The two authors have combined to present the joyousness and solemnity of Golf.

* * *

"They call golf an old man's game."
"Because it takes eighty years to learn it."

* * *

"I hear Mike got hurt on the golf course—what happened to him?"
"He broke a blood vessel and strained four tendons trying to relax!"

* * *

Golfer to the Girl Friend: "Here comes the Pro—don't tell him you've never played golf—pretend you know something about it."
Girl Friend to Pro: "Mr. Macgregor, how many par holes are there on this course?"

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Selling Waltonism—

(Continued from page 67)

We found the legislators very willing to come and attend our program. Each chapter of the League in this radius of 200 miles was made responsible for bringing the legislators from its vicinity, and they responded with true Walton enthusiasm.

Representatives from a dozen counties in Eastern South Dakota attended the banquet, at which we seated the legislators at one big special table where they could become better acquainted with each other and where their constituents could meet and talk with them.

Our able secretary, Prof. Larry N. Peace of Eastern State Teachers College, had circularized the chapters in these counties so thoroughly that we knew how many outside delegations were coming, so all arrangements were made in advance.

Among the speakers who addressed this gathering were the following: Bob Ripple, State Fish Culturist, formerly of Wisconsin; Oscar Johnson, Superintendent of the State Fish and Game Department; M. S. Carpenter, Executive Secretary of the State Division of the League, who gave the major address of the evening and exemplified the principles of Waltonism in a convincing manner; Attorney John Bradford of Sioux Falls, a recognized leader among South Dakota sportsmen; and Senator Walter Farmer of Lake County who is an outdoor enthusiast.

South Dakota is confronted with the necessity of keeping its Fish and Game Funds separate from the General Funds of the State if the cause of the sportsmen is to be advanced appropriately and a part of the program was devoted to stressing this point. The remainder of the program was devoted to emphasizing the need for additional support for the advancement of outdoor legislation in this State.

After the meeting a large number of legislators remained and expressed themselves as heartily in favor of the League program in the State and pledged their support to our projects in the next legislature. Many of them stated they had never before had the work of the League explained to them and had, consequently, never given the matters of conservation and propagation much thought.

We feel that this meeting has done the cause of Waltonism more good in South Dakota than a ream of printed publicity could possibly have done and the Madison Chapter desires to recommend a similar procedure to League Chapters in other States as a definite means of selling Waltonism to the men in strategic places in their States.

"Texas"

(Continued from page 22)

Texas, and can't hit a rabbit."

In vain I explained that I was primed for quail and had not taken the rabbit seriously.

"Well," he said, "if you hit my hat when I throw it in the air, you'll get the candy."

He got a gun and I took it, growing a bit green about the gills, I suspect. He threw his Sunday-go-to-meeting hat into the air.

And I hit it! It looked like a sieve when he picked it up.

I got the candy and saved the honor of my state and am still pointed out in this manner, "Oh yes, from Texas, she rides and shoots—they all do, you know—just back from a hunting trip now. . . ."

And boy, I'm going to stay back!

Watch your step, Bill!

WET, slippery rocks — damp shoes — a bad fall with painful bruises followed by sore, aching muscles. How often has that spoiled a fishing trip for you? It need not again. Be prepared. After a fall, apply Absorbine, Jr. at once. As an effective liniment, it will immediately relieve the pain, relax the muscles, reduce inflammation. If the skin has been broken, the combined properties of Absorbine, Jr. will act as an antiseptic, reducing to a minimum the chance of infection. Use Absorbine, Jr. full strength on any cuts, wounds or burns. It will soothe, heal, protect. Be ready for an early season. Get a bottle today from your druggist. A helpful booklet, "Timely Suggestions," sent on request, tells of many other camp and home uses.

At All Druggists, $1.25
Send for a Free Trial Bottle

W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

The Force System of Retrieving

DURING the long years of my love for bird dogs, it has been my pleasure to read many books on the subject of training, which contained practical information for the novice or amateur on the subject of teaching the force system of retrieving. Every one of these books imparted practical advice, which, if followed, would help in making a good retriever out of the most recalcitrant pupil. This is in my mind because the average owner of bird dogs is entirely at a loss what to do when he wants his youngster to retrieve, and the animal happens to have no natural bent for it, nor the slightest inclination.

The title force system is partly a misnomer, and a better appellation would be the command system, as the dog obeys the command to retrieve just as he does any other, though, ultimately, by the bestowal of a little evidence of affection and approval on the part of the master every time the stunt is performed, gradually the dog will develop a natural fondness for the work. I am in every way inclined to favor teaching the force system of retrieving, instead of teaching retrieving through natural traits. In the first place, if the handler has perfect mastery over himself, in the force system the animal is more likely to remain steady to shot and, from the very start, if taught properly, seldom develops the bad habit of mouthing birds. In addition to this, the outstanding fact of the dog's being taught to retrieve at command only and always when commanded will bring prompt retrieving, just as the master wishes, and the dog does not associate with the act over-eagerness, or the sulks, if everything is not made exactly to his liking.

My first pupil, in the dim long ago, which I "thought" I taught force retrieving was a very ordinary performing pointer of gigantic size. I do not now remember all my meanderings or ramifications in teaching, but at the least they were profuse; for the dog seemingly believed that he had to retrieve every creature with which he came in contact. That big boy positively had an unlimited repertory. He never waited for me to shoot and was always proudly bringing me chickens, lambs, young pigs and goats, much to my chagrin, as well as to that of the owners of many farms. Also, he had a striking penchant for tame geese and ducks. This trait would not have been so bad had it not been for his surreptitiousness in the matter. He never harmed the nervous system of his trophies, but I was always irritated, as often I never knew whence his burden had come or to which place to return it. Ole Peter would unexpectedly appear from parts unknown, bearing a struggling bit of livestock in his big mouth, stepping high, and bearing himself as though he wished the entire world to witness his amazing performance.

Thank the Lord, I did not have many pupils such as the incorrigible Ole Peter, or I would, in time, have denuded the neighboring farms of livestock. But Pete made me think hard and study dogs intimately and, while I was never able to change the big fellow's proclivity to any noticeable degree, I did alter a great many of my early conceptions about retrieving and began to see the value of teaching the force system, which, in my restricted locality, was just coming into vogue.

Only from my personal experiences and those of a few noted professionals for whom I worked long ago can I quote and offer advice on the subject of the force system. My experience would be too much the personification of the big ego to repeat in its entirety, but, when blended with that of capable older heads of the time, who were real national successes, it is really worth while and is contained in what follows.

Teaching the force system of retrieving is purely mechanical work. Always good results follow when you realize this and put it into practice. If you have temperament, before you start, subdue it. If you are inclined to get a bit offended at signs of obstinacy in your pupil, cure yourself of it before you begin. Sit down and cogitate, and say to yourself that, no matter how much your *amour propre* suffers, you will forget all about it and become intensively mechanical. The right mental equipment for the work is almost callow patience and a regard of the task ahead somewhat like that of a carpenter erecting a small frame house. He is without sentiment, and you must be the same. He builds always in a mechanical way, gradually, piece by piece, until completion of the little edifice is attained. You are to act likewise in teaching the force system, and then to regard yourself as a huge joke, if ever, by the slightest slip, you dare to let temper enter into the play. You are further to control any tendency, during each lesson, to talk nonsense or say any other word than the word of command, which you wish to teach. After the lesson, relax as much as you wish and tell the dog how much you love him, and, when your stroking caresses prove it, he will repay it a hundredfold in faithful devotion.

The tools for your work are simple—a modern force collar and lead, with snap at the end. I prefer the metal force or spiked collars to other varieties, though each kind has merit. With some pupils you can teach lessons by using the lead as a noose after slipping the end through the snap. Rest your mind on the subject of the spiked force collar being brutal. It is not near as brutal as a whip or the heavily-booted foot of an irascible master. And, when a man is using it, he is not quite so likely to lose his temper, as when without it.

As dogs can be taught force retrieving at any age, there is no need to undertake the job before they are a year old. The pupil should be given a romp before his lesson, so he can work off all his wire edge and be less inclined to play. And, by way of an interlude, I wish to advise the beginner to make the dog take things seriously and to take yourself seriously. If, during the first part of a lesson or lessons the animal shows any inclination suddenly to wish to retrieve naturally forget all about it and proceed without the least deviation in the routine of the force system.

The dog should be taken to an isolated place, entirely alone, away from other dogs, in a room, preferably, where there is nothing that will distract him. The thing to be retrieved we will call the object—the inanimate object supposed to represent the ultimate dead bird. For convenience' sake, a small bundle of tightly wrapped feathers will do, or strips of leather bound together, but of medium size so that the dog can get it in its mouth easily. Leather tied over a flat piece of wood is good.

Make the dog take it in its mouth, saying: "Hold," first adjusting the force collar so that the spikes rest gently on the ears of the dog. Many dogs will refuse and, if they are persistent about opening their mouths, force the lips in over the teeth and insert the object in the dog's mouth. Nine out of ten pupils will immediately attempt to drop the object. This, however, you must anticipate by placing your right hand firmly under the jaw to prevent dropping and with your left holding the lead so that, at each attempt of the animal to fling the object from its mouth, you can stop it with the lead, pulling hard enough for the spikes to touch the ears sharply and prevent the dog's dropping the object. Again, do not be the least worried

No amount of laborious training is too much to lavish on chaps like these.

about the spiked collar puncturing the dog or injuring it in any manner.

After the object has been held in the dog's mouth by force for one minute, say: "Drop it," releasing pressure at the same time on the spiked collar. Most dogs will do it. But, there are chaps which will still retain it. If they do, apply pressure of force collar, saying: "Drop it," or gently force the lips over the teeth until the dog releases the object; but, under no circumstances, try to take the object forcibly from its mouth.

Proceed with this lesson for fifteen minutes each day for ten days. No matter how apt the pupil, do not try to add anything else to the lesson, nor let a day intervene without a lesson.

The next lesson for ten days straight, and no other, is to do as you did in the first lesson, plus leading the dog around the room with the object in its mouth. By this time, he has learned well "Take hold" and "Drop it." Have the dog carry the object around the room, always with the aid of the force collar in spells of one and two minutes for fifteen minutes each day, without permitting a day to escape you. You will then be growing mechanical and the dog will, also, in his response to the two commands "Take hold" and "Drop it."

Now, for the third lesson; many dogs will anticipate it and respond readily to the command "Fetch," and that is to make him pick up the object from the floor. But you are bound to encounter pupils that have a distaste for it and will positively refuse to obey. First, go over your old lessons. Then, drop the object on the floor, saying: "Fetch"—no other word. When he refuses to pick it up, gently lower his head to the floor, always having the lead and force collar at your command and adjusted as before, and bring the dog's mouth to the object and, as previously, place it in its mouth, but in a position as close to the floor as possible.

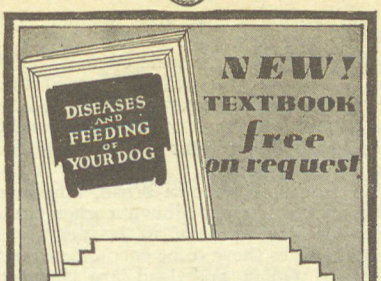
Be as mechanical in the matter as possible, and each time make the dog pick it up and carry it with the lead at a farther distance than whence you started. Do this for fifteen minutes ten days in succession.

Very shortly you will begin to perceive that the dog will commence to pick up the object at command and you may safely begin to increase distances until your pupil is letter perfect. Continue this same lesson for another siege of fifteen minutes for ten days and very soon, if you have been mechanical in the matter, you will be gleefully surprised at the results: the dog will have reacted to your every lesson as you wished. In time, you may dispense with the lead and force collar, as the dog will obey all commands promptly.

As you begin work in the field on game, I would, even there, still use the lead and force collar, so that you may regulate the exact pressure on the bird, just sufficient jaw exertion to carry it without dropping and, at the same time, prevent any tendency to crush it. It is at this stage just as easy with the force collar to make the dog learn to carry the bird by taking hold of a wing only. Some hunters are partial to this method.

In my opinion there is no need for it with a tender-mouthed dog. Carrying the bird thus in briars and thick cover it is often difficult to retain hold, as it will continually catch on obstacles. If a dog retrieves tenderly and firmly with the bird's body securely in its mouth, there is no need to try to add finer details to the performance.

One of the best things you learn during the days of teaching a dog the force system of retrieving is perfect control of yourself. The very minute you feel you have a grasp



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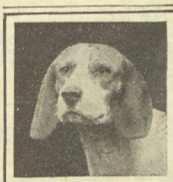

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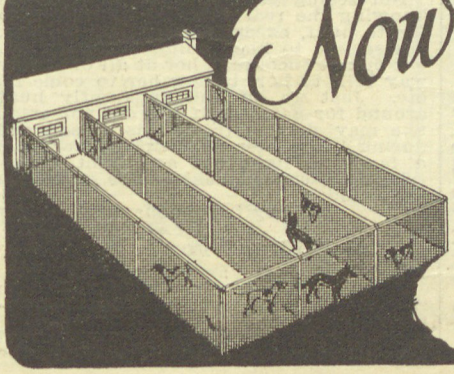

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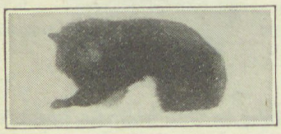

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on that unruly thing, your temper, your eyes, for the first time in your career of handling dogs, become wide open. You observe things as you never observed them before, and you discover many little, heretofore unnoticed ways of taking advantage of different dispositions and matters that come up unexpectedly.

The time will come in brush, tangles of briars and similar impedimenta when tender retrieving lessons have to be negotiated. The difficulties there to be encountered with the force collar and lead are apparent. You may dispense with them for the time being and use, instead, for your finishing control your forefinger and thumb, with the animal's ear between them. By pressure on the ear, the exact necessary punishment can be inflicted in order to make the dog carry tenderly, etc.

Bad habits with dogs in handling their birds usually are the result of negligence on the part of the handler. He has not insisted on prompt retrieving, letting the dog get into lackadaisical habits, especially in the matter of picking the bird up immediately, carrying it to the master promptly, and dropping it at once in his proffered hand.

If a dog holds a bird hard, under no circumstances try to pull it from his mouth. Use the forefinger and thumb. Do not hesitate; do not delay matters, but act instantly. Apply pressure very hard and make the dog drop the bird without any further ado. If he fails to respond to this treatment, force his lips over the sharp part of his prominent teeth and watch the instant results. When you find an apparently incorrigible old timer, and you have not taught him with a force collar and lead to handle birds tenderly, one that holds hard and refuses to give it up, do not try to wrest the bird from him, but immediately press your foot on his forepaws. It will not require many applications of this treatment to effect a lasting cure.

Ask Ozark Ripley He Knows

GIVE HER TIME

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a Springer Spaniel, seven months old. I have been training her around home and have had her out with me hunting rabbits, but she follows me most of the time. I would like to know how to get her to take the lead. Maybe she is too young yet?

Yours very truly,
M. R. FIEGEL,
Rochester, Minn.

Dear Mr. Fiegel:

Your springer is still pretty young and the fact that she will not yet hunt may mean nothing against her. By keeping her out with you and giving her every opportunity on game she will doubtless get to hunting. You may get her started into it soon by taking her out with a dog that hunts industriously.

Not seeing your dog and thereby not knowing the real cause of its failure so far to hunt, except that of lack of age, advise you to keep going out with her, but do not encourage her at all or in any way talk to her, telling her to come in, etc. Just go on and apparently hunt around for game as if she did not exist. She may show nothing this season and during the winter or next summer take a fancy to light out and hunt industriously every moment she is given the opportunity.

Very truly yours,
OZARK RIPLEY.

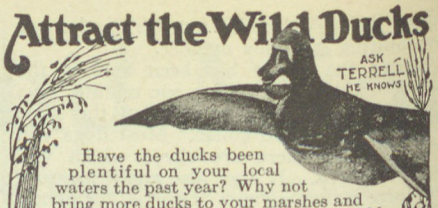
REMEDY FOR FITS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have been reading your advice in "Outdoor America" for barking and running fits.

Upon your suggestion, I have secured a bottle of carbon tetrachloride from the

Attract the Wild Ducks



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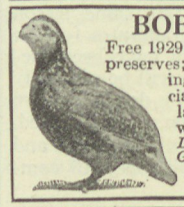

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drug store, but as it is a liquid, I am at a loss to know just how much should be given to a dog seven months old or a dog at any other age.

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FRANK GURGIOLO,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Mr. Gurgiolo:

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OZARK RIPLEY.

WILL NOT STOP

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I am asking your advice in training a pedigreed Irish Setter bird dog.

He is a splendid specimen of his breed, and an ambitious and careful hunter. Yet his one fault is in not stopping or pointing when he finds a covey of birds. He is a splendid retriever and does not attempt running the birds when they rise.

This dog is three years old. I have been working him with my well trained older dog and he has "backed up" this other dog just a few times.

Could you tell me any way that I can overcome this one fault of not stopping?

Yours resp.,
C. M. DUNHAM,
Burnettsville, Ind.

Dear Mr. Dunham:

From description I am not quite sure whether you mean that your dog has yet shown no inclination to point, or that he recognizes birds scent but keeps on running after them. Write me whether he has yet of his own accord started to draw on point, and shown an ability to find birds. If so, by use of force collar, checking him at the right moment you will soon get him to pointing. But as he is three years old, and if he shows no natural instinct to find and locate birds and finally stop on them, even just for a fraction of a second, I would get rid of him and procure another prospect. Some dogs of the best breeding fail to have the pointing instinct, and it should show up, if at all in the animal by the fourth year if he has hunting opportunities.

Sincerely,
OZARK RIPLEY.

Coon Hunters Hold Huge Meeting

"KNIGHTS of the Forest" to the number of 357, all men to whom the yelping of a coon dog is sweet music, assembled at New Washington, Ind., on Jan. 23 to feast on their favorite kind of meat.

The Clark County Coon Hunters' Association, under the guidance of its president, Charles Koons of Charlestown, had been storing raccoon meat busily in readiness for the sixth annual dinner. Luckily, the members' prowess as hunters proved equal to their capacity as trenchermen, and the 357 appetites were satisfied with all the coon anybody could want.

The affair was celebrated in the gymnasium of the New Washington School. A dancing coon, which pirouetted to old and new tunes on the stage, was one of the highlights of the programme. Capt. F. M. Ehlers, chief game warden of Indiana, was the featured speaker, but there were many others. F. J. Bartle of Jeffersonville, treasurer, was in charge of the arrangements, which included the publication of a journal, "Coon Tracks," describing the members' activities.

Business and professional men and their friends swarmed to the dinner from Jefferson, Scott and Clark and Harrison Counties, and many guests came from the Kentucky side of the Ohio River.

Indiana Waltonian League Chapters represented at dinner were George Hurst, president, Corydon Chapter—Carl Thorn, Sam Zufall, Carl Bornwasser, Lon Brumley and Grover Page, New Albany Chapter—Charles Nolan, founder of Coon Association and president Jeffersonville Chapter—Charles Koons, president, Coon Hunters and president Charlestown Chapter.

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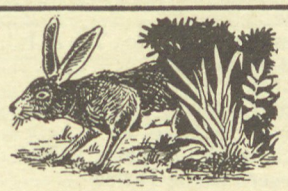

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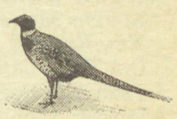

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Miscellaneous

GIBBS makes Hawk traps, live Muskrat Traps, Two trigger Traps, Single Grip coil spring traps in all sizes. Humane traps that kill any fur animal from a weasel to a bear. One size fur stretchers that will take any hide from a weasel to a wolf. Trap tags. Send for free catalogue and sample trap tag. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. 15-C, Chester, Pa.

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YOUR Trophies correctly mounted; anything; chokers made. Ralph Feld, Taxidermist, 331 S. State, Marion, O. (3-3)

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Come! see the newest developments in outdoor equipment, a novel and interesting entertainment depicting various phases of life in the open. This show is held in conjunction with the—

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APRIL 17, 18, 19, 20--1929

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Postal Pen Co., Inc., Desk 377, 41 Park Row, New York City

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☐ Men's size. ☐ Women's size.

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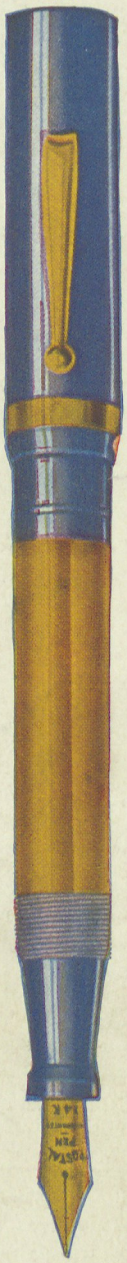

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